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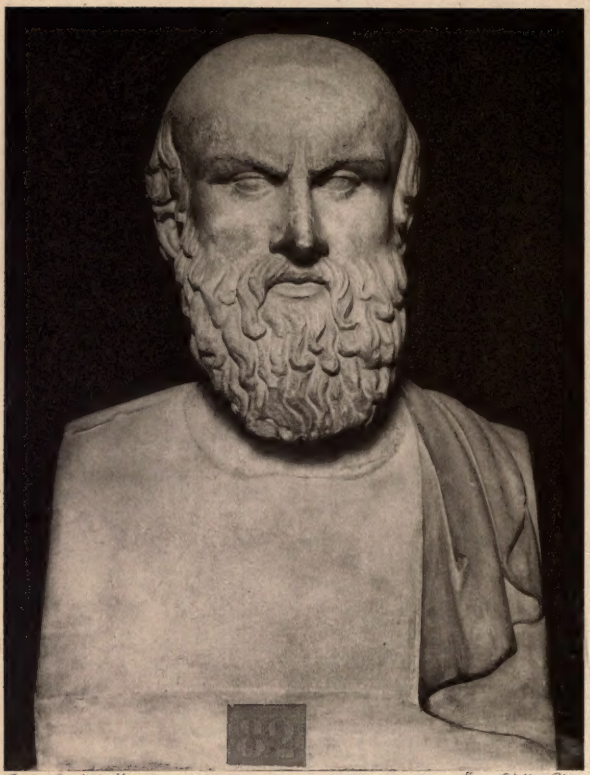
THE PLAYS OF ÆSCHYLUS

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AESCHYLVS

THE PLAYS OF ÆSCHYLUS

TRANSLATED FROM A REVISED TEXT BY

WALTER HEADLAM, LITT.D.

LATE FELLOW OF KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

AND

C. E. S. HEADLAM, M.A.

FORMERLY FELLOW OF TRINITY HALL, CAMBRIDGE



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PREFATORY NOTE

THE object of these prose translations is to enable those who know some Greek to read the Greek of Æschylus correctly. They have never dreamed of pretending to any value in artistic form. No prose, however well it might be used, could ever represent such verse æsthetically; only verse can do that; and so long as verse affords the means of doing it, to seek the same end with a less effective instrument I have always looked upon as a mistaken aim. Prose has a proper function of its own, a separate and different one—to show how the Greek is to be construed. It is superior for that purpose, and should be content, I think, if it can achieve it without more offence than necessary. The true *spirit* and *effect* are only in the power of verse to give; but verse itself is not in a position to convey them until first it understands the meaning of the poet's words; and it is in that preliminary business of *explaining* that a prose version has its legitimate and useful province. Whether the text has been restored correctly, and the sense of it correctly rendered,—those are the two points on which a prose translation of a poem should be judged.

The numbering of lines adopted in this translation is that of Wecklein (1885), who counts them as they appear in the Medicean MS. (known as M). Wecklein's is the best text for a scholar, but Weil's (Teubner) is good for ordinary

purposes. I have been careful to give the readings that differ from those of Wecklein and Weil. Many of these readings have been found since their editions, which represent the light of twenty years ago, were published; and I hope it will be thought that the last twenty years have done much both for the text and the interpretation of Æschylus. Whenever they are likely to be unfamiliar, the readings adopted are given in the margin; and references to the *Classical Review*, which scholars can easily consult, have often enabled me to dispense with arguments in favour of them: but in a book of this kind it was not convenient, and did not seem necessary, always to record the names of their discoverers. Wecklein's Appendices give a complete record up to 1893; and in the case of anything more recent, the author's name, when it is not my own, is mentioned.

It may be of service to students to add that the diction of *The Persians* is different from that of the other plays of Æschylus. The characters are Persians, the scene is laid in their chief city, and the whole play reflects the manners and ideas of the East. To suit the local colour, the language has an appropriate cast. Æschylus makes his Persians speak in an archaic-sounding Ionic style, the Greek of Asia. This effect is obtained partly by metre, *e.g.* the use of long trochaics; partly by forms of words and pronunciation (as νεὸς ἐὼν νεὰ φρονεῖ, κυάνεον, εὐπέτεος, νεώς); partly also by forms of phrase. A similar effect was sought long afterwards by Timotheus, as we can now observe in his recently discovered dithyramb, the Πέρσαι. There, describing the battle of Salamis, he puts broken Asiatic Greek into the mouth of a Persian.

WALTER HEADLAM.

KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

*** In this volume the following plays: *Agamemnon*, *Choephoroe*, *Eumenides*, *Prometheus Bound*, and *The Suppliants*, were translated by Dr Walter Headlam, and have been already published separately. The versions of *The Persians* and *The Seven against Thebes* are not from his hand, but the translator has been aided in the interpretation of various passages by notes which he left. The text used is that of Wecklein (1885). In a certain number of places other readings have been adopted, either due to Walter Headlam or known to have been approved by him. These, with the exception of some differences in punctuation, will be found indicated in the margin. In one or two lines of *The Seven against Thebes* where the text is corrupt, but not yet satisfactorily emended, a provisional reading, noted as such in the margin, has been adopted for the purpose of this translation.

C. E. S. H.

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INTRODUCTION

ÆSCHYLUS, son of Euphorion, was the eldest of the three great dramatists of Greece, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides. By them the drama was developed from its early beginnings to the delicate, perhaps over-elaborated, art and semi-modern touch displayed in Euripides. He was born in B.C. 525 at Eleusis in Attica, and died at Gela in Sicily in the year B.C. 456. The recorded facts of his life are few, and even for these the authority is often doubtful. For example, the reason for his going to Sicily—which he had probably visited earlier in his life at the invitation of Hiero, Tyrant of Syracuse—is variously narrated. In the annual contests between the tragic poets, which at Athens were recognised and regulated by the State, his first success was obtained in B.C. 485. In 472 he won the prize with the trilogy of which *The Persians* was one, and again in 477 with *The Seven against Thebes.*

In the history of the Grecian drama, a striking contribution on what may be termed the mechanical side was made by Æschylus, and proved of far-reaching importance. Whereas in tragedy hitherto there had been only one actor and the chorus, he, by introducing a second actor, immensely extended the

scope and opportunity for presenting dramatic situations to an audience. Seven plays remain to us as monuments of his genius. In these there is observable a growth and progress in dramatic power, to which two principal causes may be noted as contributory. Just as in England the Reformation, on the one hand, gave a stimulus to character and intellect, whilst on the other hand the discovery of the New World kindled the imagination by tales of voyages, or of lands favoured by Nature and rich in ancient wealth; to which causes the great outburst of literature in the era of Elizabeth was largely due; so the heroic struggle of Greece against the aggressive power of Persia must have deeply influenced the imagination of the rising poet. The battle of Marathon, in which Æschylus fought, and the defeat of the Persian fleet, are reflected in the vivid description in *The Persians* of the sea-fight at Salamis; and were likely to produce that drama, separated only by a few years from *The Persians*, *The Seven against Thebes*, which represents a combat to the death of heroes,[1] and is justly characterised by Aristophanes as δρᾶμα Ἄρεως μεστόν, "a play crammed with the pomp of war." The hardships, again, of the soldier on active service are described in the *Agamemnon* with a directness which comes from experience of the realities of a campaign.

[1] *The Seven against Thebes* is more a pageant of war than a play, and it seems probable that it was written before *The Persians*. The contrast of character given in the latter play by the introduction of Dareios, and the fine imaginative stroke by which the play is made to open from the *Persian* point of view, are already indications of the dramatic power which culminated in the great trilogy of the *Agamemnon*.

The second principal stimulus was, in the case of Æschylus, the contact of a mind naturally of a religious bent with the ideas and doctrines of the East. The Ionian cities in Asia Minor were channels for the communication of such ideas, and there was in addition, at Eleusis, the birthplace of Æschylus, a ceremonial worship of Demeter and Persephone, embodied in the famous Eleusinian Mysteries. With this cult of the Mother and Daughter, which had been one of the great recipients in Greece of new sacred rites borrowed from Egypt[1] and connected with the worship of Isis, the family of Æschylus were, according to tradition, officially associated. The acquaintance shown by Æschylus in *The Persians* with the distinctively Persian doctrines and philosophic view of Nature, as opposed to ideas elsewhere prevailing in the East, would of itself indicate a far more than superficial study of Oriental modes of thought.

From these considerations we may realise to some extent the mental equipment with which Æschylus came prepared to deal as a dramatist with the great problems which, under many diverse shapes, interest mankind. In the *Prometheus Bound* the conflict between the Titanic benefactor of mankind and offended Heaven is shown only at one stage. The dramatic grandeur of the scenes in which Prometheus is depicted unyielding, defiant, and heroic in his torment have always excited admiration; but the lines on which the final reconciliation was accomplished can only be conjectured, since the remaining

[1] See Grote, *History of Greece*, chap. i. p. 41; *Dictionary of Antiquities*, *s.v.* Eleusinia.

plays of the trilogy, though their titles have come down to us, are lost. In his greatest achievement, the Oresteian trilogy, with which he gained the prize in B.C. 458, the traditional story of Agamemnon, as it presented itself to the mind of Æschylus, invited the solution of two difficulties. In the first place, it was necessary to account for the fact that Agamemnon, the heroic leader,—distinguished by birth, wealth, and success in arms,—ended his career overwhelmed by apparently undeserved misfortune. Secondly, in more general terms, as arising out of the particular cases of the fall of Troy, the death of Agamemnon, and the action of Orestes, it was necessary to justify the dealings of Heaven with mankind. The transition from the Old Order to the New, which was exemplified in the Prometheus trilogy by the passing of the supremacy from Kronos (sovereign of the elder gods) to Zeus; and the mysterious limitation imposed by Destiny;[1] appear again in the *Eumenides*.[2] In that play the conflicting claims of the Furies (Ἐρινύες), who belong to the old Elemental Powers,[3] and of Apollo are referred to the arbitrament of Pallas. Nor does Æschylus shrink from dissociating himself from traditional and current beliefs where the popular view, in his opinion, mistakes the attitude of the gods, or wrongly interprets it. "Alone am I in my

[1] *Prometheus Bound* 531:

ΧΟ. τίς οὖν Ἀνάγκης ἐστὶν οἰακοστρόφος.
ΠΡ. Μοῖραι τρίμορφοι μνήμονές τ' Ἐρινύες.
ΧΟ. τούτων ἄρα Ζεὺς ἐστιν ἀσθενέστερος;
ΠΡ. οὔκουν ἂν ἐκφύγοι γε τὴν πεπρωμένην.

[2] *Eum.* 162 τοιαῦτα δρῶσιν οἱ νεώτεροι θεοί.

[3] *Eum.* 173 παλαιγενεῖς Μοίρας.

opinion, at variance with other men,"[1] he says, in dissenting from the commonly accepted theory on the subject of prosperity.

It remains to be added that an interesting question as to the relation of Æschylus to the politics of his time is raised by the *Eumenides*. It was produced at a time when party feeling ran high at Athens.[2] The senate of Areopagus had about this date been radically reformed[3] by the democratic party under Ephialtes and Pericles. It had been the custom of the Areopagus to exercise a censorial power both over the Assembly and over the lives of the citizens. This discretionary supervising authority was taken away, and it remained only as a court for trying cases of homicide. The conservative, or oligarchic, party had also met with a reverse in their foreign policy. The democratic party had succeeded in breaking off the alliance of Athens with Sparta, and substituting an alliance with Argos, the enemy of Sparta. Now, in the *Eumenides* Æschylus represents the case of Orestes, who for killing Clytemnestra was persecuted by the Furies but protected by Apollo, as being referred to Pallas. She institutes the court of Areopagus to decide the question, and Orestes is acquitted. It has been argued, therefore, that the intention of the *Eumenides* was to exalt the Areopagus by assigning to it a divine origin, with the political object of defending it against the proposed radical reforms. It is more probable,[4] how-

[1] *Agamemnon* 756.

[2] *Eum.* 863 sqq. (Ἄρη ἐμφύλιον).

[3] Aristotle, *Politics*, ii. 9.

[4] See Grote, *History of Greece*, chap. xlvi. p. 453 (note); Jevons, *History of Greek Literature*, p. 196.

ever, that what Æschylus really had in view was to recommend acceptance by all parties of the altered conditions introduced by Ephialtes. He suggests that the restriction of the Areopagus to the trial of cases of homicide is in harmony with its original constitution, and confirmed by the acquiescence[1] of the Eumenides themselves.

[1] *Eum.* 917 δέξομαι Παλλάδος ξυνοικίαν, κ.τ.λ.

PROMETHEUS BOUND

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

PROMETHEUS.
HEPHAESTUS.
POWER (ΚΡΑΤΟΣ).
FORCE (ΒΙΑ).
CHORUS OF NYMPHS, daughters of Ocean.
OCEAN.
IO.
HERMES.

PROMETHEUS BOUND

Power. We have arrived at the furthest confines of the Earth, the Scythian track, a desert wilderness; and now, Hephaestus, thou must attend to the charges which the Father has enjoined upon thee, to clamp this malefactor to the towering crags in firm shackles of adamantine bonds. For thine own rare jewel, the bright fire enabling every art, he stole and gave to mortal men; that is the sin for which he must give satisfaction to the Gods, that he may be taught to accept the sovereignty of Zeus and cease from his man-befriending ways.

Heph. Power and Force, the charge of Zeus to you is finished now, and there is nothing more before you; but I have not the heart to bind a brother-God by force upon a wintry bleak; however, come what may, strong need constrains me to take courage for it; for to make light of the Father's words is a grave thing. (*To* PROMETHEUS.) Thou high-contriving son of right-advisèd Themis, it is with a heart as loth as thine that I must pin thee with strong forged fetters fast to this deserted steep,[1] where thou shalt hear no voice nor see the form of man, but must be grilled by

[1] πάγῳ MSS., but M alone has τόπῳ, which was a gloss to distinguish one sense of πάγος from another; see for example schol. *Agam.* 347.

the pure flame of the sun till thy complexion change; and thou shalt welcome it when starry-kirtled night shall hide the day, and when the sun shall dissipate again the morning frost; and ever the sore burden of the present ill shall harass thee; for thy deliverer is not yet born.

These are the fruits that thou hast reaped from thy man-befriending bent; thou didst not quail before the anger of thy fellow-Gods, but in transgression of right bestowedst honours upon mortals. Wherefore thou shalt keep sentry at this dismal rock, in upright posture, sleepless, never bending knee; and many a groan and unavailing lamentation shalt thou utter; for the heart of Zeus is inexorable, and every-one is harsh whose power is new.

Power. Well now, why dallying and commiserating use-lessly? Why dost thou not view with hatred one most hateful to the Gods, who betrayed thy precious thing and gave it to mankind?

Heph. Blood hath a strange power, and companionship.

Power. I agree, but to be disobedient to the Father's word, is that possible? Art thou not more strangely afraid of that?

Heph. Oh, ruthless ever thus art thou, and full of daring.

Power. Ay, it is no remedy lamenting over him, so do not waste thy pains on what is profitless.

Heph. O how I hate this mastery of craft!

Power. Why hate it? For these present troubles Art is absolutely not to blame.

Heph. Nevertheless I would it had belonged to someone else.

Power. There is trouble in everything, except in empire over Heaven: for there is none free but Zeus alone.

Heph. I know it well; to *that* I have nothing to say contrary.[1]

[1] ἔγνωκα· τοῖσδέ γ' οὐδὲν ἀντειπεῖν ἔχω (Hartung).

Power. Well, make haste then to cast the fetters round him, that the Father may not behold thee tarrying.

Heph. Here are the armlets ready.

Power. Throw them now about his hands and with might and main smite with the hammer, and clamp him to the rocks.

Heph. The work is getting through, and no mistake about it.

Power. Hammer harder, clinch, leave no link loose, for he is a rare clever one to find out ways and means in difficulties.

Heph. *That* arm is fixed fast enough at any rate.

Power. Now rivet this one firmly, to teach him that his clever wit is something sluggisher than Zeus.

Heph. Except him, no one could fairly complain of me.

Power. Now drive the adamantine wedge's stubborn jaw right through his breast and nail it vigorously.

Heph. Ah me, Prometheus, I sigh for thy pains!

Power. There thou art, shrinking again and sighing for the enemies of Zeus! See thou be pitying not thyself one day!

Heph. Thou seest a sad sight for the eyes to view.

Power. I see a rogue here getting his deserts. Come, throw the girths now around his ribs.

Heph. I am bound to do it; you need not urge me on so much.

Power. Indeed I will urge, and halloo thee on too! Go down below, and ring his legs round strongly.

Heph. There is the work done without much labour.

Power. Now hammer vigorously the perforated anklets; because the censor of the work is an austere one.

Heph. The utterance of thy tongue is like thy visage.

Power. You may be soft, but cast not in my teeth my stern will and the harshness of my temper.

Heph. Let us go, as he has the swathings now upon his limbs.

Power (*to* PROMETHEUS). There now, do thine outrage there, and filch the Gods' rights to bestow them upon men! What power have mortals to relieve thee of thy pains? 'Tis by a false name that Spirits call thee *Prometheus*, for thou hast need thyself of that provision, to find a way of wriggling out of *this* art! [*Exeunt.*

Prom. O thou bright heavenly sky, and swift-winged breezes, ye river-springs, and thou innumerable dimpling smile of the ocean waves, O universal Mother Earth, and thee, all-seeing orb of the Sun, I call—behold what I, a God, am suffering at the hands of Gods!

Behold with what foul tortures I am racked and must endure in them my myriad years! This is the humiliating bondage that the Captain of the Blessed hath devised against me.

Ah me, ah me, I groan for suffering present and for suffering to come, despairing of the quarter where the end of my afflictions is to rise.

And yet, what say I? I have clear fore-knowledge of all that is in store, and no suffering will come upon me with surprise; and the lot by Fate appointed one must bear as easily as may be, recognising that the strength of Necessity is not to be striven with. And yet to hold my peace, and not to hold my peace about my case is equally impossible: it was for making gifts to mortals that I have been fastened in these torments:—I hunted out the spring of Fire concealed within the filling of a reed, a stolen source which hath been revealed to mortal men for their instructress in every art and their great providing means. That is the offence for which I am enduring punishment, here riveted beneath the open sky in fetters.

Ah, stay,—what sound, what perfume wingeth to me

without vision? divine or mortal or of mingled strain? Hath he come unto this world's end hill to view my sufferings, or with what intent?[1] Behold ye me in bondage, an unhappy God, the enemy of Zeus, that have incurred the enmity of all the Gods that have the entry into his royal Court by reason of my too-much love for mortals.—Ah, listen,—what is this fluttering stir I hear close by, of wingèd creatures? the sky is whistling with the light rapid beat of pinions.—Every coming thing is apprehended fear.

(*The* DAUGHTERS *of* OCEAN *enter in a winged car.*)

Chor. Fear not at all! for it is a friendly squadron this, that hath advanced upon thy mountain with a racing rivalry of wings, having hardly won our Father over to consent; and I was carried by the coursing breezes; for the sound of the hammering of iron shot to the inner bower of my cavern and astounded all my meek-eyed shame away, and I sped unsandalled in a wingèd car.

Prom. Offspring of many-childed Tethys and of him that encircleth all the earth with his unsleeping stream, your father Ocean, look ye, behold the bondage I am pinned with on the rocky summits of this gorge to keep my miserable watch.

Chor. I see well, Prometheus, and in fear there sped upon my eyes a mist all full of tears, to see thy figure withering away upon the rocks here in these adamantine tortures; for the governors are new that hold the rule of Heaven, and with new-fangled laws Zeus holds dominion lawlessly, and the giant majesties of old he now abolisheth.

Prom. Would that he had but cast me under the earth and below Hades the Receiver of the dead into the bottomless

[1] *v.* 118: read:

τερμόνιον ἐπὶ πάγον πόνων
ἐμῶν θεωρὸς ἵκετ', ἢ τί δὴ θέλων;

pit of Tartarus, and put me savagely in firmest fetters, that so no God nor any other had made merry over this! But now, a light thing shaken in the air, I have suffered to the derision of mine enemies.

Chor. What God is so hard-hearted as to make this matter of derision? Who shares not indignation at thy distresses—except Zeus? He, with continual rancour, hath set his heart immovably and crusheth all the seed of Uranus, nor will he cease, until either he hath satisfied his heart or by some sleight another capture his impregnable domain.

Prom. Ah neverthless, although I be thus tortured in strong fettering shackles, the prime lord of the Blessed Ones shall yet have need of me, to reveal him the new project, and the agency by which I see him stripped of his sceptre and his rank! And neither by honied enchantments of Persuasion shall he charm me, nor before stern menaces will I ever quail, to reveal the secret, until he loosen me from my cruel fetters and consent to give me satisfaction for this outrage.

Chor. Thou art bold in confidence and abatest nothing for thy bitter sorrows, and art over-free in speech; but my spirit is disquieted by thrilling fear:—I am afraid about thy fate,—I cannot guess what shore there is for thee to land upon and see the termination of these pains: for a nature beyond reaching and a heart inexorable hath the Son of Cronos.

Prom. Harsh, I know, he is, and with the law in his own hands;[1] nevertheless his will, I reckon, shall be soft enough one day, when he hath been this way hammered; then he

[1] This has suffered from interpolation; the original probably was nearly in this form:

τραχύς γ' οἶδ' ὅτι καὶ παρ' ἑαυτῷ
τὸ δίκαιον ἔχων· ἔμπας, ὅΐω,

shall assuage his stubborn wrath and meet my eagerness half-way, to enter into bond and amity with me.

Chor. Unfold now to us all the story and declare what charge it is that Zeus hath taken thee upon and tortures thee with such disgrace and bitterness—unless there is any harm to thee in telling.

Prom. It is a painful thing to tell, and painful to withhold; miserable every way.—When first the Deities began their anger, and sedition was stirred up amongst them—one party seeking to cast Cronos from his throne, to make Zeus king, to wit, the other bent upon the contrary, that Zeus should never reign over the Gods,—I thereupon endeavoured to persuade the Titans, children of Heaven and Earth, with the best advice, and was not able; subtle stratagems they quite despised, and thought with violent imaginations to gain the mastery without trouble and by force. But more than once my Mother, Themis or Gaea (Earth)—one form with many titles—had foretold to me the way in which the future was decreed to happen—how that it was not by strength or in the way of violence that the overcomers were to gain the mastery, but by guile. When I expounded this to them in speech, they would not deign so much as even to look at it. So the best course that lay before me then appeared to be that I should take my Mother's aid and range myself, a welcome volunteer, upon the side of Zeus. And through my counselling it is that the black nether deep of Tartarus buries now the ancient Cronos with his allies together. These are the benefits which the sovereign of the Gods hath received from me and hath requited me with a reward so ill; for it is a vice inherent somehow in a sovereignty, that there is no putting trust in friends.

But for your question, on what charge it is that he is torturing me, that I will make plain.

So soon as ever he was seated on his Father's throne, he

set about assigning to the Powers Divine their several privileges and mapped out their spheres of rule; but of wretched mortals he took no account whatever, but desired to annihilate the race entirely and create another new one. And to this there was no one that made any opposition except me; I had the courage, I delivered men from being smashed to pieces and descending to the house of Death. And that is why I am now being bent with punishments like this, painful to suffer and piteous to behold: after preferring mortal men in pity I was not allowed to win the same myself, but have been straitened into shape thus mercilessly—a spectacle far from glorious to Zeus.

Chor. A heart of iron and made out of rock, Prometheus, is the being that feels not compassion in thy labours: I should have wished never to behold them, and beholding them my heart is grieved.

Prom. I am indeed a sight that friends might pity.

Chor. Didst thou, perhaps, transgress a little beyond this?

Prom. Yes, I caused Men no longer to foresee their latter end.

Chor. What was the medicine that you discovered for that ailment?

Prom. I implanted in their breasts blind Hopes.

Chor. That was a great boon that you bestowed upon them.

Prom. And there was this besides,—I gave them Fire.

Chor. And do weak mortals now possess the flame-eyed fire?

Prom. Yes, from which they will learn many Arts.

Chor. These then are the charges upon which Zeus——

Prom. Is torturing me, and relaxing nowise ever.

Chor. And is there no period appointed for thy pains?

Prom. No, none whatever, except when it seems good to him.

Chor. And how can it seem good? What hope is there? Seest thou not that thou hast erred, and how thou erredst it is not pleasurable to me to say, and pain to thee.—But let us leave this matter; turn thou now to seeking some release from thine affliction.

Prom. It is an easy thing for one whose feet are safe out of the mire of harm to give advice and admonition to another in distress; but I was aware beforehand of all this; of will, of will I erred, I will not deny it; succouring men, I got me sufferings myself. But still I never thought that I should be rewarded in this wise, to pine away upon rocks between earth and heaven, and get this desert and unneighboured peak.—Now, pray you, mourn no longer for my present woes, but step upon the ground and let me tell you what is the oncoming future, that you may know the whole matter thoroughly. Consent, I pray, consent, show sympathy with the one in trouble *now*; you know, 'tis common, and misfortune settles now upon one and now upon another.

Chor. Thine appeal is urged on willing hearts, Prometheus. So with light footstep I will quit my speeding seat and the pure airy path of wingèd creatures and draw nigh to yonder rugged land; and I desire to hear the whole story of thy suffering thoroughly.

(*Enter* OCEANUS, *carried by a winged four-footed monster.*)

Oc. I have reached the end of a long journey in my passage here to thee, Prometheus, guiding this swift-winged creature by my will without a bit; and be assured that I am sorry for the state that thou art in: relationship, I suppose, compels me, and apart from blood, there is no one I should have more consideration for than thee: and you will see that

this is genuine and that there is no tongue-benefit in me, for come, name anything that I am to assist you in: you will never say that you have any truer friend than Ocean![1]

Prom. Ha, what have we here? Hast thou too come to view my sufferings? How didst thou nerve thyself to leave the stream that bears thy name and those rock-vaulted self-built caverns, and to come unto this iron-wombing land? Is it to view my state that thou art come, and to compassionate in my distress? Behold the spectacle— me here, the friend of Zeus, that helped him to set up his sovereignty, behold the sufferings that I am bent with now by him!

Oc. I see, Prometheus, and desire also to give thee the best advice, ingenious as thou art: recognise thyself, and adopt a new fashion of behaviour, for there is a new Sovereign in Heaven. But if thou persist in flinging out such harsh and whetted words, Zeus, though seated far aloft, perhaps may hear thee, so that thy present multitude[2] of miseries shall seem but child's-play. Come, unhappy one, dismiss thy present mood and try to find some way out of these troubles. What I say may seem, perhaps, trite and stale,—but these, Prometheus, are just the wages of a too presumptuous tongue. And you are not yet humble or submissive to misfortune, but wish to get still more than what you have already. If you will take *my* advice, you will not stretch out your legs against the goad, seeing that it is a harsh monarch now and irresponsible that is in power. And now I shall go and try whether I can release thee from thy pains; remain thou quiet, and be not too violent in speech—or else, with thy superior mind

[1] The character of Oceanus, the ἡσυχαστής (compare the Orphic fragments in Hermann's *Orphica*, p. 468), and Prometheus' ironical contempt for him, are drawn with admirable humour.

[2] Reading ὄχλον.

dost thou not know full well that there is fine inflicted on a wanton tongue?

Prom. You are lucky to be clear of blame, after having shared my enterprise and taken part in everything with me.[1] So now, let it alone and do not concern yourself about it, for you will certainly not persuade him; he is not easy to persuade. Look shrewdly to it that you get no harm yourself upon this errand.

Oc. Truly thou art better far at schooling others than thyself! I judge by fact, not word. But as I am bent upon my course, by no means draw the curb, for I am confident, most confident, that Zeus will grant me this concession, to release thee from these sufferings.

Prom. I am much obliged, and shall never cease to be so, for one thing—your zealousness leaves nothing to be desired: only, take no trouble, for it will be but labour wasted and do me no good—supposing that you mean to take it. No, remain thou quiet and keep thyself out of harm's way; for because I am in distress, I would not therefore wish distresses to befall the whole world too. No indeed, for I am troubled by the sad plight of my brother, Atlas, who stands towards the West[2] with the Pillar of Earth and Heaven bearing upon his shoulders, no sweet burden to embrace. And the earth-sprung inhabiter of the Cilician caverns moved my pity to behold subdued by force, that fell prodigious monster, the bold hundred-headed Typho, who rose up against the Gods of Heaven, with grisly jaws whistling the sound of terror, as meaning to storm the sovereignty of Zeus by force. But there came upon

[1] With scornful sarcasm, whether we read with the MSS. *πάντων μετασχὼν καὶ τετολμηκὼς ἐμοί*, or (accepting *μετασχεῖν* from Weil) *πάντων μετασχεῖν καὶ τετολμηκὼς ἐμοί*, 'although having had the daring to take part in everything with me.'

[2] *ὃς πρὸς ἑσπέρους τόπους.*

him the unsleeping shaft of Zeus, the descending thunderbolt with breath of flame; which shocked him and amazed him from his lofty vaunting; for he was smitten in the very seat of sense, charred to a cinder, and his whole strength blasted out of him: and now, a palsied sprawling mass, he lies near the strait passage of the sea, pressed beneath the roots of Etna; while on the topmost summits sits Hephaestus hammering at the forge. Thence one day there shall burst forth rivers of fire with angry jaws devouring the smooth fields of fruitful Sicily; so fierce the rage that Typho shall send boiling up, with perilous discharges of hot fiery deluge, although consumed to cinders by the thunderbolt of Zeus.—But thou art not without experience nor in need of me to teach thee. Save thyself to the best of thine ability, while I will endure my present case, until the proud spirit of Zeus abate.

Oc. Knowest thou not then, Prometheus, what is said, that words are the physicians of a mood distempered?

Prom. Yes, if one soften the heart betimes in season, and not reduce a swelling passion forcibly.

Oc. And in being zealous and adventuring boldly seest thou any disadvantage?

Prom. Superfluous labour and light-witted simplicity.

Oc. Permit me to be still affected with that weakness, since it is the best thing to be wise while seeming the contrary.

Prom. This folly will be considered to be mine.

Oc. Your words most evidently despatch me home again.[1]

Prom. Beware lest haply thy lament for me should bring thee into enmity.

Oc. With the new holder of the almighty throne?

Prom. Be careful that *his* heart be not annoyed.

Oc. Thy fate, Prometheus, is my instructor.

[1] As λέγεις δδόν μοι in Herodas vi. 95.

Prom. Go thy ways, despatch, maintain thy present mind.

Oc. 'Tis urging of the eager steed, for my four-footed bird is flapping with his wings the smooth road of the air, and would fain repose his limbs in his own stable.[1] [*Exit.*

Chor. I sigh for thy disastrous case, Prometheus; with a stream of tears distilling from my tender eyes, my cheek is wetted in the springs of moisture; for this is sorry work, Zeus holding sway with new laws of his own and displaying an overweening mettle toward the Gods that were before.

Every quarter of the land by now is crying aloud and sighing for the old-time grandeur and magnificence of dignity that belonged to thee and to thy brethren; all mortal men that occupy the planted habitation of pure Asia condole in thy great sufferings and groans.

And the dwellers in the land of Colchis, maidens dauntless in the battle, and the Scythian multitude who tenant the extreme region of the earth about the lake Maeotis:

And the warlike flower of Arabia that hold a towered citadel hard by the Caucasus, that savage army loudly raging with a serried front of spears.

One other only among Gods divine have I beheld before in suffering, a Titan quelled with torturing bonds of adamant—the sturdy Atlas in his overpowering strength, who doth eternally roof up the vaulted pole of Heaven.[2]

The ocean billow, falling, roars in cadence, the deep groans, the black abyss of Hades rumbles in the

[1] Cf. Herodas vi. 97, Theocr. xv. 147.

[2] Reading with Reisig:

Ἄτλαντος ὑπέροχον σθένος

and with Hermann:

νώτοις ὑποστεγάζει.

Compare *Orph. hymn.* i. 28 Ἄτλαντός τε καὶ Αἰῶνος μέγ' ὑπείροχον ἰσχύν, Soph. *Trach.* 1096, Pind. *Nem.* iii. 24.

bass, and the springs of the pure-flowing rivers moan with piteous anguish.[1]

Prom. Think not that I am silent out of pride or stubbornness; my heart is gnawed with conscious thoughts, to see myself entreated thus with ignominy.—And yet to these new upstart Gods who else was it than I defined their dignities entirely? But I will not speak of them, because I should be only telling you what you already know; but listen to the sufferings among mankind, how they were witless before then, and I caused them to have mind and be possessed of understanding. And I say this, not with any wish to sneer at the defects of men, but to expound the benevolence of my bestowings.

First of all, they had eyes and saw to no purpose, had ears and heard not, but were like the shapes of dream, all their life long doing everything confusedly at hazard; they knew neither of brick-woven houses turned to face the sun, nor timber-work, but lived as burrowers like tiny[2] ants in sunless holes of caves. And they had no sign of winter or of flowery spring or fruitful summer to rely upon, but used to act in everything without grounded purpose, until the day when I revealed to them the risings of the stars and their ill-distinguished settings. Number, again, most excellent of artifices, I invented for them, and combinations of

[1] Reading:

βοᾷ δὲ πόντιος κλυδὼν
ξυμπίτνων, στένει βύθος,
κελαινὸς Ἅιδος ὑποβρέμει μυχός,
παγαί θ' ἀγνορύτων ποταμῶν
στένουσιν ἄλγος οἰκτρόν.

In the third line two syllables appear to be wanting for the rhythm—perhaps χθονὸς with βύθος or μέγας with μυχός.

[2] *v.* 468 ἀησ-υρός (formed like βλοσ-υρός 'blouzy,' ἀσ-υρής 'filthy') seems to have meant 'quivering with a breath,' and so may have come to be applied in the sense 'busy': cf. Hom. η 106 and schol.

letters, to be memory of everything,[1] the Muses' mother-instrument. And I was first to couple brute beasts under the yoke, to be subservient to the collar and the pack-saddle,[2] that they might have the greatest labours of mankind transferred to them; and in the chariot I harnessed horses obedient to the rein, the lustre of luxurious affluence.[3] And on the sea, it was no other one than I that found out sailors' canvas-wingèd cars to roam the sea.

Such are the devices that I found out for mortal men, and now I cannot find a subtle shift myself to get me free from the pain that is upon me.

Chor. Thou hast suffered a sore humiliation; thou hast lost thy wits and gone astray, and like a bad physician, falling sick, thou losest heart and canst not find what medicines thou art curable thyself withal.

Prom. When thou hearest the rest, thou wilt marvel more, the arts and ways and means that I devised. This the chiefest,—if a man fell sick, there was no deliverance whether by way of eaten drug or ointment or of draught, but they were emaciated for want of medicines, until I showed to them the mixtures of beneficent remedies, by means of which they now can fend off all disorders.

And I distinguished many ways of divination, and was the first to judge results of dreams,—what were to come true in fact, and I made known to them the import of dark ominous chance-utterances and of signs that met them on the road; and I defined for them exactly the flight of crook-taloned fowls,—which were by nature favourable and

[1] Euryphamus the Pythagorean in Stob. *Flor.* 103. 27 ἀνεύρετο δὲ καὶ γράμματα, θησαυροὺς τῷ μνάμᾳ παρασκευασάμενος.
Reading σάγμασιν with Pauw.

[3] ἄγαλμα τῆς ὑπερπλούτου χλιδῆς, as Helen is ἄγαλμα πλούτου in *Agam.* 740: Mr George Meredith has made a felicitous application of the phrase to the Yacht and the Lady in *Beauchamp's Career*, at the end of c. xv.

the contrary, and what habit of life they severally follow, and what are their mutual likings and dislikings and consorting sessions: and the smoothness of the inwards, and what colour these must have to make them pleasing to the Deities, and the good mottled aspect of the gall and liver, and the thigh-bones rolled up in fat and the long chine I burned with fire, and showed mankind the way into an Art of abstruse inference; and the look of fiery signs, whose vision had been dim and clouded hitherto, I caused to have clear eyes.

So much for these inventions; now the hidden benefits to men within the earth, brass, iron, silver, and gold, who can claim to have discovered before me? No one, I am very sure, unless he wished to babble empty folly. Hear in a brief word the sum of the whole matter—all arts that mankind have are from Prometheus.

Chor. Now be not a benefactor of mankind unduly and yet careless of thine own distress; because I am full of hope that thou shalt yet be delivered from thy bondage and have power no whit inferior to Zeus.

Prom. It is not so that all-effecting Fate is yet decreed to seal the issue; I must first be bent by pains and sorrows infinite, and only thus escape my bonds: the strength of Art is far inferior to Necessity.

Chor. Who then holds the helm that steers Necessity?

Prom. The triple Fates and the remembering Furies.

Chor. Is Zeus then the inferior of these in strength?

Prom. At any rate he cannot escape Fate's decree.

Chor. Why, is there aught decreed for Zeus but power eternal?

Prom. *That* you cannot be told,[1] and do not press me.

Chor. It must be a grand secret that you wrap so closely!

Prom. Name some other subject, for *this* it is anything but the time to utter; it must be covered up with all care

[1] *v.* 536 τοῦτ' οὐκέτ' ἂν πύθοιο as Plat. *Legg.* 792 C, Plut. *Themist.* 27.

possible, for it is by keeping this that I am to escape my foul indignities and sorrows.

Chor. Never may Zeus the Disposer of all things set his power to cross my will, nor may I be tardy in approaching the Gods with religious sacrifice of slain oxen by the unquenched river of my father Ocean, nor may I offend in words, but may this rule abide within my heart and never be effaced.

A pleasant thing, to draw out all one's length of days in hopeful confidence, gladdening my spirit with bright merry cheer :—but I shudder to behold thee racked with torments infinite ; for without fear of Zeus in wilfulness thou payest regard to mortals overmuch, Prometheus.[1]

Come tell me, friend, how thy good turn can find return ?[2] Where is there any power to succour thee, what saving help is there in creatures of a day ? Have not thine eyes beheld the feeble strengthlessness, as of a dream, in which the blind generation of mankind is bound and trammelled ?[3] Never

[1] φρίσσω δέ σε δερκομένα
μυρίοις μόχθοις διακναιόμενον — — ⏑ —
Ζῆνα γὰρ οὐ τρομέων
αὐτοβουλίᾳ σέβει
θνητοὺς ἄγαν, Προμηθεῦ.

[2] *v.* 561 :

φέρ', ὅπως χάρις ἀ χάρις, ὦ
φίλος, εἰπέ, ποῦ τις ἀλκά ;

I have corrected the reading of the MSS., which is χάρις ἄχαρις. The construction is φέρ' εἰπὲ ὅπως χάρις ἀ χάρις, a challenge, as Soph. *O. T.* 390 ἐπεὶ φέρ' εἰπέ, ποῦ σὺ μάντις εἶ σαφής ; *El.* 286 φέρε, πῶς ἀμελεῖν καλόν ; Eur. *El.* 1049 λέγ' ὅπως τέθνηκε σὸς πατὴρ οὐκ ἐνδίκως. The order of the words is frequent, *e.g.* Eur. *Or.* 367 ὅπου 'στὶν εἶπατε, Pherecrates *frag.* 45 ὅπως παρασκευάζεται τὸ δεῖπνον εἶπαθ' ἡμῖν.

[3] Reading with Meineke :

ὀλιγοδρανίαν ἄκικυν ἰσ-
όνειρον ᾗ τὸ φωτῶν
ἀλαὸν <δέδεται> γένος ἐμπεποδισμένον ;

as *Anth. Pal.* vi. 296 ἐκ γήρως ἀδρανίῃ δέδεται.

shall the devices of mankind transgress the Ordered Har- 570
mony of Zeus.[1]

I have learnt this[2] from beholding thy sad ruin, O Prometheus; and the difference in the strain came winging to my ears—in this and that which erst about thy bridal bath and couch I sang in wedding chorus upon occasion of thy marriage, when thou broughtest home Hermione my father's daughter, after winning her with gifts,[3] to be thy bride and share thy bed. 580

(*Enter* Io, *with a heifer's horns, distracted.*)

Io. What land? What people? Who can I suppose this is that I behold here tempest-beaten in bridles made of rock? For what offence art thou being punished with destruction? Tell me what quarter of the world, unhappy toiler, I have wandered to.

(*A sudden fit of frenzy seizes her.*)

Ah, ah! there is a sting-fly fretting me again—the ghost of earth-born Argos—O forfend!—as I behold the myriad-visioned Herdsman. He travels ever with his crafty eye 590
upon me, and even after death the earth conceals him not, but winning his way from the dead below, he hunts me

[1] *v.* 569 τὰν Διὸς ἁρμονίαν: see the notes on *Supp.* 106 in my prose translation and in *A Book of Greek Verse*, p. 278.

[2] ἔμαθον, a premonition of the new law πάθει μάθος.

[3] Both ἔδνοις and πιθών are in all the MSS., except that M has πείθων, which is certainly wrong. Lachmann thought that ἔδνοις should be ejected, and it would be possible to have ἔδνοις without πιθών: Apollonius Rhodius i. 977:

Κλείτη εὐπλόκαμος, τὴν μὲν νέον ἐξέτι πατρὸς
θεσπεσίοις ἔδνοισιν ἀνήγαγεν ἀντιπέρηθεν:

ii. 239:

Κλειοπάτρην ἔδνοισιν ἐμὸν δόμον ἦγον ἄκοιτιν.

down, chased wandering and famished over the sand of the sea-shore.

And the wax-compacted reed keeps humming in my ears a drowsy strain. Alas, alas, ah, whither am I brought in my far-roaming course?

What is it, O Son of Cronos, what offence that thou hast found in me to harness me in these afflictions and to harass a poor maiden thus, distraught with terror of the driving sting? Burn me with fire, or cover me in earth, or give me to be meat unto the monsters of the sea, and grudge me not, O Lord, my supplication! Enough have I been tried and exercised with far-strayed wanderings and cannot see what way I can avoid my miseries. O hearest thou the utterance of the Hornèd Virgin?

Prom. How can I fail to hear that Maiden frenzy-tossed, the Daughter of Inachus, who, story tells, inflamed the heart of Zeus, and now is being exercised and driven violently in those immense long courses under Hera's hatred?

Io. Whence comest thou to voice my father's name? Tell the poor weary maid who art thou, who, unhappy one, that criest me my wretched name so verily, and namest the disease that wears me out, still fretting me with fitful goads of wild distraction!

With cruel starving tortures of wild leaps I come in boisterous haste, the victim of Hera's rancorous devices. Where are they among the evil-starred that suffer toil the like, ah me! the like of mine? O signify me certainly what suffering is yet in store for me, what remedy or medicine of my malady; reveal it, if thou knowest! Voice it, O declare to the poor Wandering Virgin!

Prom. I will tell thee plainly all that thou desirest to know, with no riddling involution but in simple words, as it is right to open mouth toward friends:—he whom thou seest is Prometheus, the giver of Fire to Men.

Io. O risen a general benefaction to mankind, what is the cause that thou art suffering so? 640

Prom. I have but lately ceased lamenting my own pains.

Io. Wilt thou then grant a gift to me?

Prom. Tell me what it is thou askest, for there is nothing that thou mayst not learn from me.[1]

Io. Show me who it is that hath fastened thee in this ravine?

Prom. Zeus for the will, and for the hand, Hephaestus.

Io. And what is the offence that thou art punished for?

Prom. Thus much alone I can suffice thee with.

Io. Nay, show me besides that what date will be the termination of my miserable wandering? 650

Prom. Not to know that is better for thee than to know.

Io. Nay, hide thou not from me what I am doomed to suffer.

Prom. Oh, I am not jealous of the gift.

Io. Why then hesitate to utter the whole truth?

Prom. No grudging, only I am loth to shock thy feelings.

Io. Be not considerate for me beyond my liking.

Prom. Since thou art set upon it, I must speak: now listen.

Chor. Nay, wait a little, and indulge my pleasure also. First let us inquire the story of her malady,—her own lips telling us of her lost wild[2] wandering, and then let 660

[1] *πᾶν γὰρ ἂν πύθοιό μου.*

[2] *v.* 660. This is the meaning of *τὰς πολυφθόρους τύχας*, and of *τῆς πολυφθόρου πλάνης* 846. *φθείρεσθαι* often meant *to wander aimlessly adrift* (*e.g.* Eur. *Hel.* 773 *ἅλιον ἐφθείρου πλάνον*, *El.* 232), and adjectives were used in the same sense; in Soph. *frag.* 511 *οἱ πολύφθοροι* is said of sailors cast adrift upon the sea, in Lycophon 235 *λαρνακοφθόρους βιφάς* means 'casting adrift in an ark,' in Eur. *frag.* 636 *νομάδα κυματόφθορον* (so read for *κυματοφθόρον*) *ἁλιαίετον* means 'wave-roaming,' and *ἁλίφθορος* properly meant 'shipwrecked,' like *ναύφθορος*, *ἐφθαρμένος* (*Cycl.* 298, *I.T.* 268), or 'sea-rover.'

her have instruction in the remainder of her task from thee.

Prom. It behoves thee, Io, to afford these maids the favour, more especially as they are sisters of thy Father; for to have one's fill of weeping and lament for sorrows in a case where one is like to win a tear, is worth the while.

Io. I do not know how I can be disobedient to you; ye shall hear in plain terms everything that ye desire of me:—yet I am ashamed even in the telling of the heaven-inflicted storm and ruin of my features—to tell whence it swooped upon unhappy me.

There were visions in the night continually haunting me, that kept visiting my bower with smooth words: '*O thou highly-blessèd Maiden, why art thou so long a virgin when thou mayest win the greatest marriage? The heart of Zeus hath been inflamed by an arrow of desire from thee, and he would fain have loving converse with thee: thou, therefore, my child, lift not thy foot to kick away the bed of Zeus, but go thou forth unto the deep meadow-land of Lerna to thy father's flocks and oxen-stalls, to the end that the eye of Zeus may be eased of his desire.*'

With dreams like this I was afflicted every night; until at last I brought myself to confess the haunting visions to my father: and he kept sending frequent ambassadors to the oracles of Pytho and Dodona to find out what act or word he must perform to do the pleasure of the Deities. And they kept coming back with vaguely-spoken oracles of dim significance and darkly worded. But at last there came to Inachus a clear injunction, charging him directly in so many words to thrust me from my home and country to go wandering free at the extremities of the earth; and if he refused, a fiery thunderbolt should come from Zeus, which should destroy his whole house utterly.

Yielding obedience to this response of Loxias, he drove

me out and shut me from the house—as sorely against his will as mine; but the constraint of Zeus was upon him as a bridle, forcing him to do this thing.

And immediately my shape and senses were distorted, and with horns, as ye behold, upon my head, fretted with a sharp-biting sting I rushed with frantic leaps to the sweet drinking water of Kerchneia, and the springs of Lerna; and an earth-born herdsman of unmitigated temper, *Argos*, followed, having vision with a host of eyes, upon my steps. But a sudden destruction came upon him unawares[1] and took his life. And I, still frenzy-stung, am driven by the scourge of God from land to land.

This is the story of these doings, and if thou canst tell me what is the remainder of my toils, declare it, and do not out of pity flatter me with falsehood, for I think that made-up stories are the most shameful vice.

Chor. Ah, ah! away!

Never, never did I dream that such unheard-of utterances would come to my hearing, or such hideous, fearful sufferings, tortures, terrors, pierce me with a prong and strike a chill into my soul!

O Fate, O Fate, I am afraid at seeing the sore plight of Io.

[1] The MSS. give:

ἀπροσδόκητος δ' αὐτὸν αἰφνίδιος μόρος.

I think it very likely that αἰφνίδιος is a gloss on ἄπτερος: because with scholiasts it was one of the recognised interpretations of the doubtful ἄπτερος in Homer. Later poets, as Aeschylus in *Agam.* 288 ἄπτερος φάτις, used the word of things which, though wingless, are as swift as wings, *wing-swift*; and the vagueness would be suitable, because the legends differed as to the manner in which Hermes killed Argus. In such cases Aeschylus is fond of using terms which will apply to various versions and leave scope to the imagination,—the nature of the οἶστρος, for example, in this play, and of Clytemnestra's weapon in the *Agamemnon*.

Prom. It is too soon that thou complainest and art full of fear: wait until thou hast been told the rest.

Chor. Say on, inform me! to the sick it is relief to know for sure beforehand their remaining pain.

Prom. Your former suit you obtained from me lightly; you desired instruction from her first, her own recital of her trial. Now hear the sequel—the sufferings that this damsel must endure from Hera. And thou, O seed of Inachus, lay up my sayings in thy heart, that thou mayest learn the lesson of thy journey to its end.

First, then, from hence reverse thy face toward the rising of the sun and take thy steps over the unploughed fields; and thou wilt come unto the Nomad Scythians, who dwell lifted up in wicker houses on wheeled caravans, accoutred with far-shooting bows. These thou must not approach, but keep thy footsteps close beside the thundering sea-beaches and so pass out of the country. And on the left hand dwell the iron-workers, Chalybes, whom also thou must avoid, for they are savage and not fit for strangers to approach, and thou wilt come unto a river Violent,[1] not falsely named, which cross thou not, for it is not easy to ford, until thou come to Caucasus himself, the loftiest among mountains, where there is a river that jets out

[1] *v.* 743 *ἥξεις δ' ὑβριστὴν ποταμὸν* MSS., 'a violent river,' as *ὑβριστὴν ἄνεμον* Hesiod *Theog.* 308, *τῷ ποταμῷ τοῦτο ὑβρίσαντι* Hdt. i. 189. The scholiast says that the Araxes is meant, *τὸν Ἀράξην, παρὰ τὸ ἀράσσειν καὶ ἠχεῖν τὰ κύματα αὐτοῦ*, 'The Araxes, from *ἀράσσειν*,'—which, normally, should mean that the word in the *text* is derived from *ἀράσσειν*: *e.g. Theb.* 195 *ἀρχαῖα* [*βασιλικά, παρὰ τὴν ἀρχήν, Cho.* 445 *ἄφερκτος*] *κατάκλειστος, παρὰ τὴν εἱρκτήν.* No difficulty would have been found if the text had been

ἥξεις δ' Ἀρακτὴν ποταμὸν οὐ ψευδώνυμον:

and one may conceive this being glossed with *ὑβριστήν*, for under the title *ὑβριστής* Pollux viii. 75–7 gives *ἐπάταξεν, ἦγξεν, ἤραξεν* and *παίων, πατάσσων, ἀράσσων.*

fiercely from his very forehead: his star-neighbouring peaks thou must surmount and enter on the path of the meridian, where thou wilt reach the army of the Amazons, abhorring men, who one day shall inhabit Themiskyra beside Thermodon, where is the rugged jaw of Salmydessus in the sea, ill-welcomer of mariners, the stepmother of ships: they shall bring thee on thy way most willingly; and right against the narrow entrance of the Lake thou wilt come to the Cimmerian isthmus, which thou must leave, and with a stout courage pass through the channel of Maeotis: and there shall be for ever among men great mention of thy passage and it shall be called after thee the *Bosporus*. And then leaving the land of Europe thou wilt reach the continent of Asia.—Are ye satisfied that the new Sovereign of the Gods is violent and tyrannical in everything alike? A God, desiring to have converse with a mortal woman—thus it is that he hath inflicted all these wanderings upon her. It is a rueful suitor for thy marriage thou hast found, poor maiden! for the narrative that thou hast heard just now thou must not think is even in the prologue.

(Io *utters cries of despair.*)

Prom. Ah, thou art crying now and making moan,—what wilt thou do, I wonder, when thou hearest the remainder?

Chor. Why, hast thou a remainder still to tell her?

Prom. Ay, a tempestuous sea of ruinous distress.

Io. What profit then is life to me? Why not hurl myself at once from this rough crag, to plunge upon the ground and so be rid of all my troubles? Better to die once for all than all one's days to suffer misery!

Prom. Ah, ill indeed wouldst thou endure *my* trials, for whom death is not designed by Fate—that would have been

release from my afflictions; but now there is no term appointed me until Zeus be cast out from his sovereignty.

Io. Why, is it written that Zeus must be dethroned?

Prom. You would be glad, I dare say, to see that happen?

Io. How should I not, when I am suffering ill from Zeus?

Prom. Well, then, you may understand that so it is.[1]

Io. By whose means shall he be robbed of his imperial sceptre?

Prom. By means of his own empty-headed counsels.

Io. In what manner? tell me, if there is no harm.

Prom. He means to make a marriage that he shall one day rue. 790

Io. Of divine seed or human? If it may be told, explain.

Prom. Why ask the nature of it? This is not to be made known.

Io. Is it by his wife that he is to be dispossessed?

Prom. Ay, she will bear a son who shall excel his father.

Io. Is there no averting of the peril?

Prom. No—except *I* might, if I were released.

Io. Who then is to release thee in despite of Zeus?

Prom. It is to be one of thine own offspring.

Io. How sayest thou! *My son* shall set thee free?

Prom. Ay, the third in generation added to ten others. 800

Io. That utterance is no longer comprehensible.

Prom. No, and seek not to inquire thine own fate either.

Io. Do not hold out a boon and then withdraw it.

Prom. I will present thee with one or other of two secrets.

Io. What? Show me what they are, and offer me the choice.

Prom. I will; choose, whether I shall explain to thee the remainder of thy toils, or my deliverer.

[1] *v.* 786 ὡς τοίνον ὄντων τῶνδε μανθάνειν πάρα was the reading of M before alteration (Sikes and Willson), and is certainly right.

Chor. Be pleased to bestow one of these favours upon her and one on me; declare to her the remainder of her wanderings and to me thy deliverer, and refuse us not the telling.[1]

Prom. Since ye are bent upon it, I will not oppose you or refrain from telling all that ye desire.

First, Io, I will show to thee thy long-tossed wandering, which do thou inscribe on the memorial tables of thy mind.

After thou hast crossed the stream which is the bourne of the two continents, towards the fiery Sun-trod Orient,[2] passing the swelling surge of the sea, until thou reach the Gorgon Plains of Kisthene, where dwell the Daughters of Phorcys, ancient of days, three, of swan fashion, with one eye in common, and with one tooth only—upon whom the sun looks never with his rays, neither the moon by night. And near them are there sisters three, covered with wings and fleeced with serpents, horrible to human kind, whom no man born shall look upon and still draw breath.

Such is the nature of the opening scene[3]; now listen to another uncouth spectacle: There are the sharp-mouthed eagle-barking hounds of Zeus, the Gryphons, that you must beware of, and the one-eyed host of Arimaspians, mounted upon horses, who inhabit by the golden-flowing stream of Pluto: these thou must not go nigh. And at the far end of the earth[4] thou wilt arrive at the black tribe that dwell near to the sources of the Sun, where is the river Ethiop. Along his banks proceed thou until thou reach the falling Cataract, where from the Byblus Mountains Nile sends forth his worshipped river of sweet water.

He shall guide thee on thy way to his three-angled land

[1] μηδ' ἀτιμάσῃς λόγου.
[2] There may be a lacuna here.
[3] *v.* 827 : reading *φροίμιον* (Wakefield); cf. 767.
[4] τηλουρὸν δὲ γῆς Elmsley.

Nilotic; and there it is destined for thee, Io, and thy children to plant thy far-off colony.

Herein if there be ought obscure and hard to understand, you may repeat again and learn it clearly; I have leisure at my disposal more than I desire.

Chor. If there be anything remaining or omitted in her lost wild[1] wandering that thou hast yet to show to her, then say on; but if thou hast told all, now grant the boon we ask for; thou rememberest, doubtless.

Prom. She hath now heard the whole conclusion of her journey; but that she may be assured that what she has heard from me is not idle tale, I will rehearse the labours she has gone through before coming here, and give this for a warrant of my story.—Well, the great bulk of the narrative I will omit, and come to the conclusion of her wanderings.

After thou hadst come to the Molossian plains and the steep ridges of Dodona, where there is an oracle and seat of Zeus Thesprotian, and that prodigy incredible, the Talking Oaks,—by whom thou distinctly and in no ambiguous terms wast hailed as she that was to be the spouse of Zeus —doth any touch in this appeal to thee?[2]—Thence in a frenzy thou didst rush upon the path along the shore to the great Gulf of Rhea, whence I see thee driven by a storm and beaten back upon thy course;—and for ensuing time hereafter the sea-bay, be well assured, shall be called *Ionian*, for a memorial of thy passage unto all mankind.

This a sign of my intelligence, to show that it discerneth more than what is visible.—The rest I will declare to you (*the Chorus*) and her in common, picking up again the thread of my discourse.

There is a city called Canobus at the far end of the

[1] *v.* 846 πολυφθόρου: see note on *v.* 660.

[2] *v.* 861 προσσαίνει: see my note on προσγελᾷ, *Eumen.* 253.

country, at the very mouth and silted bank of Nile; and there it is that Zeus is to restore thee to thy senses by the mere laying on of his undreadful hand and by its touch alone.

And after the manner of his engendering shall be named a son that thou shalt bear, the swarthy *Epaphus*, who shall possess all the land that is watered by the broad stream of the Nile. And fifth in descent from him a generation of fifty children shall return again, not of their will, to Argos —a female generation, flying from kindred marriage with their cousins; they, with hearts excited, hawks in chase of doves and close behind them, shall arrive there in pursuit of marriage wrongful to pursue. But God shall grudge possession of their bodies, and the Pelasgian land shall give them welcome, the men being slain in woman-battle with bold daring in the watches of the night:—for each wedded woman shall take her husband's life by plunging a two-edged sword into his throat—may wedded love like that befall my enemies!—But one among these daughters shall be charmed by love's desire to spare her bedfellow; the edge of her resolve shall be abated, and between two evils she shall choose the name of *coward* rather than of *murderess*. She shall give birth in Argos to a royal race. It would require a long discourse to go through all this thoroughly,—the sum, however, is that from this seed there shall be born an offspring bold and famous in the bow, who shall deliver me from my distress.[1]

[1] *v.* 897: reading with Wecklein:

σπορᾶς γε μὴν ἐκ τῆσδε φύσεται θρασὺς
τόξοισι κλεινὸς ἶνις, ὃς πόνων ἐμὲ

or ὅς με τῶν πόνων. This theory accounts well for the many variations which the MSS. play upon the words ὃς πόνων ἐκ τῶνδ' ἐμέ, some omitting ἐκ. I note that a choliambic inscription, Kaibel *Epigr.* 549, begins ὁ κλεινὸς ἶνις βασιλέων Ἀρίζασπος, and Heracles is called

This is the oracle that was expounded to me by my ancient Mother, Titan Themis; but the manner and the means would take long to say, and thou wilt not gain anything from hearing it.

Io. Eleleu!

Again convulsion is coming over me and brain-struck fits of madness that inflame; the sting is fretting me as with a red-hot point;[1] my heart in terror is kicking at my ribs, my eyes are rolling wildly in a whirl; I am swept out of the course[2] by frenzy's violent wind; my tongue is masterless, and thick and turbid words come dashing all at random against waves of horrible affliction! [*Exit.*

Chor. O wise, O wise was he that first well weighed that saying in his mind and made it current for a proverb with his tongue,—that to make a match according to one's own condition is the best by far, and that neither among them that are made proud and delicate by wealth nor them that magnify themselves with birth should a man that is a handicraftsman be enamoured to seek marriage.

Never, never, O ye[3] Fates, may ye behold me made a partner in the couch of Zeus, neither may I be wedded to any spouse among the host of Heaven! For I am sore afraid when I behold the man-rejecting maidenhood

Διὸς Ἶνις in Eur. *Andr.* 781; and one may conceive him being called θρασὺς τοξόκλυτος υἱός in Epic.

The alternative is to read with Sikes and Willson σπόρος for σπορᾶς, 'from this ancestress there shall be born an offspring bold.' This gives a more attractive rhythm, and the MSS. variations might possibly be accounted for by τῶνδ' ὃς ἐκ πόνων ἐκέ.

[1] Compare *Agam.* 1255, 1214, 984.

[2] As a ship.

[3] An epithet has been omitted in the text. The loss would be accounted for by

μή ποτε, μή ποτέ μ' ὦ
Μοῖραι <τελέστειραι>

'effecters of fulfilment.'

of Io in such tribulation from the toilsome wanderings of Hera's task.

For me, when equal, marriage hath no terrors; but may the kind I fear, the love of greater Powers, never cast its fatal eye upon me![1] That is a war unwarrable, a source of all resourcelessness—I cannot tell what I should turn into,[2] because I cannot see any means by which I could escape the design of Zeus.

Prom. Ah, nevertheless, although his pride be obstinate,[3] Zeus verily shall yet be humble, seeing what a marriage he is preparing to make, that shall oust him from his throne and sovereignty into nothingness: and then the curse of his father Cronos shall be accomplished to the full, the curse he imprecated when he was being cast out from his ancient throne: that shall be his affliction, and averting of it there is no God in Heaven that can show him except me: *I* know, and know the manner.

Now, therefore, let him sit there bravely, trusting in his loud noises up aloft, and brandishing in his hands his weapon that breathes fire! for all that shall serve him nothing to prevent his being cast out ignominiously with a fall intolerable; so strong a wrestler he is now preparing for his own antagonist, a fell portentous adversary, one that

[1] *v.* 931: reading:

ἐμοὶ δ' (ὁπότε) μὲν ὁμαλὸς ὁ γάμος
ἄφοβος· ὃν δὲ δέδια, μή τι κρεισσόνων
ἔρως ἄφυκτον ὄμμα προσδράκοι με.

See the *Journal of Philology*, 1907, p. 314.

[2] οὐδ' ἔχω τις ἂν γενοίμαν: I take this to be like the phrases παντοῖος or παντόδαπος γενέσθαι, 'to try all shifts' (Hdt. iii. 24, vii. 10, ix. 109; Lucian i. 42; Dion Chrys. i. 164; Achill. Tat. ii. 29, iii. 23, vii. 1); at least 'I cannot tell what would become of me' should be, in classical Greek, τί ἂν γενοίμην—*e.g. Theb.* 284, τί γένωμαι;

[3] καίπερ αὐθάδη φρονῶν: there is a *v.l.* φρενῶν, and this led to αὐθάδης φρενῶν which M has, and which is not Greek.

shall find out a flame superior to the lightning, and a noise more powerful to out-din the thunder, and that sea-distemper, that earth-shaking plague, the trident, weapon of Poseidon, he shall scatter :—and then, wrecked upon this evil, Zeus shall learn the difference between rule and servitude !

Chor. 'Tis what you *wish* that you vociferate so loudly against Zeus.

Prom. What shall be *done*, and also what I wish.

Chor. And may one really look for Zeus to find a master ?

Prom. Ay, and he shall have a yoke upon his neck still heavier than this !

Chor. How is it thou art not afraid to fling such words ?

Prom. What should I fear, when death is not my destiny ?

Chor. But he might give thee a task still more painful.

Prom. Then let him do it ! I am prepared for everything.

Chor. They are wise that do obeisance to Adrasteia.

Prom. Worship, adore, still court the one in power ! For Zeus I do not care so much as—nothing ! Let him do his will and hold his power for this little space, for he shall not be long the King of Heaven ! But stay :—yonder there I see his runner, our new imperial lord and master's lackey : he must have come with news to bring. [*Enter* HERMES.

Hermes. Thou there, the clever wit, thou bitter one to all extremes, thou that hast sinned against the Gods by giving dignities to mortal creatures, thou, the thief of Fire ! The Father commands thee to say what is this marriage that thou talkest of, by which he is to be cast out from his power :—and see too that thou tell it in no riddling fashion but explain with each particular, and do not give me the trouble of two journeys, Prometheus ; thou seest that Zeus is not softened by such manners.

Prom. Haughty indeed and full of lofty spirit for an underling of the Gods! Your power is young, is young, and you suppose the towers you dwell in to be scatheless: Have I not seen from those same towers a brace of sovereigns cast out? And I shall see a third, this present King, with shamefullest fall and quickest. Dost thou imagine that I quail and cower before these new Gods? I am far—the whole way—from it! Get thee back again, trudge the road thou camest by, for thou shalt be told nothing that thou inquirest of.

Hermes. Well, it was by just such headstrong wilfulness before that thou didst land thyself[1] in this disaster.

Prom. Be very sure, I would not exchange my misfortunes for thy servitude.

Hermes. Better, I suppose, to be in service to this rock than to be the trusted messenger of Father Zeus.

Prom. That is the right way for insolence to be insulting.[2]

Hermes. It seems that thou exultest in thy sufferings.

Prom. Exult! may I behold my enemies exulting in this way—and thee among them.

Hermes. Why, dost thou count *me* to blame for what has happened to thee?

Prom. In one word, I hate all the Gods that have had good done to them and treat me ill unjustly.

Hermes. Thou art brain-sick, mine ears tell me, in no slight degree.

Prom. I am content to be so, if it be brain-sickness to hate one's enemies!

Hermes. Thou wouldst be quite insufferable in prosperity.

[1] *v.* 997 κατούρισας Hermann. The variants are the result of a gloss καθώρμισας or καθώρμησας, for ὁρμίσαι (ὁρμῆσαι) was the regular word by which οὐρίσαι and its compounds were explained.

[2] Others take it to mean 'That is how one ought to insult the insolent,'—the proper way for me to behave toward such as you.

Prom. Alas!

Hermes. That is an expression Zeus is not acquainted with.

Prom. But in his ageing course Time teaches everything.

Hermes. Yet *thou* hast not yet learnt wise-mindedness.

Prom. No, else I would not have *spoken* to an underling like thee.

Hermes. It seems that thou wilt not say anything that the Father wishes.

Prom. Well, if I were indebted to him I would repay.

Hermes. Thou mockest me as if I were a mere child.

Prom. Why art thou not a child and still more foolish, if thou expectest to learn anything from me? There is no torture or contrivance by which Zeus shall impel my lips to utter it, until my galling bondage be undone. So let the sooty flame be hurled upon me, and with white feathery snow and earthquake-thunderings let him make ruin and confusion of the world! For nought of this shall bend my will to tell by whose hand he is to be dispossessed.

Hermes. Consider now whether this seem profitable to thee.

Prom. It has been considered and determined long ago.

Hermes. Find heart, thou foolish one, find heart at length in face of these calamities to be right-minded.

Prom. Thou art but vexing me in vain, like a wave,[1] with thine exhorting; let it never enter thy head that I will be afraid before the will of Zeus, and grow effeminate and humbly supplicate my greatest detestation with womanish outspreadings of my palms to release me from this bondage! I am as far as can be from it.

Hermes. It seems that all my words will but be said in

[1] *v.* 1033 ὀχλεῖς μάτην με κῦμ' ὅπως παρηγορῶν, 'I am firm as a rock.' Anacreon *frag.* 90 μηδ' ὥστε κῦμα πόντιον λάλαζε, Proverb αἰγιαλῷ λαλεῖς. They came also to say 'deaf as a wave,' probably through κῦμα in the proverbial phrase being taken as a nominative.

vain,[1] for thou art not melted or softened by my entreaties, but dost take the bit in thy teeth, like a colt new to harness, and plunge violently and fight against the reins. Yet it is but a weak conceit that thou dost ground thy force upon, for mere self-will in one that is not well advised is by itself as weak as anything.

Consider now, if thou refuse consent to my persuasion, what a storm and huge wave of calamity will come upon thee:—first, this rocky gorge my Father with his thunder and the lightning-flame will rend to pieces, and thy body will conceal, and the embrace of rock shall fondle thee. And when thou hast completed a long space of time, thou shalt return back to the light again, and then, look you, there shall come the winged hound of Zeus, the blood-red eagle, and shall ravenously disjoint thy body into one great rag, a banqueter coming uninvited every day,[2] and shall make his feast upon the dark meat of thy liver.

This shall be thy punishment, whereof thou must expect no term, until some God arise to take thy pains upon him, and consent to pass into the unillumined house of Death, and the black nether pit of Tartarus.

Therefore take counsel, because this declaration is not fabricated but most absolute verity;[3] for the lips of God

[1] *v.* 1039 *πολλὰ καὶ μάτην* go together, as in *Eum.* 144, Dio Cass. xlvi. 26 *πολλὰ γοῦν καὶ μάτην ὑλακτεῖς*, Soph. *Ant.* 1252, *O.C.* 1565 *πολλῶν γὰρ ἂν καὶ μάτην πημάτων.*

[2] *πανήμερος*, or 'for the whole day.'

[3] *v.* 1062: reading with Hartung:

ὡς δὴ σὺ πεπλασμένος
ὁ κόμπος, ἀλλὰ καὶ λίαν ἐτήτυμος.

The MSS. give *ἀλλὰ καὶ λίαν εἰρημένος*, which is impossible; to make sense we should require *ἀλλὰ καὶ λίαν ἀληθῶς εἰρημένος*, *e.g.* Dinarchus i. 75 *οὐ γὰρ ψεῦδός ἐστιν, ἀλλὰ καὶ λίαν ἀληθές*, Antiphon 123. 15 *οὐ γὰρ ἀφανής, ἀλλὰ καὶ λίαν φανερός*, Lucian iii. 586, Themistius 170, Eustath. 459. The opposite of *πεπλασμένος* is not '*spoken*' but '*true*,' Plat. *Rep.* 485 E, *Tim.* 26 E, etc.

know not how to speak falsehood, but will bring every syllable to pass. Therefore take thought, and never reckon obstinacy better than wise counsel.

Chor. To us what Hermes says seems not amiss; he urges thee to abandon Obstinacy and seek that Counsel that is wise. O yield! it is discreditable for the wise to err.

Prom. I knew the message that this fellow hath so loudly noised upon me, but to suffer ill entreatment from one's enemy is no humiliation. So let be hurled upon me the forked ringlet of his fire and let the sky be set a-quivering with thunder and convulsion of the furious winds; let the blast sway the earth by the roots from her foundations, and the wave of the sea with roughest surge and the courses of the stars in heaven confound together, and let him hurl my body into the bottomless pit of Tartarus with the circling whirl of stern Necessity: to death, at all events, he never shall put *me*!

Hermes. These are the very thoughts and speeches of the brain-struck! How does it come short of stark insanity, this prayer of his? What abatement is there in his madness?—Ye, however, at any rate, that are condoling in his tribulations, retire somewhere speedily from these regions, lest the harsh bellowing of the thunder strike your senses silly.

Chor. Give me some other words and exhortation, that you are likely to persuade me with! for you do not surely imagine that *this* sweeping speech of yours is tolerable![1]

[1] *v.* 1097:

οὐ γὰρ δήπου
τοῦτό γε τλητὸν παρέσυρας ἔπος·

παρεσεῖρας (παρ-εσ-εῖρας) might be thought of; cf. εἴρω, συνείρω, διείρω, παρείρω, παρενείρω, 'get in edgeways,' 'interject,' '*insinuate*': but παρασύρω was especially used of orators who *carry their audience away* in an overwhelming flood of eloquence (Pollux iv. 21 and vi. 147,

How can you dream of urging me to practise cowardice? I am content to share with him whatever Fate may have in store; for I have learnt to abhor traitors, and there is no vice that I have greater loathing for than this!

Hermes. Well, remember my warning, and when taken by the snaring hand of Ate, do not then blame Fortune; never say that it was Zeus who cast you into trouble unforeseen; nay, blame yourselves, for it is with knowledge and with no sudden surprise that ye will be entangled in the inextricable Net of Ate by your folly. [*Exit.*

Prom. Ah now in deed, in word no more, the earth is rocked and the subterranean sound of thunder is booming at my side,[1] the fiery streaks of lightning flashing out, and whirlwinds rolling up the eddying dust; the blasts of all the winds leap wildly and display contention setting contrary against each other, and the sky is confounded with the sea: so dire the rushing onset that proceeds from Zeus against me manifestly, working terror. O thou holy one, my Mother, O thou Sky, revolving the common light of all the world, beholdest thou the injustice I am suffering?[2]

Longinus 32. 4 and 33. 5); and I think that Aeschylus, slightly varying the phrase of daily life, is making the Chorus sneer at Hermes as the irresistible Orator.

[1] Or περιμυκᾶται, 'booming all around.'

[2] πάσχω ends his last speech as it does his first; the sequel showed the working of the new law πάθει μάθος.

THE PERSIANS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Chorus of Persian Elders.
Atossa, the Queen-Mother.
Xerxes.
Ghost of Dareios.
A Messenger.

THE PERSIANS.

Scene : *The palace of Xerxes at Susa.*

Time : *The forenoon after the nocturnal vision of Atossa* (*v.* 182 sqq.).

The Chorus, assembled in front of the palace (*v.* 144), *give voice to their anxiety concerning the fate of the armada sent against Greece.*

Chorus. Behold in us the 'Trusty' remnant—as our name declares—of the Persians who are gone to the land of Hellas, and guardians of the opulent palace rich in gold; whom king Xerxes, prince of Dareios' line, did himself select for our ripe years to watch over his country.

Now as to the return of our king and of his army rich in gold, my soul within me is at this present time disturbed, presaging disaster. For all the strength of the Asian nation is gone abroad, and murmurs at having a new king,[1] and neither any messenger nor any horseman arrives at the city of the Persians who left Susa and went forth, and Ecbatana, and the ancient Cissian stronghold, some on horseback, some on shipboard, or as infantry forming close ranks of war.

[1] *v.* 784. Cf. also *vv.* 746 and 854 sqq.

Amistres, for instance, and Artaphrenes speed forth, and Megabates and Astaspes, Persian leaders; kings subject to the Great King, overseers of a mighty host, masters of the bow and steed, terrible to look on and deadly in combat, in full confidence of spirit.[1] Artembares too, who delights in horsemanship, and Masistres, and doughty Imæus, master of the bow, and Pharandakes, and Sosthanes driver of steeds. Others did the great and fertilising river Nile send forth; Susiskanes was there, Pegastagon of Egyptian family, and the prince of sacred Memphis, mighty Arsames, and Ariomardos, governor of ancient Thebes; and inhabitants of a marshy region—rowers of ships—skilful, and in multitude innumerable. And a crowd of soft-living Lydians, who keep in subjection a nation entirely land-faring, goes with them, whom Metrogathes and valiant Arcteus, ruling princes, and Sardis rich in gold send out, borne in many chariots, in two-shafted ranks and in three-shafted ranks, a sight terrible to see. Set too are the borderers on sacred Tmolus on casting the yoke of servitude about Hellas,— Mardon, Tharybis, anvils of the spear, and men of Mysia whose weapon is the javelin. Babylon too, the rich in gold, sends a mixed multitude in long array, some carried on ships, some trusting in their courage to draw the bow. And the scimitar-armed peoples of all Asia go with them, under the dread mandates of the king. So fair a flower of men of the Persian land is gone from it, in respect of whom all the country of Asia which reared them is constrained with vehement longing; and parents and wives, as they count the days, tremble at the lengthening out of time.

The army of the king, which makes havoc of cities, by now has passed to the neighbouring land beyond the narrow sea, having crossed the strait of Helle daughter of Athamas

[1] εὐτλήμονι (which some MSS. have). Cf. Simonides *ep.* 40 εὐτόλμῳ ψυχῆς λήματι πειθόμενοι.

on a cable-fastened pontoon-bridge, by casting a riveted causeway as a yoke upon the neck of Ocean.

Against a whole continent does the fiery leader of populous Asia direct his wondrous flock of men, in two divisions, with land-forces and on sea, putting his trust in his stalwart sturdy commanders—a being like unto the gods, of a race sprung from gold.

And flashing from his eyes the dark glance of a deadly python, with many a warrior and many a sailor, and urging forward his Syrian chariot, he is bringing against a people famous for the spear a nation in arms whose pride is the bow.

There is no one of such proved puissance as to withstand the mighty torrent of men, and with secure defences keep back the resistless tide; for the Persian army cannot be faced, and stout-hearted are their people.

But the beguiling Illusion of a god what mortal man shall escape? Who is he that with agile foot is master of an easy leap [over the net]?

Aye, for fawning at first upon him, as though with kind intent,[1] it leads a man astray into the toils of Calamity, whence it is not possible for a mortal to escape and flee.

For by the gods' will since long ago Fate has been dominant, and has laid it upon the Persians to pursue wars that demolish towers, and shocks of cavalry in action, and destructions of cities.

Also they learned, putting trust in the slight structure of tackling and in contrivances for carrying men [over the waters], to look upon the ocean plain of the broad sea when it whitens beneath the furious blast.

Therefore my soul, shrouded in gloom, is racked with dread (Ah! Ah!) for this Persian expedition, fearing lest

[1] Cf. *Agam.* 726 and 1227. So Plutarch *Them.* 29 *οὐ μὴν ἀλλὰ . . . προσειπὼν φιλοφρόνως* ('with an appearance of cordiality').

the state may learn that the great city of the Susian district is made desolate of men, and the Cissians' town, as a crowd of women utter this cry Ah! Ah!, may echo back the strain, and lest rending may fall on linen garments.

For all the host, driving steeds or tramping over the plain, is gone forth, like bees in a swarm, together with the captain-general of the expedition; having crossed over the projecting arm of the sea,[1] now bridged over, which is common to both continents.

And by reason of yearning for absent warriors couches are filled with weeping; and Persian wives, indulging their grief,[2] each one of them, having sent away [to the war] her gallant armèd consort, is left solitary.

But come, Persians, let us seat ourselves beneath the shade of this ancient palace and take good counsel from the depths of thought (and need there is for it), as to how haply fares Xerxes our king of Dareios' line, of the race of [Perseus] our common ancestor—whether it is the drawing of the bow that conquers, or has the power of the pointed spear the mastery? But here is hasting forth an effulgence like to the eyes of gods, the Mother of the King, my Queen; I prostrate myself before her. And fitting also is it that we all address her in words of salutation.

(*Enter* ATOSSA *in a chariot*, see *v.* 610.)

Queen supreme of Persia's deep-girt women, venerable mother of Xerxes, wife to Dareios, hail! Consort wert thou of the Persian's god; and mother art thou of a god—unless its ancient happy fortune is now departed from the host.

Atossa. In just that fear did I leave the gold-appointed palace and the bridal-chamber which I shared with Dareios,

[1] The Hellespont; see *v.* 882. Compare Eur. *Iph. Aul.* 120.

[2] ἀβροπενθεῖς restored by Paley. Cf. ἀβρόγοοι *v.* 544.

and now come hither. My thoughts are racking my heart; and to you, my friends, will I tell my tale, being by no means without misgiving about myself, in dread lest great Good Fortune,[1] raising over the earth the dust [of a military advance], shall have overturned with its foot the [fabric of] Prosperity which Dareios reared not unaided by some god. Therefore is there a twofold anxious thought, inexpressible, in my mind—not to honour with reverence a mass of riches lacking men; and again, that light shines not equal to their strength on men lacking wealth. Our wealth, indeed, is 170
beyond cavil, but there is alarm concerning our eye—for I hold the master's presence to be the eye of the palace—wherefore, Persians, since these things are so, lend me, ye aged Trusty ones, your counsel. For in my case all sound resolutions are dependent upon you.

Chorus. Be well assured, Queen of this land, not twice hast thou to indicate either word or deed [to us] respecting matters in which Power is wont to lead the way; for loyal to thy interests are we whom thou summonest as counsellors in these affairs.

Atossa. By many a dream in the night-time have I been haunted ever since my son, having fitted out an armada, 180
went hence with design to ravage the Ionians' land. But never saw I aught so clear as in the night just passed—and I will tell it to thee. There seemed to appear before me two women in fair attire, one apparelled in Persian raiment, the other in Dorian, the twain pre-eminent in stature beyond those living now, flawless in beauty, and sisters of the same family. The country they inhabited was in the case of one sister, Hellas—she having acquired it by lot—in the case of the other, barbarian soil. These twain, as I thought 190

[1] δαίμων Heimsoeth; see *v.* 727. Cf. *Agam.* 392–5, and 993 (πότμος). The active verb in this image is used on the same principle as *v.* 828 (ὅλβον ἐκχέῃ), 510 (ἀπέρρηξεν), 320 (ἀμείβων).

I perceived, were pursuing a quarrel one with the other; and my son, having become aware of it, was seeking to check and to pacify them, and yokes the pair to a chariot and places harness over their necks. And one of them towered loftily in these trappings, and kept her mouth tractable in the reins; but the other began to plunge, and with her hands tears in pieces the harness of the chariot, and drags it furiously along with her, heeding not the bit, and snaps the yoke asunder. Then falls my son, and his father Dareios stands beside commiserating him. And Xerxes, when he perceives him, rends his robes around his body.

These things I tell you I beheld in the night; but when I had arisen, and touched with my hands the fair waters of a spring, I took my station at an altar with incense in my hand, intending to offer a sacred mixture to the divinities who avert evil, for whom these ceremonies are proper. But I see an eagle fleeing for refuge to the altar of Phœbus, —and from terror I stood speechless, my friends,—and after that I see a hawk rushing with outstretched wings upon him, and with his talons plucking at his head; and the eagle did nothing but cower down and yield his body. This was terrifying for me to see, and so it is for you to hear. For know ye well that my son, should he be successful, would be regarded with awe, and supposing he should not be successful,—he[1] cannot be called to account by the state, and if he escapes alive, he is, in any event, the ruler of this land.

Chorus. We desire not, O Mother, either to alarm thee unduly by our words, or unduly to raise thy hopes; but if thou didst see anything sinister, thou shouldst supplicate the gods with prayer, and beseech diversion of these evils,

[1] She alters the conclusion of her sentence, wishing to dispel in advance ideas which might be suggested by κακῶς δὲ πράξας.

and that all good things may be fulfilled for thyself and thy children and for the city and for all thy friends. And in the second place it is proper that thou pour a libation to the earth and to the dead; and in propitiatory wise do thou ask this boon of thy spouse Dareios, whom thou declarest thou didst see by night,—to send good things for thee and for thy son to the light of day from beneath the earth; and [ask that] the reverse of this, detained below the earth, may fade away in darkness. Thus I advise thee with kindly intent, guided only by the promptings of my mind. And our interpretation is that in all ways a good issue will be brought to pass for thee in this matter.

Atossa. With kind intent, I know, to my son and to my house, didst thou, the first interpreter of these visions, determine thus their import. May what is good come to pass. And all these things, as thou dost enjoin, will I perform for the gods and for those dear to me beneath the earth when I have gone into the palace. But now on the following points, my friends, I wish to be exactly informed;—In what part of the world do they say Athens is situated?

Chorus. Far hence towards the west, where are the waning fires[1] of our Lord the Sun.

Atossa. Was then my son so eager to make this city his prey?

Chorus. Yes, for thus would all Hellas become subject to the Great King.

Atossa. Is theirs an army with so full a complement of men?

Chorus. Aye, and an army of such quality as once wrought havoc on the Medes.

Atossa. And what else have they besides? Is there sufficing wealth in their homes?

Chorus. They have of silver, as one might say, a spring; a treasury in the earth.

[1] φθινάσμασιν Pauw.

Atossa. Is the arrow-point drawn by the bow to be seen in their hands?

Chorus. Not at all. They have spears for close fighting, and harness for the shield.

Atossa. Who is over them as master, and dominates the host?

Chorus. To no man are they reckoned slaves or in subjection.

Atossa. How then shall they abide the coming of a foe?

Chorus. So [stoutly] that they destroyed a large and goodly army of Dareios.

Atossa. Terrible, truly, are thy words for the parents of those who have gone forth to reflect upon.

Chorus. Stay, thou wilt soon, as I think, know all for certain; for the [fashion of] running of this man coming is plain to recognise as Persian; and he brings clear tidings of something, be it good or ill.

(*Enter* MESSENGER.)

Messenger. O ye cities of all Asia! O land of Persia, and mighty haven of wealth, how at a single stroke is all your great prosperity destroyed, and the flower of the Persians fallen and gone! Alas! a thankless office it is to be the first to bring tidings of disaster; yet needs must I unfold all that has happened to the Persians. The whole barbarian host has perished.

Chorus. Grievous, grievous disaster, all unexpected, and miserable! Alas, Persians, bathe your eyes in tears, now that of this disaster ye hear.

Messenger. Yes, [hearing] that all with them is quite destroyed, and that I myself behold the day of my return beyond my expectation.

Chorus. Too long indeed, as I may say, life doth now

appear to us old men, that we should hear of this unexpected calamity.

Messenger. And, look you, Persians, I being present then can tell you, not from hearing others' talk, what evil fate was dealt out.

Chorus. Woe is me! In vain did the mingled multitude of shafts go from the land of Asia against an enemy's country—the land of Hellas.

Messenger. The shores of Salamis, and every neighbouring place, are full of dead, who perished in evil case.[1]

Chorus. Woe is me! Thy words imply that the bodies of those dear to us are drifting, lifeless, sea-beaten, waterlogged, on the tides as they ebb and flow.[2]

Messenger. Yes, for our bows availed nought, and our whole host has perished, beaten down by charges amidships of [the enemy's] vessels.

Chorus. Wail aloud for the luckless Persians a cry of woe with mournful sound, for their utter misfortune. Alas for the destruction of the host!

Messenger. O name of Salamis, most hateful to our ears! Alas! how I groan when I remember Athens!

Chorus. Aye, hateful is Athens to her foes. Well may you call to mind how many Persian women she made widows and husbandless, with nought for us to set down as gain.

Atossa. Long have I kept silence in my misery, shocked at the ills which have befallen us; for this sad event is too great for me to speak of, or inquire the details. Nevertheless mortals must endure afflictions when the gods award them. Do thou compose thyself, and, unfolding all that happened, even though thou groanest at the evil of it, speak out. Who is there that is *not* dead? Whom, of the leaders of the host, *are* we to bewail as having been appointed to

[1] *I.e.* without burial, cf. *v.* 328 (Paley).

[2] Or, 'on floating ship-timber.'

bear the baton of command and leaving by his death a rank forlorn without its chief?

Messenger. Xerxes himself is alive and beholds the light.

Atossa. A great light to my house, and a brightly dawning day after black night, are in these words of thine!

Messenger. But Artembares, leader of a myriad horse, is being dashed against the rocky shores of Sileniæ. And the chiliarch Dadakes beneath the shock of a spear leapt with a light spring overboard. Tenagon, too, the true-born chieftain of the Bactrians, is moving to and fro about the surf-beaten isle of Aias. Lilaios and Arsames and, thirdly, Argestes, around the dove-breeding island keep butting, these three, helplessly against the unyielding shore. Arcteus too, whose dwelling is nigh unto the waters of Egyptian Nile, Adeues, and, thirdly, † Phreseues, † Pharnuchos, these fell from one vessel. Matallos of Chrysa, commander of ten thousand, leader of thirty thousand black cavalry, soaked in death his thick and bushy auburn beard, changing its colour with a staining of dark purple. And Magian Arabos perished there, and Artabes the Bactrian, a settler now in a rugged land. Amistris, and Amphistreus wielder of an active spear, and gallant Ariomardos—a cause of grief [by his death] to Sardis—and Sisames the Mysian, and Tharybis of Lyrnaian race, commander of five times fifty ships, a warrior of goodly presence, lies dead, unhappy man, in sorely wretched case. And a Syennesis, foremost in courage, governor of the Cilicians, fell gloriously, after giving more trouble to the foe than any other one man. Of such among our leaders have I now made mention. I report but a few out of the many misfortunes which I have in mind.

Atossa. Alas! I hear in this the very height of disaster—a disgrace to the Persians, and [a cause for] shrill lamentations. But turn thou back again, and tell me this, How great was

the number of the Greek vessels that they ventured to join battle with the Persian armament by charging with their ships'-beaks upon it?

Messenger. As to numbers, be well assured that the barbarians[1] had the advantage in ships; for on the Greek side the whole numbers came to three divisions of thirty vessels, and there was besides these a select division of ten. But Xerxes had, for I know, a thousand in number of which he was commander, and those [besides] of superior class in speed were two hundred and seven; this is the tale of them. You do not think us the inferior force in this engagement? No, it was some divinity that destroyed the host, having depressed the scales of fortune with a weight against our side. The gods keep safe the city of their goddess Pallas.

Atossa. Then is Athens still unravaged?

Messenger. Yes, for whilst her warriors live she has a sure protection.

Atossa. Now tell me what was the beginning of the naval encounter. Who were they who made the first move in the fight? The Greeks? Or my son, from a sense of exultation at the number of his ships?

Messenger. Some fiend it was, O mistress, or evil spirit that appeared from somewhere, who began all the mischief. A Greek, who came from the Athenian host, told thy son Xerxes that if the darkness of black night should come the Greeks would not stand fast, but, leaping on to the thwarts of their vessels, would, each taking his own direction, endeavour to save their lives by stealthy flight. And he, as soon as he heard this, not realising the wile of the Greek nor the jealousy of the gods, publishes to all the captains the following order—when the sun should have ceased to illumine the earth with his rays and darkness should have laid hold on the temple of the sky, then to draw up vessels

[1] *βαρβάρους* Turnebus.

in close order arranged in three lines to guard the sea-exits and the murmuring straits; and [to station] other vessels in a circle round about the isle of Aias; understanding that, if the Greeks shall escape an evil fate by finding some means of escape for their ships, without being discovered, it has been decreed that they shall all be deprived of their heads. Such were his words, prompted by much confidence of mind, since he knew not what was appointed by the gods to come to pass. And the Persian troops in orderly fashion and disciplined spirit set about preparing an evening meal, and each seaman saw to the lashing of his oar about the nicely fitted thole-pin. Then, when the light of the sun had waned and night was coming on, every master of an oar went to his ship, and every master of weapons. And one line of warships kept cheering on another line and [the Persians] make sail even as each man had orders, and the livelong night ship-captains kept all the crews working their vessels backwards and forwards. But though night began to draw off, yet the Greek host made nowhere any kind of attempt at a stealthy escape. When, however, day with its white steeds, radiant to behold, had occupied all the earth, first of all a cheer from the Greeks rang loudly like a chant of triumph, and shrill and clear from the island crags Echo returned the cry. And fear was in the hearts of all the barbarians, finding themselves mistaken; for the Greeks were then chanting a solemn pæan not as seeking to escape, but as advancing to battle with daring courage. Next a bugle with its call fired all their line to action, and at once with foaming dash of oars in unison they smote, to the word of command, the resounding brine. And rapidly the whole of them came plain into view. The right wing in good order led on foremost, and after that their whole armament was coming on against us, and at the same time a mighty shout could be heard, "Sons of the Greeks,

advance! Deliver your country, deliver your children and your wives, the temples of your fathers' gods, the tombs of your ancestors. Now is the contest which decides all!" And then a confused noise of Persian tongues met them from our line, and no longer was it a time for inaction, but forthwith ship against ship struck its armoured prow. A Greek vessel commenced the charge, and breaks off the whole stern part of a Phœnician ship, and each [captain] then steered his bark against some other vessel. At first indeed the torrent of the Persian armament held its own. But since the multitude of our ships was crowded in the narrows, and they could give no assistance the one to the other but [on the contrary] were rammed by the brazen-pointed beaks of their friends, they splintered their whole equipment of oars,—the Greek ships, too, all around them noting their opportunity, kept charging them on every side, —and the hulls of our vessels began to be capsized nor was the sea any longer visible, so choked was it with wrecks and slaughtered men; and the shores and the reefs were full of them. Then in rout and confusion every ship, as many as there were of the barbarian armament, sought to row away. But the Greeks kept striking and hewing, as though we were tunnies or some draught of fish, with fragments of broken oars and splinters of wreckage; and cries of anguish filled the open sea with shrieks, until the appearance of dark night broke off [the combat]. Now the total of our misfortunes, not even were I to recite the list of them for ten days, could I complete for thee; for be well assured that never on a single day died so great a number of men.

Atossa. Alas! in very truth a mighty sea of troubles has burst over the Persians and all the barbarian race.

Messenger. Know well that their trouble reaches not yet the half. Such an visitation of sufferings came upon them

as by balance to draw, even twice over, an equal weight with these [which I have pictured].

Atossa. What turn of fortune *could* be yet more hateful than this? Say what the event is which thou declarest came to the host, inclining the scale far on the side of evil.

Messenger. As many of the Persians as were in the very flower of life and most valiant in spirit and distinguished by noble birth, and were ever amongst the foremost in loyalty to the monarch himself, are dead in shameful plight by a most inglorious doom.

Atossa. Ah! grieved am I, my friends, at a grievous event. But by what nature of doom sayest thou they are lost to us?

Messenger. An island there is, lying off Salamis—in- 450
significant in size, a dangerous anchorage for ships—which Pan who loves the dance doth ofttimes visit, haunting the sea-beach thereof. Thither Xerxes sends these [chosen warriors] in order that, whenever their foes wrecked from out their ships should attempt to win safe to the island, they might make an easy prey of the Greek soldiery and slay them; and help their own comrades to safety from out the sea-way—sadly at fault in his opinion of the future: for when some god had given the glory of [victory in] the sea-fight to the Greeks, that same day having secured their bodies with brazen armour they set to leaping out of their ships and forming a circle round about the entire island, 460
so that [the Persian band] were at a loss whither to turn. For oft they were struck by stones thrown by hand and arrows from the bow-string fell upon and destroyed them; and at last [the Greeks] charging upon them with a simultaneous cheer strike them down, and hack in pieces the limbs of the unhappy men, till they had utterly destroyed the life in all of them. And Xerxes groaned aloud when he saw the depth of his calamities, for he had a seat in full

view of all the army—a high knoll close to the ocean brine; and, having rent his garments and uttered a shrill cry of wailing and issued orders rapidly to the land-force, he dismisses them in flight all disorderly.

Such is the event which, in addition to the aforementioned, thou hast to bewail.

Atossa. O hateful divinity, how hast thou cheated the Persians of their expectations! Bitter[1] to himself did my son find his [intended[2]] punishment of Athens; and those of the barbarians whom aforetime Marathon destroyed were not enough [to satisfy thee], but my son—thinking to exact atonement for them—drew down upon himself all this mass of woe.

But as to the ships which have escaped destruction, tell me where thou didst leave them. Hast thou skill to indicate it clearly?

Messenger. The commanders of the ships which yet remained to us take to straggling flight before the wind precipitately. But the rest of the host came near destruction in Bœotia, some around the refreshment of a spring, while harassed by thirst; but others, panting and exhausted, make their way through to the land of the Phocians and the Dorian country, and the Melian bay where the Spercheios waters the plain with his kindly stream. And thence the soil of the Achæan land received us sore in need of food, and the towns of Thessaly: where indeed very many perished by thirst and hunger, for both of these were our lot. And we come to the Magnesian territory and the land of the Macedonians, to the ford of Axios and the reedy fens of Bolbe, and to Mount Pangaios—Edonian country. But in that night Heaven called up winter weather out of season, and freezes all the stream of sacred

[1] For this predicative use of πικρὸς see Euripides *Medea* 399.

[2] Cf. Herodotus vii. 8.

Strymon: and [many a] one[1] who before that reckoned the gods of no account did then pray to them with supplications, doing lowly reverence to earth and heaven.

But when the army had made an end of invocations, it essays to pass across the ice-bound stream.[2] And whosoever of us started to do so before the rays of the sun-god were shed abroad, is now in safety; for the sun's orb, blazing brightly with its rays, by the heat of its flame penetrated [the ice of] the middle of the passage; and, one upon another, our men fell in, and fortunate indeed was he who soonest lost his breath and died.

And such as survived and won to safety, after having with difficulty made their way in much tribulation to Thrace, have now accomplished their escape and reached the land of their homes—in scanty numbers; so that the city of the Persians may well vent her grief in regret for the best-beloved youth of our nation.

Chorus. O divinity hard to strive against, how with thy feet didst thou leap over-heavily upon the whole Persian race!

Atossa. Woe is me, in grief for the army so completely destroyed! O clear dream-vision, how all too plainly didst thou signify misfortune to me! And ye, all too lightly did ye interpret it! Still, since your warning voice determines thus, I am minded to make prayer to the gods; then will I return, after fetching from my palace a sacred mixture, as a gift to the earth and to the departed—over things I well know cannot be undone, but with a view to the future, if haply something better may come to us. Your part is now to communicate trusty counsel to Trusty comrades concerning what has come to pass; and, as for my son, if he

[1] So Ovid, *atque aliquis pendens in cruce vota facit.*

[2] κρυσταλλοπῆγα διὰ πόρον περᾷ στρατός. Hartung after Porson (στρατὸς περᾷ).

come hither before me, do ye console him and escort him to the palace, lest to our misfortunes a yet further misfortune be added. [*Exit* ATOSSA.

Chorus. O sovereign Zeus, now indeed hast thou destroyed the armament of the high-vaunting and populous Persian nation, and shrouded in the gloom of mourning the cities of Susa and Agbatana. And many [women] rending their veils with delicate hands are now bedewing their swelling robes with floods of tears, partaking in our sorrow. And the Persian wives, indulging their grief, through longing to behold their lately wedded lords, abandon the soft coverings of their couches—the delight of their delicate youth—and mourn with insatiate lamentations. And I too in good sooth do now raise high my song of mourning for the fate of those who are gone.

(*Kommos.*) Now indeed does the whole land of Asia groan, made desolate of her men. Xerxes led them forth, alack! and Xerxes lost them, alackaday! and Xerxes managed everything foolishly with his [1] ocean galleys. Why was not Dareios, who [proved so] scatheless a captain of archers to his citizens, a leader dear to Susa, then in command?

Land-forces and sea-forces our ships, with dark-painted eyes, and a line of oars on either side like an outstretched wing,[2] did carry forth, alack! and our ships let them perish, alackaday! under destructive charges of the foe; and through the hands of the Ionians the King himself but narrowly slipped away over the chilly tracks which traverse the plains of Thrace.

And some there were, the first to meet their doom, alas!

[1] *βαρίδεσσι ποντίαις* with some MSS. [*βαρίδες τε ποντίαι* M. cum accentu dativi.]

[2] *διδυμόπτεροι* Walter Headlam. Cf. Plutarch *Ant.* 63 *τοὺς ταρσοὺς τῶν νεῶν ἐγείρας καὶ πτερώσας ἑκατέρωθεν.*

who, left perforce, ah me! around the shores of Cychreia, ah! ah! <are tossing on the waves>. Weep aloud, and gnash the teeth, and utter a deep note of woe for sorrows which reach from earth to sky, ah! ah! and prolong the sad murmuring sound, the voice of misery.

And gnawed in darkness[1] they are torn by dumb children of the One whom none should pollute,[2] alas! and the home mourns for its lord, deprived of his presence. Parents too, left childless[3] (ah! ah!), mourning in their old age these heaven-sent woes, are an utter grief to those who listen.

And for some time now up and down the coast of Asia the [settlers] no longer own the Persian sway, nor bring tribute any more under the constraint imposed by their suzerain, nor bowing themselves to earth do they show their awe; since now the power of our monarchy is utterly perished.

Nor even are the tongues of men kept under guard; for the populace are set free to speak their minds, now that the yoke of strength has been loosed. And, showing on its soil the stains of blood, the sea-washed isle of Aias holds all [that once was] Persian.

(*Re-enter* ATOSSA.)

Atossa. Friends, whosoever has had dealings in misfortune knows that, when a surge of troubles comes upon mortals, a man gets to be afraid of everything—(though whenever the Divinity of Fortune runs smoothly for him, he is confident that it will in this same fashion[4] continue to

[1] *ἀιδνὰ* Walter Headlam.

[2] *I.e.* water. Respect for the purity of the Elements was a doctrine taught by the Persian *Μάγοι*. See Herodotus i. 38.

[3] *ἄπαιδες δαιμόνι' ἄχη* Porson.

[4] *τὸν αὐτὸν ἀεὶ τοῦτον* Walter Headlam. (So in Carcinos *fr.* 8, in

waft him onwards),—and so for me everything is full of terror: before my eyes appear the visitations[1] of the gods and in my ears a din, not of triumph, is ringing. Such is the amazement from evil tidings which scares away my wits.

Therefore have I come this way from my palace a second time, without either car or pomp as before, bringing for my son's father propitiatory libations, such as render the dead gracious to us; white milk sweet to drink from a sacred cow, and transparent honey, the distillation from blossoms of the busy bee, together with lustrations of water from a virgin spring; and this pure liquor from a mother of the open field—the refreshing juice of an ancient vine. And here too is the fragrant fruit of the pale-green olive, which ever puts forth a luxuriant growth in foliage; and wreaths of flowers, children of earth the mother of all.

(*Addressing them in the character of Persian* Μάγοι.) Come now, my friends, chant solemn verses as the libations to the dead are poured, and call up [the shade of] Dareios; and I will lead the procession of these drink-offerings made to earth in honour of the gods below.

Chorus. Royal lady, venerable majesty of the Persians, do thou convey libations to the chambers under ground, and we in solemn chant will implore the conductors of the dead to be favourable [to our request].

[*As the libations are poured, they chant in solemn tones an incantation couched in mystic language, abounding in obscure terms outlandish to Greek ears.*

Come, ye holy divinities of the under-world, Earth, and Hermes, and thou, Monarch of the dead, send the spirit from beneath to the light of day; for if he knows any

the unmetrical line λυπεῖ γὰρ αὐτὸ τὸ κτῆμα τοὺς κεκτημένους, should be read αὐτὸ τοῦτο, taking up φθόνος in the preceding verse.)

[1] τἀνταῖα *i.e.* προσβολαί, ξυναλλαγαὶ θεῶν.

remedy for our woes beyond [our efforts by prayer], he alone of mortals can tell us how to bring it to effect.

Does then the god-like King of blessed memory hear me as I utter my manifold plaintive doleful cries, in barbaric language hard to understand,[1]—is it for me to shout aloud our grievous sorrows?[2]—does he from beneath the earth give ear to me?

Come, O Earth and ye other Rulers of the lower world, suffer the illustrious spirit, the god of the Persians born at Susa, to pass from his abiding-place; and send to upper air him like to none yet whom the Persian soil hath covered.

Dear indeed was he, and dear is his sepulchral mound; for dear are the qualities which now lie hidden. May'st thou, O Aidoneus who dost send shades to the world above, permit Dareios to arise, such a king, ah me! as † Dareios was!

Aye, for as at no time did he lose men by fatal defeats in war, so was he named an inspired counsellor to the Persians; and an inspired counsellor he was, for well did he conduct his army, ah me!

Lord, ancient Lord, come forth, draw nigh! Come thou upon the topmost point of the mound—lifting thy saffron-dyed sandal, displaying the cheek-coverings of thy royal tiara. Come forth, O father Dareios, author of no ill, Ho!

To hear of new and unexpected sorrows, Lord of our Lord, appear! for a Stygian-like gloom overshadows us,

[1] *βάρβαρ' ἀσαφηνῆ* Walter Headlam. *Cf.* Lucian i. 40 (*ὁ μάγος*) *παραμιγνὺς ἅμα καὶ βαρβαρικά τινα καὶ ἄσημα ὀνόματα.*

[2] Dindorf is probably right in reading here *βάγματ', ἢ.* "Or must I pierce the earth with yet more agonising cries?" Cf. Lucan vi. 744. So Statius *Theb.* iv. 500 (*Teiresias*) *cassusne sacerdos Audior? an rabido iubeat si Thessala cantu Ibitis? et, Scythicis quotiens armata venenis Colchis aget, trepido pallebunt Tartara motu?*

since the youth of our nation is now all destroyed. Come forth, O father Dareios, author of no ill, Ho!

Alas, alas! O thou who diedst so deeply grieved for by thy friends, wherefore did these redoubled penalties of mistaken judgment <happen> as a twofold disaster to thy country? All the three-banked ships are now ships no more, ships no more.

(GHOST OF DAREIOS *rises*.)

Ghost. O Trusty band of Trusty ones, compeers of my youth, aged Persians, with what trouble is our city troubled? The plain groans, and is cleft[1] and scarred. And seeing here my spouse hard by the grave I am in anxious dread, and I accept her libations with gracious mind. And ye are wailing as ye stand near my grave and, raising your voices in mournful cries that call up spirits, do piteously summon me; though 'tis no easy matter to issue [from the tomb], especially as the gods of the under-world are altogether better at receiving than at letting us go. Nevertheless I, having rule amongst them, am come. Despatch with speed, that I may be free of blame for the time [of my absence]. What heavy unexpected sorrow have the Persians?

Chorus. I shrink from looking upon thee, and I shrink from speaking in thy presence, by reason of my old-accustomed dread of thee.

Ghost. Nay, but since I have come from beneath in compliance with thy piteous moan, do thou, telling a tale not tedious but concise, speak out and complete the whole matter, laying aside thine ancient awe of me.

Chorus. I fear to do thy pleasure, I fear to speak

[1] This probably refers to the effect of the ψυχαγωγοὶ γόοι. Cf. Tibullus i. 2. 45 *hæc cantu finditque solum manesque sepulcris Elicit.* Seneca *Œdipus* 567.

in thy presence with a tale of unwelcome news to those dear to me.

Ghost. Well, since the old-time dread in thy mind stands in thy way, do *thou*, my venerable wedded consort, high-born lady, cease from these wailings and cries of woe, and tell me a clear tale. Human calamities, thou knowest, must befall mankind. For many ills by sea and many by land happen to mortals, if their life be extended to its full span.

Atossa. O thou who in prosperity didst excel all men by thy fortunate destiny, how much—even as during the time thou didst behold the rays of the sun, envied of all thou didst continue like a god to lead a life of happy days for the Persians—do I now envy thee for dying before beholding the depth of our present misfortunes. For all the tale thereof, Dareios, thou shalt hear in a moment's space. The fortunes of the Persians are ruined, almost utterly.

Ghost. In what way? Came there any stroke of pestilence to our city, or civil strife?

Atossa. By no means. But the whole host has been destroyed round about Athens.

Ghost. Which of my sons led an expedition there? tell me.

Atossa. Hot-headed Xerxes, after draining [of men] the surface of all the continent of Asia.

Ghost. By land or by sea did the luckless one make this rash attempt?

Atossa. Both. A combined front there was of two armaments.

Ghost. But how was it that so large a land-force accomplished a passage [over sea]?

Atossa. With appliances he contrived a bridge over the strait of Helle, so as to have a way across.

Ghost. And did he carry this so far into effect as to close the mighty Bosporus?

Atossa. The fact is so. But some divinity, I trow, had a share in his decision.

Ghost. Alas, some divinity came in might upon him, so that his judgment was at fault.

Atossa. True: we can see now how evil was the accomplishment which he achieved.

Ghost. And over what result to the troops art thou lamenting thus?

Atossa. The naval armament by its overthrow involved in ruin the force on land.

Ghost. And is the whole nation thus destroyed by the spear?

Atossa. Aye, therefore does all the town of Susa groan aloud at its desolation——

Ghost. Alas for the good help and aid of the host!

Atossa. ——and the whole Bactrian people is perished and gone: not only some aged folk.

Ghost. Unhappy man! how much of the youth of our allied peoples did he lose?

Atossa. They say that Xerxes, by himself and destitute, with but a few followers——

Ghost. Ended how and where? Is there any [assurance of his] safety?

Atossa. ——was glad to reach the bridge contrived to link two continents——

Ghost. ——and that he reached this continent in safety, is that beyond a doubt?

Atossa. Yes. The account proves that distinctly, and there is no contradiction in it.

Ghost. Alas, right soon has come fulfilment of the oracles, and upon my son Zeus has inflicted the doom declared by heaven. I for a long time past felt assured that the gods would in some way bring it to accomplishment, but when a man is of himself hurrying [to the doom appointed] the

gods too lend a helping hand. A fountain of misfortune for all those dear to me seems now to have been discovered: and my son, not knowing their full meaning, brought these things to pass by his youthful rashness—inasmuch as he thought to hold from its course the sacred Hellespont, the divine stream of Bosporus, by shackles as it were a slave; and sought to rule the Strait in harmony [with his will]. Having encompassed it with hammer-wrought fetters, he completed a huge road for his huge army, and thought mistakenly that, mortal though he was, he would master even the god Poseidon. Surely in this a distemper of mind possessed my son? I fear lest my great hard-won wealth may become a prey to the first comer.

Atossa. These notions impetuous Xerxes learns by consorting with misguided men. They tell him how that thou didst win great wealth for thy children by help of the spear-point, whilst he, from lack of manhood, keeps his spear at home and increases not at all the wealth he inherited. Hearing again and again such taunts as these from misguided men, he planned this expedition and armada against Hellas.

Ghost. Therefore by him has a deed been brought to its accomplishment, exceeding great, never to be forgotten, such as never before fell upon and made desolate this city of Susa since first sovereign Zeus assigned to a man this dignity, that he alone should be the ruler of Asia with its flocks and herds,[1] holding a sceptre of supreme command.

For [Astyages] a Median was the first who was leader of a great host, and his son [Cyaxares], another Median, completed the work—since good sense guided his mind. And, third from him, Cyrus, a fortunate man, when he came to the throne established peace for all his own people, and gained over the Lydian and Phrygian nations and

[1] The old Ionic epithet of Asia.

subdued by force of arms all Ionia; for the gods hated him not, inasmuch he was of moderate temper. And, fourth in succession, [Cambyses] son of Cyrus was ruler of the host. Then, fifthly, Mardos came to power, a disgrace to his country and the ancient throne; but him by stratagem valiant Artaphrenes, with the aid of friends whose part this was, slew in the palace. And sixth was Maraphis, and seventh Artaphrenes. And I attained the lot which I desired, and went on a foreign expedition attended by a mighty host, but did not bring such a great disaster as this upon the state. But my son Xerxes, being still youthful, has a young man's thoughts, and does not bear in mind my injunctions. Of this be well assured, ye compeers of my age,—the whole number of us who obtained the empire could not be shown to have done it so much harm.

Chorus. What then, my lord Dareios? Pointing to what end dost thou bring to a close thy speech? In what way can we, the Persian people, after what has happened, find best fortune?

Ghost. If we make no expedition against the Grecian territory—not even though the Median force be superior in numbers; for to them the very earth is an ally.

Chorus. In what sense meanest thou that? In what way does it fight on their side?

Ghost. By slaying through famine such as are over-many in number.

Chorus. Well, in that case, we will muster a picked mobile force.

Ghost. Nay, not even the troops that have remained now in Greek territory shall attain a safe return.

Chorus. How sayest thou? Does not the whole barbarian army succeed in crossing from Europe over Helle's strait?

Ghost. Only a few out of all the number—if, looking at what has happened, one is to put faith in the declarations of heaven; for they are coming true, not partly only [but in every particular].

No, their abiding-place is where Asopus waters the plain with his streams—a kindly nourishment for the Bœotians' land: where the height of disaster is in store for them to suffer as retribution for their pride and impious spirit, in that when they came to Hellas they made no scruple to despoil the statues of the gods, nor to burn temples. Altars have been demolished, and shrines of divinities are overthrown from their foundations in heaps of ruin. Therefore, for the evil they did, an equal measure do they endure, and more will they in the future, nor yet is the bottom reached of [their fountain of] misfortunes,[1] but it still is gushing forth. For so great shall be the mass of clotted gore in the Platæans' land beneath the Dorian spear, that heaps of dead shall bear witness even to the third generation that one who is mortal should not entertain thoughts too high for him: for Presumption when it blossoms forth bears as fruit a crop of Calamity, whence it reaps a harvest of tears.

Seeing then that of such a sort are the wages of these things, forget not Athens and Hellas; and let none of you, in contempt of his present fortune, from desire of what he has not, cast away great prosperity. Zeus, thou knowest, is one who chastises an over-arrogant spirit, a heavy-handed corrector. Therefore do ye, being now counselled to be prudent by divine warnings, instruct my son with the admonitions of reason to cease from seeking in over-arrogant daring to hinder the gods from their will. And

[1] Cf. *v.* 745 above. But the verb ὕπεστιν seems impossible with κρηπὶς, unless the latter has its usual sense, 'foundation.' Mr Housman ingeniously suggests κρηνὶς ἀπέσβηκ'.

do thou, belovèd venerable mother of Xerxes, go into the palace, and bringing forth vesture, such as is seemly, make ready to meet thy son; for all about his body by reason of his grief tatters of his embroidered robes are hanging in shreds. But do thou affectionately comfort him with thy words, for to thee alone, I know, will he endure to listen. I will depart to the darkness beneath the earth. Ye aged men, fare ye well, giving to your souls such pleasure as ye may day by day, seeing that to the dead wealth is of no use at all. [*Descends.*

Chorus. I felt pain when I heard of the many woes which are, and shall yet be, the lot of the barbarians.

Atossa. O Fortune, how many bitter griefs are coming down upon me! Most of all does this thing wound me—to hear of the misused robes about the body of my son, which envelope him. But I will go, and fetching fair apparel from the palace will try to meet my son; for we will not desert our dearest in his misfortune.

[*She goes into the palace.*

Chorus. Ah me! Goodly, indeed, and happy was the life we enjoyed under civil government so long as the aged monarch, author of no ill, a king who sought not war, god-like Dareios ruled the land.

In the first place, we paraded a glorious army, and a system of laws, steadfast as towers, kept all things under control. And our returns from war brought us <back to>[1] happy homes, without suffering distress or defeat.

And all the cities that he took!—without crossing the ford of the river Halys, and without stirring forth from his own hearth: such, for instance, as the Acheloian cities of the Strymonic gulf, established near the Thracian dwellings;

[1] *αὖθις* (Blaydes) *ἐς* (Walter Headlam). *οἰκία εὖ πράττουσα* was a common phrase.

And, outside the estuary, the cities on the mainland fortified round about by towers owned him as king, and the cities, too, which are proud [to be] round about the strait of Helle; and embayed Propontis, and the [Thracian] outlet of Pontus;

The sea-washed islands, too, off the projecting arm of the sea, lying near this land: Lesbos, for instance, and olive-growing Samos, Chios and Paros, Naxos, Myconos, and Andros, adjoining Tenedos as a near neighbour;

And of the sea-girt islands mid-way between the continents was he lord, Lemnos, and the settlement of Icaros, and Rhodes, and Cnidos; and Aphrodite's cities Paphos and Soli; and Salamis, whose mother-city is the cause of our present moans.

Also the wealthy populous cities in the Ionian district did he control by his prudent mind. And there was a tireless strength of armed warriors and of allies from every nation ready at hand. But now, on the contrary, in no doubtful fashion, we are enduring these inflictions from the gods, defeated signally in battle through disasters on the sea.

(*Enter* XERXES.)

Xerxes. O wretched am I in having encountered this grievous doom, most baffling to my judgment! How savagely did Fortune assail the Persian race! What is there for me yet to endure in my misery? The strength of my limbs is relaxed when I behold the age of my citizens to be what I see here before me. Would that me also, O Zeus, the doom of death had hidden from sight along with the warriors who have perished!

Chorus. Alack, my sovereign, for the goodly army and the great prestige of the Persian empire, and the fair array of men whom Fortune hath shorn away! The land

bewails her native youth, slaughtered all for Xerxes, the plenisher of Hades with Persians; for many men of Agdabata are destroyed—the flower of the land, masters of the bow, a body of warriors exceeding dense in number. Alas, alas for our trusty strength! And the land of Asia, O monarch of the country, is pitiably pitiably bowed to her knees.

Xerxes. Here am I before you, ah me! a man to grieve over, and in misery, who was born, it seems, a curse to his race and his country.

Chorus. In salutation of thy return I will utter a cry boding ill, the voice of a Mariandynian mourner busied with woe, a tearful wail.

Xerxes. Pour forth a plaintive piteous cry of sorrow; for Fortune, as ye see, has turned against me.

Chorus. I will utter a cry piteous indeed, in recognition of heavy sorrows for wave-tossed corpses, and † sufferings of the people † which are [now the portion] of the city mourning for her sons, and will again cry aloud a tearful lamentation.

Xerxes. Aye, for at the hands of the Ionians, the Ionians, did our embattled array of ships, yielding the victory to the foe, obtain a harvest of woe; after having had the dark surface of the sea reaped close, and the fatal shore.

Chorus. Alas! cry aloud, and inquire all that happened.—Where is the rest of the multitude of thy friends? Where are they who stood by thy side; such, for instance, as Pharandakes was, Susas, Pelagon, and Dotamas, and Agabates, Psammis, and Susiskanes, who came from Ecbatana?

Xerxes. Fallen in wretched plight from a Tyrian ship I left them, by the shores of Salamis, dashing against a stubborn beach.

Chorus. Alas! and what of thy Pharnuchos, and the

brave Ariomardos? Where is prince Seualkes, or Lilaios of noble lineage, Memphis, Tharybis, and Masistras, and Artembares, and Hystaichmes? These things I ask of thee.

Xerxes. Woe, woe is me! after having beheld ancient Athens, hateful city, all, by one shock of battle, ah! poor wretches, lie gasping upon the ground.

Chorus. Didst thou in very truth leave there him of the Persians who was thine Eye, faithful in all things, who numbered thy tens upon tens of thousands, goodliest of men, son of Batanochus the son of Sesames the son of Megabates; Parthos, too; and the mighty Oebares? Alas for the hapless ones! Evils beyond evils to noble Persians thou dost relate to us.

Xerxes. Regrets indeed for my brave comrades dost thou call to my mind, speaking of baleful baleful hateful evils beyond evils. My heart within me moans aloud, moans for the luckless ones.

Chorus. Aye, and there are others whom we long to see again, Xanthes, captain of ten thousand Mardian warriors, and martial Auchares, and Diaixis, and Arsakes, leaders of cavalry, and Kegdadates, and Lythimnes, and Tolmos, who had never enough of battle. I am dismayed, astonied, that they follow[1] not in thy train screened by tents borne on wheels.

Xerxes. [Vain thy longing,] for they who were the leaders[2] of the army are gone.

Chorus. Gone! alas, ingloriously.

Xerxes. Ah me! ah me!

Chorus. Alas, alas, Divinities, ye caused us an unlooked-for disaster, that makes clear to all men how watchful is the eye of Calamity.

[1] ἑπομένους restored by Hartung. ἑπόμενοι was an alteration made (as the scholiast's note shows) because ἔταφον was taken as ἐτάφησαν.

[2] ἀγρέται Toup. (Hesychius ἀγρέταν : βασιλέα, θεόν).

Xerxes. We are struck down. What turns of fortune are there in[1] life!

Chorus. We are struck down, 'tis clearly so,

Xerxes. Unlooked-for sorrows, unlooked-for sorrows!

Chorus. —— having encountered Ionian seamen in an evil hour. Unfortunate indeed in war are the Persian nation.

Xerxes. Surely so. Unhappy man, I am struck down in the matter of all my huge army.

Chorus. What is there then of the Persians, O thou of great ill-fortune, that is not destroyed?

Xerxes. See'st thou what is left of my vesture (*pointing to it*)— 1020

Chorus. I see, I see.

Xerxes. ——and this quiver,

Chorus. What is it thou sayest is saved?

Xerxes. ——a receptacle for shafts?

Chorus. Little enough out of so much.

Xerxes. We are in lack of supporters.

Chorus. The Ionian people shrinks not from the fray.

Xerxes. Heroic are they. I was witness of an unlooked-for calamity.

Chorus. Is it of the lines of thy naval host turned to flight that thou wilt speak? 1030

Xerxes. Aye, and I rent my robes at the advent of disaster.

Chorus, Alas, alas!

Xerxes. Aye,—and more than alas!

Chorus. True, for twofold are our woes, and threefold.

Xerxes. Grievous woes; but a joy to our enemies.

Chorus. And our strength has been maimed,

Xerxes. I am stripped of my escort.

Chorus. ——by the disaster at sea of thy friends.

[1] But δι' αἰῶνος can hardly be right in this place.

Xerxes. Shed tears, tears for the calamity; and go towards thy home.

Chorus. Alas, alas! Grief, grief!

Xerxes. Cry aloud now in response to me.

Chorus. A wretched offering to a wretched man from wretched men!

Xerxes. Wail aloud, making the sound in unison.

Chorus. Alack, alack! Here is another heavy blow. Alas! much indeed do I grieve over this.

Xerxes. Beat, beat on [thy head], and groan aloud for my sake.

Chorus. I shed tears in lamentation.

Xerxes. Cry aloud now in response to me.

Chorus. 'Tis my concern, O master.

Xerxes. Raise thy voice now with wailing.

Chorus. Alack, alack! Again shall fall confusedly blows that bruise and call forth shrieks of pain.

Xerxes. Beat thy breast too, and cry aloud the Mysian lament,

Chorus. Grievous, grievous fate!

Xerxes. ——and make havoc, I bid you, of the white hair of thy beard,

Chorus. With clutching hands [I do so] 'mid cries of anguish.

Xerxes. ——and utter a shrill note,

Chorus. This too will I do.

Xerxes. ——and with thy fingers rend thy robes about thy breast,

Chorus. Grievous, grievous fate!

Xerxes. ——and pluck thy hair, and lament over the army.

Chorus. With clutching hands [I do so] 'mid cries of anguish.

Xerxes. Let thine eyes grow moist.

Chorus. I am bathed in tears.

Xerxes. Cry aloud now in response to me.

Chorus. Ah me! Ah me!

Xerxes. Go towards your homes with sounds of mourning,

Chorus. Alas, Persian land, so sad now to tread! 1070

Xerxes. ——crying Alas! through the city.

Chorus. Alas indeed! yea, yea.

Xerxes. Utter aloud your lament, as ye step delicately onward.

Chorus. Alas, Persian land, now so sad to tread!

Xerxes. Ah me! ah me! in three-banked galleys (ah me!) all perished . . .!

Chorus. I will escort thee with mournful sounds of woe.

THE SEVEN AGAINST THEBES

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ETEOCLES, brother to Polynices, and ruler of Thebes.
A MESSENGER, employed as a scout.
CHORUS OF THEBAN MAIDENS.
ISMENE } Daughters of Oedipus, and sisters to
ANTIGONE } Eteocles and Polynices.
A HERALD.

THE SEVEN AGAINST THEBES

Scene: *The Acropolis of Thebes* (*v.* 226).

Time: *The morning of the day on which the seven champions of the besieging Argive army have resolved on an assault.*

ETEOCLES, *the present ruler of Thebes, whilst awaiting the return of the messenger he has sent out to reconnoitre, addresses an assemblage of Theban citizens.*

Eteocles. Citizens of Cadmus, it is fitting that whosoe'er at the helm of the [ship of] State watches over affairs, managing the rudder without closing his eyelids in slumber, should speak as the occasion demands. For if we should meet with success, the cause of it would be [put to the credit] of Heaven; but if on the contrary—which may God forbid—disaster should occur, Eteocles alone would be much bruited up and down the city by the townsmen at the beginning of many a murmuring speech and lamentation; of which may Zeus prove to the Cadmean city rightly named Averter.

You it now behoves—both him that yet falls short of manhood's prime, and him that is past it but yet keeps up a vigorous growth of body, and (as is only right) each one of

the age for military service,[1]—to succour his city and the altars of his ancestral gods, so that their worship be not ever destroyed, and his children, and the earth his mother, kindliest nurse; for she, taking upon herself all the cumber of their nurture, reared up young creatures moving on her genial plain to be a shield-bearing people, that ye might prove yourselves worthy of trust at the present need.

So now until to-day Heaven inclines in our favour; for during all this time [the fortune of] war has mostly gone well for the besieged; but now, as declares the seer, the feeder of birds who by ear and judgment, without the aid of fire, revolves [the import of] birds of omen with unerring art—he who is master of that kind of divination tells us that an Achaean attack, greater than any yet, is being discussed in the night and that they will plan an assault upon the city. Come, hasten all ye to the battlements and to the gates of the defences! Make speed equipped in full armour, man the breast-works, and, taking each his station on the platforms of the towers, stand fast and be of good courage; nor tremble over-much at the crowd of aliens. Heaven will guide aright the issue. I for my part, also, sent out scouts and observers of their host, who are, I am confident, on no useless errand; and, when I hear their report, I shall in no wise be caught by stratagem.

(*Enter the* MESSENGER.)

Messenger. Eteocles, most noble prince of the Cadmeans, I am returned bringing clear tidings of what is going forward yonder in the host; and am myself eye-witness of the facts. Seven warriors, gallant captains, having cut a bull's throat over a shield inlaid with metal[2] and touching with their

[1] ὥραν τ' ἔχονθ' ἕκαστον, ὅς τι συμπρεπές, [ὅστις altered to ὅστι M.].

[2] *Or*, iron-rimmed.

hands the bull's blood, called to witness Ares, and Enyo, and Terror that rejoiceth in slaughter, that, either they would sack the citadel of the Cadmeans bringing destruction upon it by force of arms, or in death would mingle their blood with this soil. And memorials of themselves, destined for their homes, were they hanging for their parents upon the chariot of Adrastos, shedding tears—though no sound of complaint was on their lips; for a spirit of iron determination as of lions with battle in their eyes was inspiring them, kindling them with valour. And of this the report is not delayed by interval of time; for I left them in the act of drawing lots as to how each of them, receiving his post by the lot, should lead his company against our gates. Therefore do thou marshal with speed our chosen bravest warriors at the exits of the city-gates. For already nigh at hand the Argive army in full array is advancing, is raising the dust, and white foam from their horses' lungs is marking the plain with spots. Do thou, like a good ship's-helmsman, secure the citadel before the blast of war rushes down; for the surge of their host is roaring over the land. So do thou in respect of this seize occasion, as may be most rapid. I too, for what remains, will keep a trusty eye on the watch all day, and thou by knowledge from clear report of what goes on without the gates shalt be safe from harm.

[*Exit* MESSENGER.

Eteocles. O Zeus, and Earth, and Gods who guard our city, and thou Curse the mighty Erinys of my sire, extirpate not root and branch, I pray, in the utter ruin of capture by an enemy, our city which utters the speech of Hellas and the chambers of our homes! Let none ever restrain a free land and Cadmus' city with the yoke of slavery; but be ye our strength. And herein I am confident that I voice our common interest: for a city which prospers pays worship to her gods.

Chorus. I cry aloud for great and terrifying woes! The army is let loose, and has left its camp. Yonder is streaming a mass of mounted folk in advance. Dust high in air, messenger though voiceless yet clear and true, convinces me. The rattle of shields stuns me,[1] . . . the noise of arms upon the plain . . . wings its way with a din that sounds in my ears, and roars like a resistless torrent dashing down a mountain side. (O gods and goddesses, avert the rising evil!) With a shout that comes over the walls the argent-shielded folk are on the move, pressing forward in orderly array against the city. Who then shall rescue us? Who of the gods or goddesses will come to our aid? Shall I prostrate myself before the images of the divinities? (O happy Ones securely established!) 'Tis full time to cling to the images. What linger we bewailing? Hear ye, or hear ye not the noise of shields? When, if not now, shall we busy ourselves with suppliant rites[2] of peplus and of garland? I perceive a clattering. That was never the clash of a single spear![3] What wilt thou do? wilt thou desert thine own city, O Ares, old inhabitant of the land? O God of the golden helm, look thou, look thou upon the city which once thou didst hold dear.

Ye gods, who guard our land, come all ye to us: look upon a company of maidens who beseech ye in dread of slavery. For around the city, gathered by the blasts of

[1] ἔλε δέ μ'<ἀσπίδων πάταγος 83
. . . >πεδί' ὁπλόκτυπ' . . . 84

emendavi quatenus pro certo emendari potest. ἔλε δέ με eodem sensu ac πατρὸς σκοπαὶ δέ μ' εἶλον *Suppl.* 794. causa corruptelae patet: scribae oculus ex πιδων ad πεδια aberraverat: Walter Headlam. [ἔλεδέμας (with mark of query in the margin) πεδιοπλοκτύπος M.: πεδί' ὁπλόκτυπ' Seidler.]

[2] ἀμφὶ λίταν' Seidler; cf. *Suppl.* 817 [ἀμφίλιταν M.].

[3] The exaggeration of panic terror, *i.e.* they think they hear an army. Cf. Sallust *Catiline* 51.

war, a wave of slanting-crested warriors is dashing,—O Zeus, father all-accomplishing, save us from capture by the foemen!—and the Argives are encompassing the citadel of Cadmus, and there is a clangour[1] of martial weapons, aye, and in the horses' mouths bridles are rattling in deadly chorus. And seven leaders, conspicuous in the host for their lancer's harness, are standing hard by our seventh gate, having received their posts by lot.

And thou, O Pallas, Zeus-born Power that loves the fray, do thou prove thyself deliverer of our city; and thou, Poseidon, steeded monarch who rulest the ocean with fish-spearing trident, grant release from our terrors. And thou, O Ares, (alas, alas!), do thou protect the city named from Cadmus, and manifest thyself her guardian kinsman. And thou, O Aphrodite, do thou as befits the ancestress of our race keep back the foe: for of thy blood are we sprung: crying aloud[2] we approach thee with prayers to thy godhead. And thou, O Lycian king, prove thyself a very wolf to the hostile army, [in response] to the voice[3] of our sighings. And thou, O virgin daughter of Latona, do thou make ready thy bow.

Ah me, ah me! I hear a din of chariots round about the city, (O queen Hera!) the axle-boxes of weighed-down axles scream, (O Artemis beloved!) ah me, ah me! and the air a-quiver with spears is in a frenzy. What is our city undergoing? What will become of it? Whither will Heaven yet direct the issue?

Ah me, ah me! A shower of stones is coming upon the battlements struck from afar, (O Apollo beloved!) there is a clatter at the gates of brass-bound shields—child of Zeus,

[1] *ψόφος* Wakefield [*φόβος* M.].
[2] *αὐτοῦσαι* Seidler [*ἀπύουσαι* M.].
[3] *ἀπύᾳ* (Hesychius *ἠπύη· φωνή*) Hermann [*αὐτᾶς* M.].

from whom comes[1] the sacred decision ending the strife in battle, and thou, O Onca, blest queen established before our city, come to the rescue of our seven-gated town.

O divinities all-sufficing, O ye perfect guardian gods and goddesses of this land's defences, betray not the war-wearied town to an army of outlandish speech,—Hear ye, hear fully the prayers of maidens which they offer with outstretched hands——

But,[2] O divinities beloved, encompassing the city as its deliverers show yourselves friendly to it. Take thought of the ceremonies publicly performed, and taking thought of them protect them. Aye, and be ye mindful, I pray, of the city-festivals with abundant sacrifice.

Eteocles. You I ask, you intolerable creatures, Is it the best [method of bringing] safety to the city and confidence to this army here beleaguered, that you should thus prostrated before the images of our tutelary gods cry aloud and shriek, O abominations of the self-controlled? Neither in dangers nor in welcome prosperity may I ever be companion of the female sex; for a woman, when she has her way, is a bold thing impossible to live with, and when she is terrified, is a yet greater mischief to home and city. So now ye, by making these flights hither and thither, inspire with your clamour spiritless cowardice in the citizens; and, though things outside are going as much as possible in our favour, yet we by our own folk are being ruined from within. Now if there be any that will not give ear to my authority—be it man or woman or aught neutral —against them shall a vote of death be cast,[3] and in no wise shall [the condemned one] escape death from stoning

[1] *παῖ Διὸς, ὅθεν* von den Bergh [*καὶ Διόθεν* M.].

[2] *λυτήριοι* <δ'>, answering *μὴ προδῶτε* above [<τ'> Seidler: *λυτήριοι* M.].

[3] *βεβλήσεται* Tucker [*βουλεύσεται* M.].

by the people. Outside matters are a man's business; let not a woman advise as to them. Remain thou within doors, and create not mischief. Hearest thou or hearest thou not, or am I speaking to a deaf woman?

Chorus. O beloved son of Oedipus, I shuddered at hearing the din of rumbling chariots, when the naves screamed as the wheels revolved, and the noise[1] of the guides in the horses' mouths—their fire-forged bridles.

Eteocles. What then? Surely the sailor never yet found means of safety by fleeing from the helm to the bows when his ship was labouring in the ocean waves?

Chorus. But it was in reliance upon the gods that I came out from the house[2] to the ancient images of the divinities, when the roar of the deadly pelting storm arose at our gates: then indeed was I impelled by terror to supplications of the gods that they would extend their aid to the city.

Eteocles. Let your prayer be that the defences may keep out the foe. This will be for the gods to grant. But, all the same, 'tis said that when a city is taken, her gods desert her.

Chorus. Never during my life may this assemblage of divinities desert us: never may I live to see this city overrun by conquerors and their army kindling it with destructive flames.

Eteocles. I pray you be not ill-advised in thus calling to the gods. Obedience is the mother of Success, spouse of one who gives safety. Such is the saying.

Chorus. 'Tis so. Yet is the might of Heaven above all: and doth oft in dangers, even after sore distress, lift the cloud of despair hanging over men's eyes.

Eteocles. Men's business it is to manage sacrifices and

[1] Reading provisionally ἀπύαν *anon.* in Paley [ἀύπνων M.].

[2] πρόδομος, cf. Æsch. *frag.* 386 [πρόδρομος M.].

consultations of the gods, when about to try the strength of their foes; but thy part it is to keep silence and remain within the chambers.

Chorus. Through the gods it is that we enjoy a city unconquered, and that our defences keep off a horde of ill-wishers. What just censure objects to this [attitude of ours]?

Eteocles. I have no objection to your honouring the race of gods. But, that ye may not make the citizens lose heart, be quiet; and do not over-much give way to terror.

Chorus. It was on hearing a sudden din that in trembling fear I came all in confusion to the acropolis, the abode of honour.

Eteocles. Do not ye, if ye hear of any dying or wounded, be eager to receive them with cries of sorrow. For the slaughter of men is that whereon Ares is maintained.

Chorus. Aye, and hark! I hear the neighing of steeds.

Eteocles. Though thou hearest it, show not over-plainly that thou hearest.

Chorus. The city groans from earth beneath, as though men were surrounding it.

Eteocles. Then it is enough that I should take measures about this.

Chorus. I am in fear: a battering is increasing at the gates.

Eteocles. Will you keep silence, and say nought about it up and down the city?

Chorus. O ye assembled gods, desert not our defences.

Eteocles. Will you be silent—a curse on you,—and refrain from this talk?

Chorus. Gods of our city, let me not meet with a slave's fate.

Eteocles. 'Tis thou thyself that art like to enslave both me and the whole city.

Chorus. O almighty Zeus, turn thy bolt against our enemies.

Eteocles. O Zeus, what a race of women hast thou given to us!

Chorus. Truly a miserable one—as are men whose city has been taken by the enemy.

Eteocles. Dost thou speak ill-omened words, and that whilst touching the images?

Chorus. Through timidity fear runs away with my tongue.

Eteocles. If only thou wouldst grant a trifling boon to my request!

Chorus. Speak it as quickly as may be, and I shall quickly know.

Eteocles. Be silent then, wretched woman; terrify not your friends.

Chorus. I am silent. In company with others I will endure my appointed fate.

Eteocles. This speech of thine I prefer to those others. Now in addition come thou outside the [precinct of] the images, and implore the gods to be our helpers in victory: and, after hearing *my* prayer, then do *thou* loudly chant a solemn strain of well-wishing, the cry accompanying sacrifice [prescribed by] Hellenic custom, an encouragement to friends, removing thus their fear of the foe. And I to the tutelary gods of the country, both those that haunt the plain and those that watch over the market, and to the waters of Dircè—nor do I leave out Ismenus—do vow that we, when things have gone well and the city is saved, drenching with blood of sheep the altars of the gods and sacrificing bulls in their honour, will set up trophies; and upon the sacred buildings will I hang in front of the temples spear-won spoils of foemen, the vestments of our enemies.[1] Make

[1] In *v.* 263 πολεμίων ἐσθήμασι is probably part of a gloss upon λάφυρα δαΐων.

such thy prayer to the gods, not indulging in lamentation; nor with vain and threatening bluster, for no whit the more by that wilt thou escape thy destiny. For my part, I will go and station six champions against six with myself as seventh, as opponents to the foe in heroic style, at the seven exits from the walls, ere messengers in hot haste and flying rumour of report arrive and set us on fire by [the urgency of] the need. [*Exit* ETEOCLES.

Chorus. I make it my care: but through fear my spirit is not lulled to rest. Near to my heart, anxieties are kindling terror of the folk around our walls, as a timid dove dreads on behalf of her nestlings snakes dangerous to her brood. For some are advancing in full force and close array against the towers, (what will become of me!) and some are hurling pebbles at our citizens exposed on both sides. By every means, O gods of Zeus' race, rescue the city and host of Cadmus' line.

What land better than this will ye get in exchange, if ye abandon to its foes this deep-soiled country and the water of Dircè, most healthful of all draughts that Poseidon the encompasser of earth sends up, and the children of Tethys? Therefore, O tutelary gods, by sending upon[1] those outside our towers disaster with slaughter of men and flinging away of shields, earn for yourselves praise in the eyes of these citizens; and be ye securely established as rescuers of the city [in response] to our prayers.

For piteous it is to send to the Under-world, a prize of the spear reduced to slavery, an ancient city dishonourably brought to ruin in crumbling dust by an Argive warrior through the will of the gods; and that these women should be dragged away as captives, young and old (ah me, ah me!) by their hair, like horses by their manes, with tearing of their robes about them. The city groans being made

[1] κατὰ (with ἐμβαλόντες) δίψοπλον, κ.τ.λ.

desolate, as the captives of mingled speech [1] are carried away. I anticipate with dread a grievous fate.

Pitiful indeed it is that maidens of marriageable age, before the rites which cull the flower of virginity, should pass from their homes on a hated journey,—what say you? I count that one who perishes has far better fortune than this,—for numerous (ah me!) when a city is captured are the ills it suffers. One drags off another, slays, sets fire to parts of the town: all the citadel is murky with smoke. Ares in frenzy, subduer of men, is the inspirer—desecrating all ties of piety.

Tumults arise in the citadel, and the towered circumvallation [2] is pushed close to the town; and man by man is slain with the spear; and wailing cries, choked in blood, of young children resound, cries of infants at the breast. And there are plunderings, near allied to dispersed flights: pillager meets with pillager, and the empty-handed calls to the empty-handed wishing to have a partner, greedy each of them for a share neither less nor [only] equal. What after this is it natural to conjecture?

And fruits of the earth of all sorts strewn upon the ground cause sorrow as they meet the eye; and sad are the faces of the waiting-maids. Freely is earth's produce swept a medley away in valueless streams. And young female slaves have new sorrows, unhappy in their union by right of capture with some victorious warrior, since now that the foe is conqueror they must expect a nightly office to come, increasing [3] still their tearful griefs.

Semichorus. The scout, my friends, is bringing us, as it seems to me, some fresh information; urging in haste the forwarding axles of his feet.

[1] *I.e.* including the female slaves, cf. *v.* 350 sqq.

[2] On the use of towers both in attack and defence, cf. C. W. C. Oman, *Mediæval Warfare.*

[3] ἐπίρροθον· αὐξητικόν (m[1]).

Semichorus. Lo! the king himself, son of Oedipus, is here at[1] just the moment to hear the scout's report; and haste makes his gait, too, uneven.

(*Enter from opposite sides of stage* ETEOCLES *and* MESSENGER.)

Messenger. I can tell from full observation the doings of our opponents, and how each has drawn his allotted station at our gates. Tydeus already at the gate of Proetus is fretting —yet the seer forbids him to cross the Ismenus, since the sacrifices are not propitious. But Tydeus in wild excitement and eager for the fray is uttering sounds like hissings of a snake in the mid-day heat; and assails with taunts the seer, wise Oecleides, that 'out of cowardice he is shrinking before [the approach of] death and battle.' Shouting such words, he shakes three overshadowing crests, the hairy plume of his helmet; and from beneath his shield bells of wrought brass are making a terrifying din. And upon his shield he bears a vaunting device as follows—a sky fashioned ablaze with stars; and in the middle of the shield a brilliant full moon, most august of the stars, the eye of Night, stands out conspicuous. In such wild exultation, with armour of boastful device, he is shouting on the river-bank; longing for the combat, like a horse fighting against the bit in his impatience who chafes as he hears[2] the trumpet-call. Whom wilt thou station to oppose this champion? Who, when the bolts of the gate of Proetus are withdrawn, can be trusted to defend it?

Eteocles. At no man's fancy costume shall I be frightened. Your devices make no wounds: crests and bell hurt not without a spear-thrust. And as for this Night glittering

[1] *εἰς* Porson.

[2] Reading provisionally *κλύων* Tyrrwhit [*μένων* M.].

with stars which thou sayest occupies the sky upon his shield, perhaps the conceit[1] may prove prophetic to one I know. For if in death night descends upon his eyes, then to him that bears it this high-vaunting device will prove itself rightly and correctly named, and he himself shall make this insolence prophetic against himself. Now against Tydeus I will station the brave son of Astacus here, as defender of the gate,—a man of right noble birth who worships the throne of Honour and detests arrogant speech; for idle in mean actions, but no coward, is he wont to be; and from the Sown Heroes, they whom Ares spared, his stock is sprung, and truly a native of this soil is he,—Melanippus. The issue will Ares with his dice determine. Justice however, his near kinswoman, makes him her champion to keep off the foeman's spear from the mother who bore him.

Chorus. May the gods grant that our champion gains the victory, who in a just cause speeds forth to fight for his city. Yet I fear on behalf of my friends to look on deaths by bloodshed.

Messenger. To him may the gods so grant to be victorious. But at the Electran gate Capaneus is stationed by lot; a giant this man—taller than the one before mentioned;—and his boasting words betoken thoughts unsuited to a mortal, and he threatens terrible things (which may the gods not bring to pass!) against our defences; for he declares that, whether Heaven wills it or wills it not, he will sack our town, and not even the wrath of Zeus striking down upon the plain in his path shall restrain him. Lightning flashes and thunderbolts he compares to the warmth of the noontide sun. And he bears for device a naked man carrying fire, and a torch ready for action is blazing in his hands; and in letters of gold he announces, 'I will burn the city.' To a man like this do thou send—who shall engage with

[1] ἡ 'ννοία Dindorf [ἡ ἀνοία M.].

him, who shall abide without a tremor so vaunting a warrior?

Eteocles. To this advantage of ours[1] [in his over-confidence] yet another is added [in his impiety].[2] Of a foolish mind surely his own tongue is true evidence against a man. Capaneus utters threats, prepared to carry them out,—and, slighting the gods as he exercises his tongue in foolish exultation, sends, though a mortal, swelling words ringing up to Zeus,—yet am I confident that against him will justly come the fiery thunderbolt in no way to be compared to the warmth of the noontide sun. And against him, for all his insolence of speech, is ranged a champion fiery of spirit, stalwart Polyphontes, one to be relied upon as a guard, by favour of protecting Artemis and with aid of the other gods. Tell of another that hath his post at some other gate.

Chorus. May he perish who makes great boasts against our city, and may a thunderbolt restrain him ere he burst into my chambers, or ever with insolent spear make havoc of maiden bowers.

Messenger. Hear then, I will tell of him that next in order hath his station at the gates. The third for whom the lot leapt forth from the upturned helm was Eteoclus, that he should lead his company against the gate of Neïs. And he is wheeling to and fro his mares snorting in their headgear, willing to meet their death at the gate; and, in barbaric fashion, the nose-bands filled with breathings from the nostrils of his steeds are making a whistling sound. And his shield is blazoned in no mean style:—a man in armour is ascending the steps of a scaling-ladder to an enemy's tower, seeking to storm it. And this one too in a

[1] Or (with Blomfield), 'In the case of this man too advantage is added to advantage.'

[2] Cf. *v.* 430.

string of letters cries that, 'Not even Ares shall dash him down from the defences.' So against this one do thou send him who can be trusted to keep the yoke of slavery from this town.

Eteocles. I will send at once this man here: and with good luck[1] . . . There now he is sent on his way, bearing his boast in his hands, Megareus—the seed of Creon of the race of the Sown—who will go forth from the gate no whit alarmed at the noise of the snortings of excited horses; but either in death will pay in full his debt of nurture to the land, or having captured two men and the citadel upon the shield will deck with trophies his father's house. Tell me of the vauntings of another of them. Spare me nothing in thy tale.

Chorus. Hail, O champion of our homes! I pray that our side may be victorious, and that defeat may be the portion of our foes. Even as with frenzied mind they shout boastful threats against the city, so may Zeus the avenger look upon them in wrath.

Messenger. Another, fourth in order, having as his post the neighbouring gate of Onca Athena, is taking station by it with a shout,—the form and mighty bulk of Hippomedon. And at the mighty orb—I mean the circle of his shield—I shuddered, as he twirled it: I will not speak beside the truth. And no mean artificer was the contriver of the device, who wrought upon the shield a work of art[2] as follows:—Typhon sending forth from his fire-breathing mouth black smoke, flickering sister of flame; and the rim running round the convex boss of the shield is made solid all round with coils of snakes. And the warrior himself raises ever and anon a shout, and inspired by Ares is wildly raving like a Maenad for the fray, glaring terribly.

[1] There is a lacuna, probably of several lines, at this place.

[2] Cf. Theocritus xv.

The enterprise of such a man must be well guarded against; for panic is being already boastfully predicted at the gate.

Eteocles. In the first place Onca Pallas, as having her abode near the city hard by the gate, loathing the warrior's insolence will keep him away, as it were a dangerous snake, from her brood. And Hyperbius, stout son of Oenops, has been chosen as a champion against yon champion, willing enough to discover what fate [he may expect] of Fortune[1] in time of need,—a man not to be despised either in form or spirit or in the fashion of his equipment. And with good reason did Hermes pair them; for hostile is our hero to the champion with whom he will engage, and they twain will bring into conflict gods [depicted] on their shields who are hostile to each other. For the one bears [as device] fire-breathing Typhon, and Hyperbius has father Zeus, standing upright, planted upon the shield, making his thunderbolt blaze in his hand; and no one, I think, yet saw Zeus vanquished. Such then is the favour of the divinities on both sides, we are on the side of the conquerors, they on that of the conquered. And, inasmuch as Zeus was conqueror of Typhon in battle, it is likely that the men opposed to each other will fare even as [the gods they bear]; and for Hyperbius, in conformity with his device, may Zeus prove a protector.

Chorus. I have full confidence that he who bears on his shield the unloved form of the under-world divinity who strove against Zeus, a presentment detestable to mankind and to the long-lived gods, will leave his head in front of our gate.

Messenger. May it prove so. I tell next of the fifth, who received the fifth station at the Borraean gate, over against the tomb of Zeus-born Amphion. He vows by

[1] ἐξιστορῆσαι μοῖραν τύχης=δαίμονος πειρᾶσθαι. *Choeph.* 511, *Ag.* 1163.

the spear which he carries, having the hardihood to reverence it more than any god and as more precious than his eyes, that surely he will sack the Cadmean city in spite of Zeus. Such is the speech of the handsome-faced offspring of a mountain-nurtured mother, a youth with a man's spirit; and whiskers are just coming on his cheeks, his time of life producing them, thick hair growing up. And he, fierce in spirit that recalls not a maiden's name, and with grim countenance, stands nigh. Not indeed without a vaunting device does he station himself at the gate. On his bronze-wrought shield, the rounded defence of his body, he was swinging a Sphinx fastened to it with rivets, she that eats men raw, the reproach to our city, a shining figure hammered out from within. And beneath her she is carrying one of the Cadmeans, so that most shafts are launched against this man. And now that he is come it is likely he will be no petty trafficker in battle,—nor bring discredit on his long journey hither,—Parthenopaeus of Arcadia. A man of such quality is he, who has left his country and in repayment to Argos for her care in rearing him to comely manhood is threatening against these towers things which may Heaven not accomplish.

Eteocles. Yes, for if they obtain from Heaven what they design against us, with those impious vaunts of theirs, in utter ruin and misery will they perish. For this one too, the Arcadian as thou callest him, is there a warrior who boasts not, but his hand looks for vigorous employment, Actor; brother of him I named before; who will not suffer a tongue unattended by deeds to find its way within the gates and breed mischief, nor him that bears upon his hostile shield the image of a hateful monster to enter; but remaining outside she[1] shall have reason to complain of

[1] ἔξωθε δ' Hermann [ἔξωθεν M.]. Probably, however, there is a lacuna after *v.* 546.

him that seeks to carry her within, meeting with repeated batterings at the foot of the city-wall. And by favour of the gods I shall be found to speak true.[1]

Chorus. The tale goes through my heart: the tresses of my lifted hair stand on end to hear[2] the high words of high-vaunting impious men. May the gods destroy them on our land.

Messenger. I will speak now of the sixth, a warrior of much modesty and valiant in combat, a seer,—the doughty Amphiaraus. Stationed at the Homoloïan gate he is shouting repeatedly at the stalwart Tydeus with reproaches as, 'the murderer, the troubler of the city, greatest teacher of evil ways to Argos, a priest[3] of Erinys, a minister of slaughter, and adviser of this evil course to Adrastus'; and, again, . . .[4] uplifting his eyes, and twice reproachfully dividing the name at the end [of his speech], he calls thy brother *Poly-nices*: and from his mouth utters these words:—Is a deed like this acceptable to the gods and honourable for those who come after to hear and relate, an attempt to sack thy ancestral city and the [shrines of] thy kinsmen's gods by launching against them an army of mercenaries. What plea can extinguish [the guilt of] a mother's murder? How shall thy motherland, made captive by the spear through thy rash enterprise, be thine ally? I myself shall doubtless enrich this soil with my blood, a seer lying in darkness beneath an enemy's land. Let us to the combat: I look for death but not dishonour. Such words spoke the seer, handling his rounded shield of bronze; and upon its circle there was no device, for his wish is, not to appear, but to be, a man of merit—reaping the harvest of a furrow deep in

[1] The reading of this line is doubtful.

[2] κλύειν Paley [κλύων M.].

[3] λητῆρα H. L. Ahrens [κλητῆρα M].

[4] προσμόραν ἀδελφεόν (563) is corrupt.

his mind, whence spring his worthy resolves. Against this man I advise thee to send an opponent wise and brave. Formidable is he who reverences the gods.

Eteocles. Alas, for the luck which in mortal affairs associates the just man with the impious! In every undertaking nothing is worse than evil company: there no fruit is to be gathered. The [field of] infatuate daring has death produced as its harvest. Indeed a righteous man, embarked on a ship as associate of reckless sailors and some criminal act, has ere now perished with the Heaven-detested crew. Or again, a just man associated with churlish citizens who forget the gods falling himself, in spite of his merits, into the same snare with them, has ere now been laid low by the scourge of Heaven that visits all alike. Even so the seer, I mean the son of Oecles, a man modest and just and brave and righteous, a prophet of renown, through his association with impious men of unbridled tongues, who are going a long march in despite of reason, shall by Zeus' will be dragged down with them to reach that far-off city. I think indeed that he will not even assault the gate, not as being wanting in courage[1] or from cowardice of spirit; but he knows in what fashion he is to meet his death in combat, if the divine warnings of Loxias bear fruit. And Loxias is wont either to keep silence, or to speak what is to the point. Yet will I station one to oppose him, the stalwart Lasthenes, a guardian of the gate surly to strangers. He shows a mature mind, though a youthful frame; a man of[2] swift-glancing eye, and as to his hand,—he is not slow to snatch the naked spear from alongside the shield. But a man's good fortune is the gift of Heaven.

Chorus. Ye gods who listen to these our just supplications, in order that the city may prosper make them accomplished,

[1] ἄθυμον Turnebus (οὐχ ὡς δειλόν scholiast) [ἄθυμος M.].

[2] The accusatives added, as commonly, in description.

turning from us the evils of war upon the invaders.[1] May Zeus cast them forth from the towers and destroy them with his thunderbolt.

Messenger. The seventh here at the seventh gate will I now tell of, thine own brother, the fate that he vows and prays for to befall our city. Standing upon the towers and having been proclaimed King to the whole land, raising in triumph a shout as over a captured city, [he vows] to engage with thee and having slain thee to die near by; or, if he lives, to punish thee, as one who[2] dishonoured him by driving him from his home, with banishment in the same fashion as a revenge. Thus shouts the stalwart Polynices, and calls upon the gods of his family to see to the full accomplishment of his prayers. And he carries a handy buckler, newly wrought, and a device of two figures attached to it by rivets:—a Man in semblance of a warrior in beaten gold a Woman is leading, preceding him with modest gait. She declares herself to be Justice, as the letters announce, [with the legend], 'I will restore this man from exile, and he shall have his city and the range of his ancestral home.' Of such nature are the inventions of our foes. Do thou thyself now decide whom to send forth: for in regard to the present speaker thou wilt never find reason to complain of his report; but it is for thee to decide of thyself how to guide the ship of state.

Eteocles. O miserable our race descended from Oedipus, infatuated by the Gods and an object of their hate! Alas! now indeed are my father's curses being accomplished. Still it becomes us not either to wail or weep, lest [cause for] lamentation even harder to bear may be produced thereby. But for him so justly named, Polynices I mean,

[1] *εἰς ἐπιμόλους* Seidler.

[2] *ἀτιμαστῆρά γ' ὡς* Walter Headlam [*τῶς* mutatum in *τὼς* M., *τὼς* G. mutatum in *θ' ὡς* quod habet Taur.].

we shall soon know for certain in what that device of his will result: whether gold-wrought letters on his shield idly bragging in company with wandering of mind will bring him from exile. Had Justice, virgin daughter of Zeus, been companion of his deeds and mind, that would perhaps have come to pass. But neither when brought forth to light by his mother, nor in his growth, nor when he reached youthful manhood, nor at the first harvest of a bearded chin, did Justice ever regard him or admit him to her presence; nor yet will she, I think, stand by to aid him in this evil treatment of his own land,—she who would falsely be named Justice if she associated with one of so reckless a mind. In this have I full confidence, and will engage with him myself: what other has the better right?—prince with prince and brother with brother, foe with foe, I shall engage. Bring my greaves at once, my defences against point and stone.

Chorus. Child of Oedipus, most dear to us, prove not thyself like in temper to him that hath the worst of names. No! let it suffice that Cadmean warriors do battle with Argive; for blood so shed may be expiated. But of warriors who are brothers death thus inflicted by each other's hands —of pollution such as this there is no decay.

Eteocles. If indeed a man may suffer a wrong without dishonour, then let it be so: that alone counts as gain among the dead. But of wrongs which involve disgrace, thou wilt find no glory to tell of.

Chorus. Child, for what art thou fain? Let not wrathful lust of combat infatuate carry thee away. Cast away from thee the beginnings of desire for evil.

Eteocles. Since Heaven is urging on the event, let the wave of Cocytus go with the breeze, having made its own the whole race of Laius that is abhorred of Phoebus.

Chorus. A fiercely gnawing desire doth impel thee to

accomplish slaughter bitter in its fruits by the shedding of blood forbidden to thee.

Eteocles. Aye, for nigh to me sits in anger the black[1] curse of my dear father with dry tearless eyes, telling me of gain which ranks before death which counts for less.

Chorus. But do not thou be hasty. Thou wilt not be called cowardly, since thou hast ordered thy life well [until now]. Erinys of dark ægis will go from the house when the gods receive propitiatory offerings at thy hands.

Eteocles. By the gods we are already it seems made of no account, and the favour they pay regard to is the favour of our death. Why then should we shrink before our fatal doom?

Chorus. [Seize the occasion] now when [doom] stands near at hand; since Fortune may yet[2] come with a fresher breeze in thy favour, shifting with a change of thy disposition made at the last moment, although now she is still stormy against thee.

Eteocles. [Stormy indeed] for the curses of Oedipus have broken out in fury. Too true were the visions assigning the division of our ancestral wealth, that appeared in dreams by night.

Chorus. Yield to women, although thou dislikest to do so.

Eteocles. Let something be said of which the doing is possible. No need of a long speech.

Chorus. Go not thou on this errand [to station thyself] at the seventh gate.

Eteocles. Now that I am whetted for the contest, thou wilt not blunt me with thy talk.

Chorus. Yet is there a victory, even if it means defeat, which the gods hold in honour.

Eteocles. It is not for a man who bears arms to approve such a saying.

[1] Reading provisionally *μέλαν' ἀρὰ* Weil [*τελεῖ ἀρὰ* M.].

[2] *αὖ τραπαίᾳ* Paley [*ἀντραπαῖα* M.].

Chorus. Art thou willing to cull the fruit of a brother's murder?

Eteocles. When Heaven sends them thou canst not escape from misfortunes. [*Exit* ETEOCLES.

Chorus. I shudder at the goddess who destroys homes, unlike to the other deities, prophet of evil true to the uttermost, Erinys of a father—invoked to fulfil the wrathful imprecations of distraught Oedipus. This strife disastrous to his children is urging them on.

A Chalybian stranger is apportioning their shares, coming from his Scythian home as a fatal distributer of possessions, —the cruel steel, which hath allotted to them so much land to dwell in as they occupy in death, [deciding that] they share not between them the broad plains.

When by each other's hand they shall have perished by mutual wounds, and the dust of earth hath drunk the dark-clotted blood of their slaughter, who can bring purification? who is to cleanse them [of their guilt]? O fresh troubles of the house mingling with ancient ill-fortune!

Of ancient origin I say was the transgression so swiftly avenged. To the third generation it remains, ever since Laius in defiance of Apollo, after that the god had three times announced at the Pythian oracle at the centre of earth that by dying without offspring he would[1] preserve the State, yet over-persuaded by the foolish advice of those dear to him did beget his own destruction, Oedipus the son who slew his sire: even he who dared to sow the sacred field of his mother where he himself was fostered with a root [prolific of] bloodshed. It was aberration of mind that brought to wedlock the insensate pair.

And, as it were, a surge of ills carries them along; one sinking, then it raises another with triple crest which

[1] The present infinitive represents the historic present habitual in oracular utterances, *e.g. Ag.* 131.

dashes at last over the poop the ship of State; and between us [and the sea] our protection extends but a little way in thickness, [the breadth only of] a tower. I fear lest together with its kings the city may be laid low.

For of curses uttered of old brought now to effect[1] mournful is the reconciliation. Calamity passes by men of little substance, but wealth of traders when too densely packed causes wholesale throwing overboard [of cargo].

For what man did the gods and his fellow-citizens and the thronged meetings of men[2] so reverence as in days gone by they honoured Oedipus, when he removed from the land the ravening goddess of death?

But when he came to true knowledge, unhappy man, of his wretched marriage unable to bear his woes he wrought in his misery with frenzied heart a double mischief. With the hand that slew his sire, he deprived himself of his eyes dearer than his children,

And let loose against his children a curse, in anger at the maintenance they afforded him—bitter-tongued curses alas! even that they should divide his possessions with hands that settled their shares by the steel. And now I tremble lest nimble-footed Erinys may bring [those curses] to effect.

(*Enter* MESSENGER.)

Messenger. Take courage, mother's darlings,[3] this city has escaped destruction. The vauntings of stalwart men are fallen low. The city is in calm, and from many buffetings of the surge [of war] has let in no water; the defences still are proof, and we keep the gates secure by our champions in single combat who have fulfilled their trust. At six of the gates all for the most part is well; but the seventh has

[1] τελειᾶν Dindorf in Steph. τέλειος p. 1958 [τέλειαι M.].

[2] πολύβατος ex schol. Blomfield; ἀγὼν Weil [πολύβοτός τ' ἀνὶὼ M.].

[3] Ironical, *i.e.* μαμμόθρεπτοι. Cf. τηθαλλοδοῦς.

Apollo to whom sacrifice is offered on the seventh day taken for his own, bringing to their appointed end upon the race of Oedipus the errors of Laius.

Chorus. What new happening is then so advantageous to the city?

Messenger. The city is saved; the King's sons,[1] the warriors are dead of wounds inflicted by each other's hand.

Chorus. Who? What didst thou say? I am distraught with anxiety as to thy announcement.

Messenger. Listen now with sober mind. The two sons of Oedipus——

Chorus. Ah, woe is me! I have a presentiment of their evil fate.

Messenger. —in no doubtful fashion are indeed destroyed.

Chorus. Do they both lie yonder? Mournful though it be, yet explain thou all.

Messenger.

Chorus. Were they thus so much disfigured each by his brother's hand?

Messenger. Even in this was their Fortune common to both. Of itself it now makes an end indeed of a luckless race. Such are the reasons we have to rejoice and to mourn—a city safe and sound, and on the other hand the leaders, the two captains, have received by hammer-wrought Scythian iron each their full property in the city's wealth. They will have for their own the ground they occupy in their burial, carried thither on the course set them by their father's curse. The city is saved; and the land has drunk the blood of two royal brothers through their slaughter of one another.

Chorus. O mighty Zeus, and guardian gods of our city

[1] This line, which interrupts the stichomuthia, was deleted by Porson as imported from *v.* 805.

who are the preservers of these towers of Cadmus, whether am I to rejoice and raise a cry of gladness for the security[1] which is our rescuer, or am I to bewail the leaders in war thus unfortunate, luckless, childless—who all too truly in accordance with their name 'the men of strife' have perished in impious intent?

O black Curse of Oedipus and his race now brought to accomplishment, a chill of sorrow falls upon my heart! Inspired [by grief], I compose a dirge for the grave, now that I hear of their corpses dripping blood by evil fate thus dead. Ill-omened indeed was their concert of spears.

It worked to fulfilment, nor did it relax—that solemn utterance from a father's lips; and the resolves of Laius due to his want of faith have had effect till now. Anxiety remains as to the city; for divine warnings do not lose their potency. Ah! ye whom we bewail, this that we never looked for have ye done, and lamentable grief has come out of all reason.

(*The bearers carrying the corpses come into view.*)

Here now all is plain of itself. What the messenger told is now before our eyes. Twofold is our grief, double the evil fortune they have brought upon themselves, double the fated calamity now fulfilled. What shall I say? What else than that trouble is in the house? Come, dear ones, as the breeze of sorrow carries us along, wave your hands about your heads as ye escort the dead, in rhythmic movement which accompanies the passage across Acheron of the unvoyaging ship with black sails, that is not trodden for the God of Day nor knows the sun, to the unseen landing-place that is the bourne of all.

But see, here are come Antigone and Ismene for this

[1] Reading provisionally σωτῆρι πόλεως ἀσινείᾳ Hermann [π. ἀσινεῖ σ. M.].

mournful office, a dirge for their brethren. In no half-hearted fashion, I trow, will they for their loved ones utter from their deep-girdled bosoms a [strain of] grief befitting the occasion. Us it behoves to sing, before their voice is heard, the sad-sounding Erinys-song and to raise thereafter the unwelcome Hades-chant. O ye most luckless in their brethren of all women who clasp the girdle about their robes, I weep for you and wail; and it is no guile to say that truly from my heart I raise this loud lament.

O misguided men, who would not be persuaded by your friends, and in misfortune inexhaustible; unhappy ones, who ruined your ancestral homes by recourse to the spear. —Unhappy ones indeed, for ye found unhappy deaths, fraught with disaster to your house.

O ye who overthrew the walls of your home, and came to the sight of a fatal kingship, now are ye reconciled by recourse to the steel.—The awful curse of your father Oedipus wrought a fulfilment true in deed. Stricken through the left sides, aye, stricken through sides born of a common mother, alas! thou wondrous ones; alas! for the curses resulting in death by each other's hand.—A home-thrust to house and body was [the blow] whereby thou sayest they were smitten in wrath that bears not telling, by a destiny due to a father's curse which they shared alike.

Through the city too there goes a sound of wailing; the towers groan, and the plain that loved her heroes groans; whilst the possessions through which came strife, through which came doom of death to the ill-fated ones, will be for their descendants.—They made in their bitter wrath such division of the possessions between themselves that each has now an equal share. The arbitrator at any rate has no blame from the friends [of either party], nor is Ares hailed as showing favour [to either side].

By the stroke of the steel they are as they are now, and

by stroke of steel there awaits them—what? some one may say—their share in the ancestral tomb.—A loud-sounding cry[1] escorts them, a lamentation for these two princes, heart-rending, bewailing its own griefs and its own woes, in anguish of mind, with no thought of joy, weeping tears that are truly from my heart, which as I mourn is wasting away.

[As epitaph] over the unhappy pair one may say, Much sorrow did they bring on their citizens and on all the ranks of foreigners who were destroyed in battle.—Hapless beyond all women who have the name of mother was she who bore them. Having taken as husband her own son, she bore these princes; who have met their end, as ye see, in mutual slaughter each by the hand of his brother.

Brothers indeed, and now utterly destroyed by wounds unkind in frenzied strife as a termination to their feud.—Their hatred is stilled, and their life-blood is mingled with the gory dust: thus are they united by blood indeed. A fatal resolver of contentions was the stranger that came from over-sea, the whetted steel; and fatal was that ill-divider of possessions, Ares, who brought to fulfilment their father's curse.

They have their shares, unhappy men, of heaven-sent sorrows, receiving each his portion; and underneath their bodies they shall have a bottomless wealth of earth.—O ye who have made your family blossom forth in many a sorrow, at the last have the Curses cried over you their high-pitched strain, now that the whole race has been put to flight in utter rout. A monument of Calamity is set up at the gates, whereat they were done to death; and the divinity ceased its work when it laid both of them low.

Antigone. Struck thou didst strike again.

Ismene. And thou in slaying wert slain.

[1] Reading provisionally ἀχέεσσ' *là* Weil.

Ant. By the spear thou didst kill. *Ism.* By the spear thou diedst.

Ant. Miserable thy deed. *Ism.* Miserable thy fate.

Ant. Let lament go forth. *Ism.* Let tears go forth.

Antigone and Ismene. Thou liest low in death.

Ant. Ah me! *Ism.* Ah me! 950

Ant. My mind is distraught with wailing. *Ism.* My heart within me sighs.

Ant. O thou most lamentable. *Ism.* And thou too, most unhappy.

Ant. By one dear to thee didst thou perish. *Ism.* And one dear to thee didst thou slay.

Ant. A twofold sorrow to relate. *Ism.* A twofold grief to see.

Ant. Near to such griefs is this.[1] *Ism.* And here sisters 960 near to sisters.

Antigone and Ismene. O grievous Fate, giver of ill gifts, and awful shade of Oedipus, a black Curse mighty indeed in power art thou!

Ant. Ah me! *Ism.* Ah me!

Ant. Disaster sad to see *Ism.* have ye shown to me after banishment.

Ant. This one came with intent to slay,[2] *Ism.* and on 970 that errand lost his life.

Ant. He perished indeed, *Ism.* and slew this one here.

Ant. Hapless race! *Ism.* Hapless affliction!

Ant. Lamentable in their relationship and lamentable in their woe.

Ism. Steeped in calamity thrice over.[3]

Antigone and Ismene. O grievous Fate, giver of ill gifts,

[1] The text in this and the following line is uncertain.

[2] κατακτενῶν Halm [κατάκτανεν M.].

[3] Possibly δίδυμα τριπλᾶ τε should be read.

and awful shade of Oedipus, a black curse mighty indeed in power art thou!

Ant. Thou knowest [thy destiny] by going through it,

Ism. And thou art no whit behind in knowledge of thine,

Ant. —when thou didst return to the city,

Ism. —aye, as opponent to this man here in combat.

Ant. Deadly it is to tell. *Ism.* Deadly it is to see.

Ant. O trouble! *Ism.* O sorrow!

Ant. —to home and land, *Ism.* —aye, and moreover to me.

Ant. O prince, man of grievous misery! *Ism.* O ye filled of sorrows beyond all men!

Antigone and Ismene. O ye whom all divinities impelled on your fatal course!

Ant. O where shall we lay them in earth? *Ism.* O wheresoever is most honourable.

Antigone and Ismene. O calamity that was mated with their father!

(*Enter the* HERALD.)

Herald. It is my office to announce what by the chief advisers of the city of Cadmus has been, and is, decreed. Eteocles yonder, for his friendship towards this country, it is resolved to bury with loving interment in the earth; for it was in striving to keep out the foe that he got his own death at this city. Pure in respect of the shrines of his ancestors and free from blame, he is dead [on the field of battle] where 'tis honourable for a young man to die. Thus with respect to him is it enjoined upon me to proclaim. But this man's brother, the dead body yonder of Polynices, [it is resolved] to cast out unburied, a prey to dogs, as one that would have been destroyer of the Cadmean town unless some divinity had stood in the way of his spear; and even

in death he shall have [the brand of] guilt in respect of his ancestral gods, without regard for whom he sought to take this city by launching against it a band of mercenaries. So it is decreed that he shall receive his reward by being buried in unseemly wise by the fowls of the air; and there shall attend him neither raising of a mound by hand nor shall any show him respect with loud strains of mourning, but he shall be without honour of burial by his friends. Such is the decree of the Cadmean authority.

Antigone. Aye, but this have I to say to the Cadmean authorities:—Though none other consent to aid me in burying this man, I myself will bury him, and will undertake the risk of burying my own brother; nor am I ashamed at incurring [the reproach of] disobedience that refuses submission to the State. A mighty influence is the common blood whence we are sprung, from an unhappy mother and an ill-fated sire. Willingly, therefore, for one who would not have willed it so, does my heart—the living for the dead—take a share in his misfortunes in sisterly spirit. His flesh never shall empty-bellied wolves gorge upon. Let no one think it. For I, though but a woman, will of myself contrive a tomb and [means of] interment for him, carrying [earth] in the bosom of my linen robe, and with my own hands will cover him. Let no one think the contrary. To my courage a plan will occur that will prove effective.

Herald. I give thee notice not to act in defiance of the State in this matter.

Antigone. I give notice to thee not to make useless proclamations to me.

Herald. Yet the people is severe, now that it has escaped danger.

Antigone. Talk as you will of severity. This man shall not be deprived of burial.

Herald. But wilt *thou* honour one whom the city hates?

Antigone. Yes, for his condition is not beyond honour in the sight of the gods.

Herald. It was not so, before he brought his country into danger.

Antigone. Having suffered wrong, he was but requiting it with wrong.

Herald. But against all the citizens, instead of against one man only, was this enterprise of his directed.

Antigone. Contention is the last of the goddesses to make an end of her tale. But I shall bury this man. Spare thy speeches.

Herald. Well, be self-willed ; but I forbid thee to do it.

Chorus. Alas, alas ! O high-vaunting fatal Furies, ruiners of the race, who have thus destroyed root and branch the stock of Oedipus ! what is to be my fate, what am I to do ? What shall I attempt ? How shall I endure neither to bewail thee, nor escort thee to the tomb ? Yet am I afraid, and would fain avoid having dread of my own citizens. Thou indeed shalt find many to be thy mourners ; but he there shall go unwept for, having only the single voice of a sister's lament. Who is there would so far yield obedience ?

Semichorus. Let the city punish those who mourn for Polynices, or let it not ; for we here will go as his escort, and aid in burying him. For this grief is shared by all his race, whereas the city approves, now one way of justice, now another.

Semichorus. And we will go with this one here, as the city and justice join in approving. For, next to the Blessed Ones and the might of Zeus, this was he who chiefly rescued the Cadmean city from being overwhelmed, and submerged by a wave of foreign folk.

THE SUPPLIANTS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CHORUS OF DANAIDS.
DANAUS.
PELASGUS.
HERALD.

THE SUPPLIANTS.

(*Chorus of* DANAIDS.)

MAY Zeus Petitionary look with grace upon our company, that took ship and launched from the fine-sanded mouths of Nile! The land divine,[1] whose pastures march with Syria, we have left in exile—no outlawry decreed[2] by public vote for bloodshed, but in abhorrence of sinful wedlock of near kindred with the folly-prating[3] sons of Aegyptus.

It was Danaus our sire, chief in our counsels and leader of our cause, that determined on this move as the honourablest choice of evils, to fly pell-mell across the ocean-billow and put in at the shore of Argos: for thence it is hath grown this race of ours that claims its origin from the sting-tormented Cow by laying on of the hands of Zeus and by the breathing of his spirit.

What friendlier land then could we come unto with these

[1] Or 'of Zeus.'

[2] δημηλασίαν (Turnebus) . . . γνωσθεῖσαν (M. Schmidt).

[3] ἀλλ' αὐτογενῆ τῶν φλυζαγορᾶν γάμον Αἰγύπτου παίδων ἀσεβῆ τ' ὀνοταζόμεναι is my correction of the MS. ἀλλ' αὐτογένητον φυλαξάνορα with υλαξ written in erasure and an accent erased above the final α. It is called γάμον Αἰγυπτογενῆ 1064, συγγενῆ γάμον *P. V.* 881.

wool-wreathed branches, the suppliant's weapons, in our hands?

O realm, O land and water white, ye gods on high and powers of heavy vengeance filling tombs within the earth,[1] and Zeus the Saviour over all, protector of the house of godly men, let compassion be wafted from the land to accept the petition[2] of this company of womenkind; but that lewd swarm of males born of Aegyptus, ere they set foot upon this silted shore, drive with their swift vessel out into the deep, and there let them encounter angry sea, and by buffeting storm, thunder and lightning, and winds rain-laden perish, ere ever they make this cousinhood their own, and mount unwilling beds that holiness denies them!

Now call I to our succour from over seas that Zeus-begotten Calf—offspring of the flower-browsing Cow by the spirit of Zeus (to that handling the appointed period gave due confirmation in his name,[3] and he that she brought forth was *Epaphus*): him call I to our aid, and now in the region of our ancient Mother's pasturage by recounting those former sufferings I shall display to the inhabitants[4] trustworthy warrant[5] for the nonce, and others, though unlooked for, shall appear: and the truth (of our story) will be seen in the course of speech.[6]

[1] The Heroes. [2] *αἰδεῖσθαι ἱκέτην* is the regular phrase.

[3] *ἶνιν ἀνθονομούσας προγόνου βοὸς ἐξ ἐπιπνοίας Ζηνός· ἔφαψιν ἐπωνυμίᾳ δ' ἐπεκραίνετο μόρσιμος αἰών, . . .* This punctuation appears to me necessary; *cf. v.* 17. *μόρσιμος αἰών* is the period of gestation: *ἔτεκεν δ' ἀνίκα Μοῖραι τέλεσαν* Eur. *Bacch.* 99, *κυρίῳ ἐν μηνί* Pind. *O.* vi. 32; Opp. *Cyn.* iii. 156.

[4] *πιστὰ τεκμήρια γαιονόμοις, τὰ δ' ἄελπτά περ ὄντα φανεῖται* is an emendation by Hermann completed by Paley.

[5] This is the meaning; not 'sure proofs,' but (as in *v.* 277, *Ag.* 364, Soph. *El.* 774) *evidence credible* enough (*Ag.* 1212) to form a *prima facie* probability. The language indeed is almost legal: *γνώσεσθε προϊόντος τοῦ λόγου* say the orators (*e.g.* Antiphon. v. 10; Isocr. xvii. 26), = *ἐν μήκει λόγου* [6], as *προϊόντος τοῦ χρόνου* = *ἐν μήκει χρόνου*.

Now should there chance to be any native augur[1] nigh, he will fancy, when my complaining meets his ear, that he hears the voice of Tereus' wife of lamentable counsel[2]— the hawk-chased nightingale, who being shut out from haunts (?) and rivers[3] utters a mournful plaint[4] for her wonted habitations, and weaves withal the story of her own child's death, how he met with an unnatural mother's wrath and perished by murder at her hand.

Even so do I, lamenting in Ionian strains,[5] tear tender sunburnt[6] cheek and heart unused to tears, and cull the bitterest of sighs, in fear concerning friends[7] — whether there is any to champion this flight from the Hazy Land.[8]

O gods of our race, regard the right and give good ear! So shall ye be righteous toward wedlock, if ye grant not unto youthful lust to find unholy consummation, but look on outrage with a hearty hate. Even for such as flee hard-pressed from war there is an altar to protect the fugitive from the sword, sacred in the sight of heaven.

The (will) of Zeus O might one well and truly[9]——

[1] Tucker reads *οἰωνοπολῶν* 'auguring.'

[2] This I take to be the construction, if *μήτιδος* is genuine; and I think it is genuine, considering the phrase of Hom. *τ* 522 *παῖδ' ὀλοφυρομένη Ἴτυλον φίλον ὃν ποτε χαλκῷ κτεῖνε δι' ἀφραδίας.*

[3] *ἄτ' ἀπὸ χώρων ποταμῶν τ' ἐργομένα*: Tucker reads *ἄθ' ὑπὸ χλωρῶν πετάλων τεγγομένα* 'weeping beneath the green leaves,' taking *χλωρῶν πετάλων* from Hermann.

[4] *πενθεῖ μὲν* (Haecker for *νέον*) *οἶκτον ἠθέων* = 59 *ἔγγαιος οἶκτον ἀΐων.*

[5] Like the mourning songs of the 'Keeners' of Asia Minor. Observe that the metre in which they say this is that of the Ionian *elegiac*, broken off just before the couplet is completed. Similarly in the dirge of Eur. *Alcest.* 477, *κούφα σοι χθὼν ἐπάνωθε πέσοι, γύναι. εἰ δέ τι . . .* the words indicated are a suggestion of the familiar elegiac epitaph.

[6] *εἰλοθερῆ* Bothe.

[7] Weil conjectures *ἀφίλου τᾶσδε φυγᾶς*, and *ἀφόνου* might be suggested (*cf. vv.* 6 and 202).

[8] *ἀήρ* is 'atmosphere.'

[9] *εἴθ' εἴη Διὸς εὖ παναληθῶς* 'O might one know the will of God

The desire of Zeus is ill to seize: everywhere, even in 90
the darkness, the flame of it burns but in obscure sort[1]
before the eyes of human folks——

But safe, and not upon its back,[2] a matter falls if the
fulfilment of it be ordained by the nod of Zeus.

——for dark and tangled stretch the paths of his intent, 100
past understanding to discern.

Down from their towering imaginations he hurleth
mortals to perdition, yet equips no force:—even from his
holy throne, whereas he sitteth, his unlaboured Harmony[3]

with certainty,' I take it she was going to say, but is abruptly checked by another member of the Chorus, who recognises a proverbial aspiration, and replies to it. Aeschylus frequently breaks up his Chorus into separate voices, excitedly interrupting one another or expressing different views; but the MSS. hardly ever afford any indication of such dialogue, a neglect which has caused perhaps more trouble than any other. At the end of this play (1054 sqq.) there is an animated altercation between the two parties that I conjecture in this passage.

[1] Even when it should show plain against the background of the night. *τύχη, μοῖρα,* and even *κήρ* are used poetically of the 'character' or 'portion' with which anything is endowed.

[2] A racy metaphor such as those from bowls, archery, tennis in our Elizabethans. Only a fall upon the back counted as a fair throw; if upon the shoulder, for example, it was a *ψευδόπτωμα*: Ar. *Eq.* 571, *A. P.* ix. 588. 5. Lucian *Anacharsis* 24 *καταπίπτειν τε ἀσφαλῶς μανθάνουσι καὶ ἀνίστασθαι εὐμαρῶς.*

[3] *τὰν ἄπονον δ' ἁρμονίαν ἥμενος ἀμ φρόνημά πως* for *τὰν ἄποινον δαιμονίων ἥμενον ἀϋ φρόνημά πως.* Here *ἄπονον* is due to Wellauer, *ἥμενος* to Paley; the rest I have restored. Aeschylus uses the metaphor again in *P. V.* 569, *οὔποτε τὰν Διὸς ἁρμονίαν θνατῶν παρεξίασι βουλαί,* which it is strange no critic should have remarked to be one of his numerous Pythagoreanisms. The whole ordered universe (*κόσμος, mundus*) was conceived by Pythagoras, using musical symbolism, as a *harmony*: see *e.g.* Zeller *Greek Philosophy* I. 465, 507. And with God this complicated Scheme works, in Mr Kipling's phrase, 'wheel within wheel to the ordered, effortless end' (*A Fleet in Being*, p. 60). For it costs him no effort to effect his purpose; as Xenophanes (B.C. 538) said of his one God, *ἀπάνευθε πόνοιο νόου φρενὶ πάντα κραδαίνει.* Aesch. *fr.* 99. 2: *τοῖόν γε μὴν Ζεὺς κλέμμα πρεσβύτου πατρὸς αὐτοῦ μένων*

by some means doth he accomplish after his design.[1]

So let him look now unto outrage upon earth, to behold how the old stem grows young again,[2] in desire of union with us a-burgeon with froward thoughts, its own frenzied purpose a resistless goad, a delusion bringing disaster to be rued.[3]

Such miserable sufferings while I wail, now shrill, now low, blended with falling tears, *alas! alas!* resembling[4] funeral dirges, though yet alive I celebrate my own lament.

I implore the grace of hilly Apia (the outlandish utterance[5] well, O land, thou kennest), and oft I fall on my Sidonian veil with linen-marring[6] rent.

ἄμοχθον ἥνυσεν λαβεῖν. *Eum.* 653, Pind. *O.* xiii. 83, Lucret. v. 1181. That is the meaning of ἥμενος κτέ. : Hom. φ 420 αὐτόθεν ἐκ δίφροιο, καθήμενος, Τ 76, ν 56, Apoll. Rhod. i. 343 αὐτόθεν ἔνθα περ ἧστο, Ar. *Pax* 266 παράξει τὰς πόλεις καθήμενος, *Ach.* 838; Xen. *Rep. Ath.* i. 16 οἵκοι καθήμενοι ἄνευ νεῶν ἔκπλου διοικοῦσι τὰς πόλεις τὰς συμμαχίδας.

[1] ἀμ φρόνημα=κατὰ τὴν βούλησιν: Hesych. Φρόνημα: βούλημα, θέλημα. Hdt. iii. 122: πυνθάνομαί σε ἐπιβουλεύειν πρήγμασι μεγάλοισι καὶ χρήματά τοι οὐκ εἶναι κατὰ τὰ φρονήματα 'according to your ambitions' or 'projects.' Pind. *P.* ii. 49 θεὸς ἅπαν ἐπὶ ἐλπίδεσσι τέκμαρ ἀνύεται, θεὸς ὁ καὶ πτερόεντ' αἰετὸν κίχε . . . καὶ ὑψιφρόνων τιν' ἔκαμψε βροτῶν. [2] οἷ' ἀννεάζει Tucker.

[3] ἄτας ἀπάταν μεταλγοῦς Tucker, 'a mischief and a mock, with sorrow in its train': the genitive as in *Ag.* 373, 765. (The accent on the MS. μεταγνοὺς was at first a circumflex.) [4] ἐμφερῆ Tucker.

[5] 'Speech,' or 'expression' (*cf.* πατρὸς αὐδάν *Cho.* 827), meaning the epithet βοῦνιν, which is repeated in *v.* 784. It may be inferred that βουνός was a local word in Argos. It was used about Cyrene (Hdt. iv. 199), and in Syracusan poetry (Phrynichus p. 355 Lobeck), and there was a sanctuary of Ἥρα βουναία at Corinth (Pausan. ii. 4. 7); all these are Dorian peoples. Whatever its origin, it was regarded as an alien or foreign word by Philemon (Kock CAF ii. 491, 521), and the grammarians; though it is frequent in the Alexandrian version of the LXX, and came later into general use: Dindorf in Steph. *Thesaur.*

[6] λινοσινεῖ here and *v.* 138 Tucker and Buecheler.

When all proves well, then payment of due offerings follows free[1] unto the gods—where death be absent.[2] O trouble of undeterminable end! Whither will this wave carry me?

I implore the grace of hilly Apia (the outlandish utterance well, O land, thou kennest), and oft I fall on my Sidonian veil with linen-marring rent.

The oar and our timber's linen-woven sea-tight build[3] still sped me by the wind's aid without storm; and I complain not: so likewise may the all-seeing Father bring the end at length to pass in graciousness,

That the great seed of an august Mother may escape unwedded, unsubdued, ah me! the beds of men.

And may his Daughter, the pure Virgin, that owns the stately portal-walls,[4] be fain as I am fain to look upon me for my preservation[5]; and, wroth at this pursuit, come with all her might, maiden to a maiden's rescue,

That the great seed of an august Mother may escape unwedded, unsubdued, ah me! the beds of men.

Else with our boughs will we, a dark sun-smitten race, approach that nether Zeus, that most hospitable Zeus of

[1] Lucian iii. 498 *τὸ δὲ σὸν κατὰ χειρὸς ἐπίδρομον . . .*

[2] The argument is the common one, 'Who shall praise the most High in the grave, instead of them which live and give thanks? Thanksgiving perisheth from the dead, as from one that is not,' Ecclesiasticus xvii. 28.

[3] 'Structure,' 'fabric'; a lyric use.

[4] For the meaning of *ἐνάπια* see Ebeling *Lex. Hom.*, and Leaf on Θ 435. This is a reference to some actual shrine of Artemis. It was customary to invoke divinities by flattering epithets and mention of the seats where they were worshipped (Walz *Rhet.* ix. p. 135; a typical example is the opening of Pind. *O.* xiv.); and *ἔχων* was a common formula in describing such possessions; *e.g.* Ar. *Nub.* 595 sqq., *A. P.* 251, 273, and often in the Orphic hymns.

[5] I have translated *ἀσφαλέα* instead of *ἀσφαλές* (*cf. v.* 363), and in what follows have adopted the conjectures *πάντι δὲ σθένει διωγμοῖς ἀσχαλῶσ' . .*

the departed; for if we fail to win the Olympian gods, we will perish by the halter!

Ah Zeus, 'tis through ire against Io[1] that vengeance pursueth (us) from above! I ken thy Consort's heaven-subduing spite! for 'tis from a rough gale a stormy sea arises.

And shall not Zeus be convicted[2] then by just arguments of neglecting the Cow's offspring that himself begat[3] of old, if now he hold his face averted at our prayers? Nay, but let him give good ear from on high when now we call upon him!

Ah Zeus, 'tis through ire against Io that vengeance pursueth from above! I ken thy Consort's heaven-subduing spite! for 'tis from a rough gale a stormy sea arises.

Danaus. Children, ye must be prudent. Prudent sea-captain was your old trusty father here ye came with; and so now for our land-faring have I taken thought, and charge you register my words, inscribing them on the tables of your mind. I descry dust, which is the voiceless harbinger of a host[4]:—the sockets of their axles are not silent:—and I discern a throng equipped with spear and shield, with horses and curved chariots. It may be they are the rulers of the land, informed by messengers, and coming to spy upon us: but be it with peaceable intent or whetted with savage anger that (the host) is pushing onward this advance, it were wiser, my daughters, on all accounts, to go

[1] Ἰοῦς ἰῷ Hermann.

[2] Interrogative punctuation is necessary in any case. I have translated ἐλέγξεται (Markscheffel) instead of ἐνεύξεται. If Porson's ἐνέξεται is right, then I think a further alteration is required of λόγοις to ψόγοις, 'shall not Zeus be liable then to just reproaches, for having neglected . . .'

[3] γόνῳ (=φύσει) is a legal term, χθέσει, ποιήσει 'by adoption.'

[4] *E.g.* Xen. *Anab.* i. 8. 8.

and seat yourselves at yonder high place of the gods of meeting—better than a castle is an altar; an invulnerable shield. Go then with all speed, and in solemn form, holding in your left hands the white-wreathed petitionary boughs wherewith Zeus Merciful is worshipped, reply to the strangers (as beseemeth immigrants) in humble plaintive language of sore need, telling them plainly the story of this unbloody flight. And let your utterance be attended before all by absence of boldness, and let that which is not wanton proceed from a quiet eye out of faces with a modest front.[1] And be neither forward nor lagging in your speech—the race here is exceeding jealous.[2] And mind thee to be submissive—thou art a needy foreign fugitive—for it beseemeth not the weaker to be blusterous.

Chor. Father, thou speakest prudently to prudent ears; and I will observe these good charges of thine to be mindful[3]: —may Zeus our ancestor regard!

Dan.[4] Yea, may he regard with favourable eye!

Chor. I would fain be seated nigh thee even now.

Dan. Tarry not, then, but secure means (*i.e.* of carrying out your purpose).

Chor. O Zeus, have pity upon our labours ere we be undone!

[1] ἐκ μετωποσωφρόνων ἴτω προσώπων Porson; a thoroughly Aeschylean βῆμα γομποφαγές. *A. P.* ii. 333 ἐπ' ἀπλοκάμῳ δὲ μετώπῳ ἧστο σαοφροσύνη. Tucker conjectures κατωποσωφρόνων 'downcast in modesty': but his objection to Porson's word, that the form of the compound should be σωφρονομετώπων, is by no means fatal: *cf.* πτερυγωκής *P. V.* 302, ποδώκης, ποδήνεμος, πόδαβρος, τρίχουλος, πύγαργος, χειρίσοφος, χειρόχωλος.

[2] Impatient, intolerant, prone to take offence.

[3] If the text is sound, μεμνῆσθαι must be taken, I think, as depending on τάσδε ἐφετμάς: *cf.* Lucian *Tragoedopodagra v.* 271 μύστης με σιγᾶν ὅρκος οὐκ ἐᾷ φράσαι, 'the oath to be silent.'

[4] In the arrangement of these lines I have followed Hermann. The distribution of them between the speakers must remain uncertain.

Dan. If he be willing, it will end well. Call now also upon yonder son[1] of Zeus.

Chor. We call, upon the saving rays of the Sun.

Dan. And pure Apollo, the god that was banished out of heaven.

Chor. Acquainted with this portion, he may feel compassion for those on earth.

Dan. So may he feel, and graciously stand by us!

Chor. Which further of these divinities am I to call upon?

Dan. I see a trident yonder, symbol of a god.

Chor. Well, he hath given us good speed hither, and may he likewise give us good welcome in the land.

Dan. Here now is Hermes,[2] after the fashion of the Greeks.

Chor. Then let him make proclamation of good tidings to free ears!

Dan. And make obeisance to the common altar of all these lords, and seat yourselves in sanctuary like a flock of doves in fear of hawks like-plumaged—the kinsmen your enemies who would pollute the race. Shall bird prey on bird and be pure? And how should one be pure that takes from an unwilling father[3] an unwilling bride? If he do so, he shall not escape arraignment for outrage[4] even in the house of Hades after death. There too ('tis said[5]) another

[1] Ζηνὸς ἶνιν Kiehl (Bamberger), and Tucker, who argues fully against the MS. ὄρνιν.

[2] Kueck would read κῆρυξ δδ' ἄλλος, 'this other is a herald,' supposing Ἑρμῆς to be an explanatory note.

[3] Dem. 528. 15, Apoll. Rhod. iii. 38.

[4] φύγῃ ματαίων αἰτίας Schuetz for μάταιον: as in Attic βιαίων δίκην, παρανόμων γραφήν.

[5] The doctrine comes appropriately from an inhabitant of Egypt, for this was the function of Osiris (Wilkinson *Ancient Egyptians* iii. pp. 466–470); but the qualification ὡς λόγος is characteristically Greek: Socrates in Plat. *Phædo* 107 D prefaces his long account (ending

Zeus holds among the departed a last judgment upon sins. Consider and answer in such terms, to the end that your cause may be triumphant.

(*Enter the* KING, *attended by a retinue.*)

King. To what land may we ascribe[1] this company, attired unGreek-wise and flaunting in outlandish vestures and fine woofs? For the women's raiment is not Argive, nor from Greece at all.[2] And how ye ventured so undauntedly to come into the country, unannounced by herald, unchampioned by patron, and without guides—it is a marvel. Branches, however, in petitioners' wise have been laid by you[3] before the gods of meeting: this alone will the land of Greece agree in guessing[4]:—so likewise there are many things might fairly have been conjectured, were there not speech to inform my presence.[5]

Chor. Touching our attire thy language is unerring: but how am I in my turn to address thee? As a commoner, or as a warden with the rod of Hermes,[6] or as chief ruler of the city?

King. For that, you may answer me with confidence[7]—for

p. 114 c) with λέγεται δὲ οὕτως, and that in the *Axiochus* pp. 371–2 he professes to have received from Gobryes the Mage, and offers it for what it is worth.

[1] προσφωνῶμεν Weil.

[2] τὸ πᾶν Tucker.

[3] παρ' ὑμῶν Pearson.

[4] For συνοίσεται Paley quotes Eur. *Ion.* 705, *El.* 52; but the phrase is difficult to understand.

[5] Soph. *El.* 3, Ar. *Av.* 548.

[6] Reading ἢ τηρὸν Ἑρμόρραβδον: ἱερόρραβδον Schuetz 'with sacred wand.'

[7] This is clearly the meaning; but it cannot be expressed by the corrupted MS. πρὸς ταῦτ' ἀμείβου καὶ λέγετ' εὐθαρσεῖς ἐμοί, because πρὸς ταῦτα or πρὸς τάδε mean 'in face of this,' 'since this is so,' ὡς ὧδ' ἐχόντων τῶνδε. The text must have arisen, I think, from a gloss upon τούτων ἀμείβου γ' εἵνεκ' εὐθαρσὴς ἐμοί.

I am the son of Palaecthon the earth-born, Pelasgus, chieftain of this country: and the people that enjoys the fruit of it is named *Pelasgian* accordingly after me their king. Over all the region through which passes the pure Strymon[1] do I hold sway upon the western side; and I reckon as my borders the land of the Perrhaebi and the parts beyond Pindus, near the Paeones, and the mountain of Dodona; and another boundary that cuts short my realm is the liquid boundary of the sea: over all on the hither side of these limits do I rule.

This plain of the Apian land itself has long borne its name in honour of a mediciner of old: from Naupactus on the further shore came *Apis*, leech and seer, son of Apollo, and purged this land of deadly monsters—a fell colony of swarming serpents—wrathful plagues[2] which Earth had sent up on pollution by ancient deeds of blood. For these did Apis by surgery and spell work cures to satisfaction, and by way of meed won from the land of Argos mention in her prayers.

Now that you have[3] my warranties,[4] declare your race and speak further[5]—only a long oration this people doth not like.

Chor. Our tale is brief and clear. We claim to be of Argive race, the seed of a Cow blest in offspring; and the truth of this my argument shall fully clinch.

King. Stranger women, your story passeth my belief—how this race of yours can be of Argos. For you are liker to women of Libya, and in no wise to the natives of this land:

[1] ἧς δ' ἀγνὸς ἔρχεται Στρυμών Wordsworth.

[2] μηνιταῖ' ἄχη (*Cho.* 584) or μηνιταιαχῆ? Such visitations, and blights, and droughts and so on were regarded as due to the resentment (μῆνις) of the Chthonic powers, aroused by polluting blood. Lobeck *Aglaopham.* p. 637.

[3] ἔχουσ' ἂν ἤδη. [4] 'Credentials,' as in *v.* 54.

[5] πρόσω Robort.; τορῶς 'clearly,' Tucker.

—the Nile too might nurture such a breed: and similar is the Cyprian impress that hath been stamped by male artificers upon female forms. And of such aspect[1] I have heard there are Nomad women, pillion-riding upon camels going horse-fashion, inhabiting a country neighbouring the Ethiopians. And had ye been armed with the bow, I had surely taken you for the unmated flesh-fed Amazons.—But instruction will inform me better how your stock and seed is Argive. 290

Chor[2]. Say they that in this land of Argos Io upon a time was ward of Hera's temple?

King. She was most certainly; the tradition prevails widely.

Chor. There is a story also, is there not? that Zeus had mortal intercourse? 300

King. Aye, and this entanglement[3] was not hid from Hera.

Chor. What then was the issue of this royal feud?

King. The goddess of Argos turned the woman into a cow.

Chor. And when a horned cow, did not Zeus approach her still?[4]

[1] *τοίας τ' ἀκούω* Tucker for *Ἰνδούς τ' ἀκούω*, taking *Ἰνδούς* to have been originally a note explaining who these Nomads were. This is better than Heimsoeth's conjecture, reading *τοίας* in the place of *εἶναι*.

[2] The speakers are not indicated in the MS., so that the arrangement of the dialogue depends only upon conjecture.

[3] *τἀμπαλάγματα*, restored by Hermann from Hesychius with the confirmation of the schol. Only it cannot mean, as he supposed, '*embraces*': *ἐμπαλάσσειν* is a synonym of *ἐμπλέκειν*, to *ensnare*, *enmesh*, *entangle*: Hdt. vii. 85 *ἐν ἕρκεσι*, Thuc. vii. 84, Ael. *N. A.* v. 39, vi. 24, xii. 47, xiv. 7, xv. 1, xvi. 25; and *ἐμπαλάγματα* (rightly explained by Hesychius as *αἱ ἐμπλοκαί*) means the *liaison*, an entanglement in the snares of love, *δίκτυα Κύπριδος* Ibycus, *Ἀφροδίτας ἕρκεσιν* Ariphron; *cf.* Lucret. iv. 1145–8.

[4] *ἔτ'* Schuetz for *ἐπ'* This is confirmed by Lucian i. 305 ΖΕΦ. *νῦν δὲ ἡ*

King. So they say, in the likeness of a stallion bull.

Chor. How then did his stubborn consort reply to that?

King. She set the all-seeing one to keep watch over the cow.

Chor. Who was this all-seeing herdsman with a single charge?

King. Argus, a son of Earth, who was slain by Hermes.

Chor. And what else did she devise against the hapless cow? 310

King. A cattle-driving sting[1] to madden her.

Chor. Those by the Nile call it an *oestrus*.

King. Very well:—she was driven in a long course out of the land.

Chor. This account too agrees with mine entirely.

King. Further, she came to Canopus and to Memphis.

Chor. Aye, and there did Zeus engender issue by laying on of hands.[2]

King. And who is it claims to be the Zeus-begotten calf?

Chor. Epaphus, so named after laying on of hands.

<*King.* And who was born of Epaphus?>[3]

Chor. Libya, reaping the fruit of the largest <portion>[4] of the earth.

King. And what other offspring of hers have you to tell of? 320

"Ηρα τοιαύτην ἐποίησεν αὐτὴν ξηλοτυπήσασα ὅτι πάνυ ἑώρα ἐρῶντα τον Δία. NOT. νῦν οὖν ἔτι ἐρᾷ τῆς βοός; ΖΕΦ. καὶ μάλα· καὶ διὰ τοῦτο ἐς Αἴγυπτον αὐτὴν ἔπεμψε κτέ. Here (as in i. 207) Lucian is following the Aeschylean version of the story.

[1] μύωψ means either an *ox-goad* or an *ox-fly*, οἶστρος either an *ox-fly* or a *frenzied impulse of passion*, and the remark of the Chorus hints at variations in the story due to this ambiguity.

[2] ῥυσίων is merely a synonym of ἐφάψεως in its sense of 'seizure,' as ἀρρυσίαστος (*v.* 606) is of ἀνέπαφος.

[3] A line has been lost to this effect.

[4] γῆς <μέρος> Todt or <λάχος> Zakas:—not <ὄνομα> γῆς, as Porson conjectured; the land was called after the heroine (Isocrat. p. 223 c), not the heroine after the land.

Chor. Belos, with two sons; the father of my father here.

King. Tell me now what is his most sapient name.[1]

Chor. Danaus; and there is a brother of him with fifty sons.

King. Disclose to me his name also without grudging.

Chor. Aegyptus. And now, knowing our descent of old, act I pray thee so as to restore[2] a band which is from Argos.

King. You appear, certainly,[3] to belong originally to this land: but how did you bring yourselves to leave your father's home? What blow of fortune fell upon you?

Chor. King of the Pelasgians, human misfortunes are of 330
varying sort; nowhere will you find a matching plume[4] of sorrow. For who ever dreamed that kindred, native once, would bring such an unlooked-for flight[5] (taking wing through abhorrence of wedded union) to an end at the shore of Argos?

King. Tell me what is the petition you make by these gods of meeting, with white-wreathed bows fresh-plucked in your hands?

Chor. That I may not become a handmaid to the sons of Aegyptus.

King. By reason of hatred, mean you? or unlawfulness?

Chor. Nay who would object[6] to masters that they *loved*?

[1] The epithet by a common idiom is transferred from the person to the name. It is appropriate to the inventive Danaus, though strictly the king could not be aware of this.

[2] Reading ἀναστῆσαι (Markscheffel) or ἀναστήσῃς (Victorius).

[3] δοκεῖτε < δή > μοι Turnebus, < μέν > μοι Zakas.

[4] A variation of the metaphorical adjective ὁμόπτερος 'of like feather.'

[5] τήνδε φυγὴν is in any case the object, not the subject, of κέλσειν. If κέλσειν μ' is read with Schuetz, μεταπτοιοῦσαν will agree with με.

[6] ὄνοιτο Robortellus (as ὀνοταζόμεναι v. 10) for ἄνοιτο.

King. Power is thereby[1] multiplied in the world 340

Chor. Aye, and if things go ill, divorce is easy.

King. How then am I to show duty towards you?

Chor. By refusing to surrender us again at the demand of Aegyptus' sons.

King. That is a hard[2] saying—to undertake the peril of a war.

Chor. Nay but Justice champions those that side with her.

King. Aye, supposing I had borne a part in the matter from the first.[3]

Chor. Show thou reverence to the helm of the city thus engarlanded.

King. I shudder as I regard these holy places overshaded.

Chor. Nevertheless,[4] grievous is the wrath of Zeus Petitionary.

Son of Palaecthon, hearken unto me with gracious heart! 350
Behold me, thy petitioner, a fugitive running hither and thither like a wolf-chased heifer on precipitous rocks, where having found security she lows, telling the herdsman of her trouble.

King. I see the company of the gods of meeting yonder nodding[5] beneath the shade of fresh-plucked bows.—May 360
this affair of claimants upon the city's friendship end only without mischief! And let no quarrel arise for the state

[1] By intermarriage of relations.

[2] 'A serious undertaking you propose.'

[3] So Tucker, reading ἦ the first person.

[4] γε μέντοι means 'Yes, but all the same,' 'still you must remember that': *Theb.* 703, 1035, *Ag.* 929, Soph. *El.* 398, *Rhes.* 579. Unless, therefore, there is a lacuna before this line, it would seem that the Chorus understand the King to mean 'I tremble to think of my responsibility.'

[5] As it were 'nodding assent': νεύουθ' Bamberger for νέον θ'.

from causes unforeseen and unforestalled; for the state hath no need of any such.

Chor. Yea may the suppliant-law of Zeus Apportioner regard our flight that it bring not any mischief! Let thine old experience learn from one of younger birth: if thou regard a suppliant, thou (shalt) not (see) penury[1] from a holy man.

King. 'Tis not my house at the hearth whereof ye sit: if the city be incurring pollution in its commonalty, to work out the cure must be the people's common business. For myself, I will pledge no promise before I have conferred with all the citizens about the case. 370

Chor. Thou art the city, thou art the people! The altar, that is the country's hearth, with sovereignty unchallenged thou rulest by a monarch's nod, and determinest every matter upon a throne of undivided sway. Beware pollution! 380

King. Pollution be upon my foes! But you I am unable to assist without harm.—Yet it likes me not[2] either to disregard these supplications:—I am perplexed and my heart afraid, whether to act or not to act, and secure success.[3]

Chor. Have regard to the Watcher upon high, the pro-

[1] *οὐ λιπερν*, some form of λιπερνής or λιπερνήτης, a word used by Archilochus (Bergk II p. 396, Schneider *Callim.* II p. 211) and explained in the Lexicons (Et. Mag., Zonaras, Suid.) by πτωχός. The MS. has *οὖν περ* with schol. *οὐ πτωχεύσεις*. After this mutilated word there is a line lost, and then some further corruption now beyond restoring. The purport appears to have been 'the sacrifices of a godly man are acceptable in the sight of heaven, however small they may be,' a doctrine illustrated by Orelli-Hirschfelder on Hor. *C.* iii. 23. 18, Porph. *de abst.* ii. 15, and attributed to Pythagoras by Iamblich. *Vit. Pyth.* 27 § 122.

[2] A poetical sense of *εὔφρων* common in Aeschylus: δύσφρονος has the opposite sense in *v.* 399.

[3] Cf. Eur. *I.A.* 56. Tucker reads *καὶ τύχην ἐᾶν* 'or not to act and so let fortune take her course.'

tector of those afflicted upon earth, who crouching at their neighbours' feet obtain not lawful justice. The wrath of Zeus Petitionary abides in store for such as are unsoftened by the plaints of a sufferer.

King. If the sons of Aegyptus are your masters by the law of the land, as claiming to be next of kin, who would care to contest their right? You must plead according to the laws of your own country that they have no authority over you.[1]

Chor. Never, *never*[2] may I become subject to the mastery of these men! Flight under the stars[3] I determine upon for avoidance of an odious union! Take thou Justice upon thy side and judge that is righteous before heaven.

King. No easy matter this for judgment: ask me not to judge. I said before, though I be ruler, I will not do this without the public will, for fear lest[4] afterward (should some untoward[5] thing befall) the people should say 'Through regarding immigrants thou hast ruined the country.'

Chor. Both sides herein doth Zeus of Blood-kindred with his wavering balance overlook, awarding, as is meet, wrong to the wicked[6] and righteousness to the godly: since the balance is thus equitably poised, what are you to rue hereafter for having done[7] justice?

[1] Legal language of the baldest and most unsentimental kind.

[2] *μή τί ποτ' οὖν. . . .* Here *οὖν* contributes merely emphasis: that is the effect of it *in all its combinations* except *οὔκουν, οὐκοῦν.*

[3] *ὕπαστρον φυγάν* (Heath) is to be taken together. For this proverbial phrase see Jebb on *O. T.* 795.

[4] *μὴ καί ποτε* Canter: cf. Hom. X104 sqq. *ὡς μήποτε* would be good, as *Eum.* 883, *Rhes.* 50.

[5] Tucker's conjecture may be right, *εἴ πού τι κἀλλοῖον τύχοι.*

[6] *ἄξια ἀξίων*, that is; rewarding them after their iniquities; see Paley's note.

[7] *τί μεταλγεῖς, τὸ δίκαιον ἔρξας;* The MS. has *ἔρξαι* which I have corrected. Those to whom this 'prospective' use of the present tense is not familiar may compare *Cho.* 507, *P. V.* 529, 540, Soph.

King. We need deep preserving thought, for an eye of clear vision, not overmuch confused with wine, to descend like a diver into the depth, for means whereby this matter may bring no mischief in the first place on the state, and may turn out well for ourselves also; whereby neither struggle may seize prizes, nor yet by surrendering you from your seats of sanctuary we may bring upon us the heavy haunting vengeance of that destroying Power who releases not his victim even in the house of death.[1] Think you not we need preserving thought?

Chor. Take thou thought, and show thyself a righteous patron altogether! Betray not the fugitive that hath been cast out and hurried from afar ungodly! See me not ravished from this sanctuary of many gods, O thou that hast full sovereignty of the land, but perceive the lewdness of the men, and beware the wrath of heaven!

Suffer not thine eyes to behold the suppliant dragged in despite of justice from the images like a horse by the frontlet, and rude clutchings of my fine-woven robes! For be assured of this, that whichever end thou bring to pass, it remaineth unto thy children and thy house to make payment of like equity. Consider this just ordinance of God.

King. I have considered; and this is what the matter comes to—war with these or those I cannot choose but undertake; 'tis wedged firm as a ship hauled to by the windlass, and there is no concluding without hurt. Now, when goods are plundered from a house, thanks to Zeus of Property other goods may come[2]; and a tongue that hath

Philoct. 117 *ὡς τοῦτό γ' ἔρξας δύο φέρει δωρήματα*, *Rhes.* 581, 596, Eur. *I. T.* 977–80, *El.* 973 *βλάπτῃ δὲ δή τί πατρὶ τιμωρῶν σέθεν*;

[1] *Eum.* 175.

[2] The line that follows is omitted as an insertion. The form as well as the sentiment of this passage is exactly like *Ag.* 995–1006.

shot an arrow out of place—one saying may be the healer of another.[1] But to avoid shedding[2] of kindred blood, must sacrifice indeed be made, and many victims fall in deliverance to many gods. Of a truth I am fatally involved in[3] this quarrel, though[4] in sorrows I would rather be unskilled than practised:—but may all go well and prove my judgment false[5]!

Chor. Hear now the conclusion of all our humble supplications.

King. I hear; say on; it shall not escape me.

Chor. I have breast-bands and girdles to gather up my robes.

King. Such things are suitable to the condition[6] of women.

Chor. Very well:—by means of these understand we have a rare expedient,—

King. Tell me what saying is this you mean to utter?

Chor. Unless thou consent to afford our company some pledge,—

King. To what effect proceeds the expedient of your sashes?

Chor. To adorn these images with tablets of a strange sort.[7]

[1] Another line is here ejected as an illustrative quotation.

[2] The argument to be expected logically is 'but to repair kindred bloodshed, when it has once taken place, is impossible.' I think (with Schuetz and Weil) that that link is omitted and left to be inferred, and that the connexion of thought is 'but kindred blood (since it is irreparable) must by all means be averted.'

[3] *νείκους τοῦδ' ἔσω παροίχομαι* Tucker: cf. Plaut. *Capt.* 649 *ut quidem hercle in medium ego hodie pessime processerim.*

[4] Cf. Soph. *Philoct.* 94.

[5] Literally 'contrary to my conviction.'

[6] *τύχῃ* (Turnebus) *γυναικῶν ταῦτα συμπρεπῆ πέλει* (cod. Guelf).

[7] For the usual *πίνακες* see Mayor on Juv. x. 55, and my forthcoming note on Herodas iv. 19.

King. Thy words are riddling; come, explain in simple terms.

Chor. To hang ourselves forthwith from these gods.

King. Your threat cuts my heart like a whip.

Chor. Thou takest it, for I gave it clearer vision.[1]

King. Aye, but far from simple[2] is the difficulty of the case—there comes upon me like a river a multitude of troubles. It is a fathomless and impassable ocean of ruin I have launched upon, and nowhere is there a haven from distress. If I refuse to perform this service for you, there is your warning of pollution untranscendable[3]: while if I take my stand before the walls and try the issue of battle with the sons of Aegyptus, your kinsmen, the expense comes surely to a sore amount—men's blood to stain the ground for the sake of women.

Still, I must needs hold in awe the wrath of Zeus Petitionary, for that is the supremest fear on earth.—Do thou, aged father of these maids, take straightway in thine arms these boughs, and lay them upon other altars of the country's deities, that all the people may see the token of this petitioning, and talk be not uttered sharply against me[4]—for

[1] Not 'I have given you'; cf. *P. V.* 515,. *Cho.* 661, 534, 843, Soph. *O.C.* 74. Critias Trag. fr. 1. 26 *τυφλώσας*, and the adjectives *τυφλός*, *ἀλαός* (as we speak of a 'blind fence'), *κωφός*.

[2] *οὐ μὴν ἁπλῆ γε δύσπάλαιστα πράγματα, κακῶν δὲ* ('but') *πλῆθος* . . . I have restored *οὐ μὴν ἁπλῆ γε* for *καὶ μὴν πολλαχῇ γε* which is an interpretation of it. *ἁπλῆ* refers to *ἁπλῶς* in *v.* 473, 'yes, your answer is plain and simple enough; but it is not a simple problem that confronts me.' *ἁπλοῦς simplex* means both 'simple' and 'single' and the play upon the word can hardly be expressed in modern English.

[3] Or 'unsurmountable.'

[4] My simple correction *ἐμοῦ κάτ'* removes at once both difficulties of construction. *ἀπορρίπτειν* (*ῥίπτειν, ἐκρίπτειν dicta iacere, iactare*) *λόγον, ἔπος* is a common phrase, *e.g.* Hdt. i. 153, iv. 142, vi. 69, vii. 13, viii. 92. *φιλαίτιος* governs the genitive *ἀρχῆς* as it governs the genitive *θεῶν* in Plat. *Legg.* 903 E *τῷ φιλαιτίῳ τῆς ἀμελείας πέρι θεῶν* 'the man who is fond of reproaching the gods for their neglect.'—There is no

the people is apt to complain against authority. It may be that some will feel compassion at the sight, and resent the lewdness of the troop of males, and the people be moved to greater friendliness toward you: for all men show sympathy with the weaker.

Dan. We hold it of much value to have found a champion both compassionate and prosperous.[1] But send thou with us also a retinue and guides of the country, that we may find altars at the temple fronts and (worshipped) seats belonging to the city-gods, and that safety may attend our progress through the town: the nature of our aspect is dissimilar —Nile breeds a race unlike the Inachus. Beware lest rashness create dislike[2]—friends ere now[3] have been slain in misapprehension.

King. March on, my men, for the stranger says well: lead on to altars in the town and sanctuaries. And you must not have long speech with such as meet you by the way[4] while you are conducting our sea-farer to the dwellings of the gods.

(DANAUS *departs with an escort.*)

Chor. To him thou hast spoken, and let him go with his instructions: but I, what shall I do? Where[5] dost thou assign me security?

objection to the elision of *κάτα*: if a preposition can be placed after the noun, it can also be elided. Examples in iambic verse are *Supp.* 260 *ἧς δ' ἀγνὸς ἔρχεται*, *Ag.* 127 *βωμοῦ πατρῴου δ' ἀντ'* (*ἀντί* follows its case in Lycophr. 94 and 365), Eur. *I. A.* 966 *ὧν μέτ' ἐστρατεύμην*, Ar. *Lys.* 1146 *χώραν ἧς ὅπ' εὖ πεπόνθατε*, and with a pause as here, Eur. *Bacch.* 722 *θηρώμεθ' ἀνδρῶν τῶνδ' ὅπ'· ἀλλ' ἕπεσθέ μοι.*

[1] I see no reason to reject the MS. reading *εὖ ῥέοντα*: the point is, a patron with a kind heart and an influential position—who has at once the will and the power to protect.

[2] *φθόνον* Mueller-Struebing for *φόβον*: an unfavourable impression, hostility, resentment, displeasure, *invidiam.*

[3] *ἤδη* Tucker for *καὶ δή*.

[4] *ξυμβολοῦσιν* Valckenaer.

[5] Or 'wherein.'

King. Your boughs leave there, in token of your distress.

Chor. There, I leave them so at (the direction of) thy hand[1] and word.

King. Betake your feet now unto this smooth green.

Chor. Why, how should an open green protect me?

King. We will never give you up to wingéd creatures' ravishment.

Chor. But what if to foes worse than fell serpents! 520

King. Fair words, prithee, since you have been spoken fair!

Chor. It is no wonder in my state of fear I should be fretful.

King. No, exceeding terror is ever uncontrolled.[2]

Chor. Do thou comfort me both by act and word!

King. Come now, your father will not leave you alone long. I go[3] now to convene the people of the country that I may make their general body friendly; and I will instruct your father what language he should use. Remain thou therefore, and entreat the gods of this country with prayer 530 for what your heart desires. I will go to set this matter forward: and may I be attended by persuasion and effectual success! [*The* KING *departs.*

[1] Cf. Soph. *Philoct.* 148.

[2] ἀεί γ' ἀναρκτόν ἐστι δεῖμ' ἐξαίσιον is my correction of ἀεὶ δ' ἀνάκτων ἐστὶ δεῖμ' ἐξαίσιον must be the subject of the sentence, and ἀνάκτων a corruption of the predicate, which naturally precedes. ἀψυχίᾳ γὰρ γλῶσσαν ἁρπάζει φόβος is the apology of the Chorus in a similar case, *Theb.* 245, 'panic runs away with the tongue,' bolting like a runaway horse (ἔκφορος ἵππος) which has εὔαρκτον στόμα (*Pers.* 196) no longer. Rage has the same effect, Ar. *Ran.* 993 μόνον ὅπως μή σ' ὁ θυμὸς ἁρπάσας ἐκτὸς οἴσει τῶν ἐλαῶν, or madness, *P. V.* 909, *Cho.* 1022 where Orestes, using this familiar simile of the race-course, speaks of his φρένες δύσαρκτοι.

ἀεί γ' (suggested by Dindorf) is natural in a comment, as *P. V.* 42, Alexis 257 ἀεί γ' ὁ Χαιρεφῶν τιν' εὑρίσκει τέχνην.

[3] στείχω Weil.

Chor. O King of Kings, most blessed of the blessed, power most perfect among the perfect, Zeus all-happy, give ear and with hearty loathing defend thy seed from the lust of men, and their black-benched engine of destruction plunge into the glooming lake[1]! But on the women's side,[2] consider thou the long tradition of our line, and recall the sweet story of our ancestress, the woman of thy love. Show thyself mindful, O thou fondler of Io! We declare ourselves to be the seed of Zeus, by descent from a native of this land.[3]

Unto our mother's ancient foot-prints have I removed, the region of the watch upon her while she browsed the flowers,[4] that pasturing meadow whence, tormented[5] by the sting, distraught fled Io, travelling through many a tribe of men, and duly cleaving the surging strait asunder, made the further shore[6] her bourn.

And now she darts across the land of Asia,—right through sheep-grazing Phrygia, and passes the city of Teuthras among the Mysians, and the Lydian dells, speeding right across the

[1] The sea; the phrase is from the lyric vocabulary.

[2] Adverbial, as Soph. *El.* 1071 *τὰ δὲ πρὸς τέκνων*, and geographical phrases like *τὸ πρὸς δύνοντος ἡλίου* in *v.* 261 above.

[3] *Δῖαί τοι γένος εὐχόμεθ' εἶναι γᾶς ἀπὸ τᾶσδ' ἐνοίκου*: the MS. *δίας* was corrected by Pauw, and I have restored *ἐνοίκου* for *ἔνοικοι*. The construction is *ἀπ' ἐνοίκου τᾶσδε γᾶς*.

[4] This detail, mentioned before in *v.* 43, is traditionary: Severus (Walz *Rhet.* I p. 537), following the usual version, according to which Io was changed by Zeus, says *τιμῶσα ἡ γῆ τὴν τοῦ Διὸς ἐρωμένην ἄνθος ἀνῆκε τῇ βοὶ νέμεσθαι*.

[5] *ἐρεθομένα* Paley, which agrees metrically with the corresponding line, and is, as he shows, a most appropriate word. Against the MS. *ἐρεσσομένα* it may be further remarked that *ἐρέσσειν* is metaphorically used only to describe such actions as resemble the movement to and fro of oars or arms in rowing.

[6] *διχῇ διατέμνουσα* are to be taken together; the disarrangement of the words is a license assumed especially by lyric verse (Soph. *Ant.* 960 Jebb).

mountains of the Cilicians and Pamphylians, and over ever-flowing streams[1] and affluent soil, and the rich cornland of Aphrodite.[2]

So she arrives at last, still suffering injury[3] from the winged herdsman's weapon, at the pasturing demesne of Zeus, that snow-fed[4] meadow which the fury of Typho comes upon, and at the water of Nile diseases may not touch, maddening with her sore indignities, and frenzied by the pain of Hera's torturing goad.

The mortals that were then dwellers in the land quaked with sickly fear at the unwonted sight, [when they beheld[5]] a creature monstrous of half-human shape—part cow, part woman[6]—and they were amazed at the prodigy.

And then at last who was it soothed poor wandering sting-tormented Io?

Zeus, lord through endless ages[7]. and by force of painless power[8] and by the breathing of his holy

[1] Reading Λύδιά τε γύαλα, καὶ δι' ὀρῶν Κιλίκων Παμφύλων τε, διορυμένα τ' ἀμ ποταμοὺς ἀενάους for τὰν ποταμοὺς.

[2] Phoenicia; so termed, as the schol. says, by reason of Byblus and Libanus, the famous seats of the worship of Thammuz and Astarte (Adonis and Aphrodite).

[3] ἱκνεῖται δὴ σινουμένα is my conjecture for ἱκνεῖται δ' εἰσἵκνουμένου with the letters ου written in erasure; at first no doubt it was εἰσικνουμένη the reading of cod. Guelf. (σινουμένου I think less likely, because the form σινέεσθαι is Ionic). Suid. Σίνος: βλάβη. καὶ Σινοῦται: βλάπτεται. Hesych. gives also Συνοῦται (sic): λυπεῖται.

[4] Egypt. The belief that the rising of the Nile was caused by the melting of snow on mountains in the interior was widely known and canvassed in antiquity. It has remained until our own day for the truth of it to be proved by Sir Henry Stanley (*Darkest Africa xxix-xxxi*).

[5] There is more than one reason for supposing ἐσορῶντες an interpolation which has supplanted some adjective such as δίμορφον.

[6] τὰ μὲν βοός, τὰ δ' αὖ γυναικός. [7] δι αἰῶνος Hermann.

[8] βίᾳ δ' ἀπηματοσθενεῖ for βία δ' ἀπημάντῳ σθένει (the remark of the schol. λείπει ὁ καί shows that he read βίᾳ). My reading restores the

spirit was she stayed, and sheds the sorrowing shame of tears.[1] And having conceived a burden in very truth of Zeus, she bare a perfect son

Throughout long ages blessed. Whence every land doth 590
cry aloud 'Of a surety this is the seed of gendering[2] Zeus; for who else could have stayed the distempers caused by Hera's plots? This is the act of Zeus; and you shall be right to call this race derived from Epaphus.'[3]

What god in heaven could I with reason call upon for acts more warrantable?[4]

Father himself and creator, the lord is he that by his own 600
hand planted us, with might and ancient wisdom fashioner of our race, prosperer of all devices, even Zeus.

Is there none beneath whose authority he sits with lesser powers than a superior?

None is there sitting in a higher place, whose powers he holds in awe; but act is ready to his hand as word, to set afoot forthwith aught that his counselling[5] mind may lay before him.

construction and improves the rhythm by one of those compound adjectives, characteristically Aeschylean, which in MSS. are habitually corrupted in this fashion.

[1] Tears of grief and shame after she has been restored to human consciousness; compare her language in a lucid interval, *P. V.* 669 *seqq.* The phrase is in the ornater style of lyric. Weil quotes Musaeus *Hero and Leander* 173 *αἰδοῦς ὑγρὸν ἔρευθος ἀποστάζουσα προσώπου*, literally 'exuding the moist blush of shame.' In Soph. *Ant.* 959 *οὕτω τᾶς μανίας δεινὸν ἀποστάζει ἀνθηρόν τε μένος* the verb is intransitive, 'so dire and exuberant is the rage that emanates from madness.'

[2] *φυσιζόου* Schuetz.

[3] With the punctuation altered, the words admit the sense 'Call this the act of Zeus and this (his) race derived from Epaphus, and you shall be right.'

[4] 'What act on the part of any other god affords me greater justification for appealing to him?'

[5] *βούλιος* Auratus, rightly. The language alludes to the functions of the two bodies of legislature at Athens, the *βουλή* and the *ἐκκλησία*.

Dan. Comfort ye, my children! All is well on the part of the citizens; final decrees of the people have been passed.

Chor. O bless thee, our ambassador, for thy sweet message! Tell us the purport of their decision—the course to which the majority of their suffrages inclines.

Dan. It was resolved by the Argives without dissent in such wise as made my old heart feel young again; for the air bristled with right hands uplifted as they passed this law in full assembly: that we be allowed to settle in this country, free, not liable to seizure, and with security from plunder of our goods: that neither native nor foreigner should carry us off; and should he proceed to apply force, any of the landholders that withheld his aid should suffer loss of rights together with public banishment. Such was the moving speech the King of the Pelasgians made in our behalf, with warning that the city never let the wrath of Zeus Petitionary wax fat in time hereafter; telling them that double defilement arising before the city—from strangers and citizens at once—was a food of suffering past help. Hearing these words, the Argive nation, without waiting for crier, decreed by uplifted hands that so it be. It was the Pelasgian people that heard the eloquent periods of the speech, and Zeus that brought about the issue.

Chor. Come then, let us utter for the Argives blessings in requital of their blessings. And may Zeus of Strangers

Measures originated in the Council (*βουλή*): a bill passing the Council became a *προβούλευμα*, which had then to be introduced and submitted for ratification to the Assembly sitting on the hill (*ἐκφέρεσθαι* or *εἰσφέρεσθαι εἰς τὴν ἐκκλησίαν* or *τὸν δῆμον*). No such sanction is required for his policy by Zeus; he may execute his purposes at once without control.—The passage has not been explained before, nor correctly punctuated; the *antistrophe*, like the *strophe*, contains an answer to a question.—In *v.* 605 I have translated *κράτη*, the conjecture of H. Voss for *κάτω*. In *v.* 606 I am not quite sure of the construction—whether *πάρεστι* does not rather mean 'he may.'

watch to their fulfilment the rewards that issue from a stranger's tongue, that they reach their perfect goal.[1]

Now is the moment, O ye gods divine, to give ear unto my utterance of orisons for the race,

That wanton Ares never with untunéd cry may set this Pelasgian land on fire,[2]—Ares that reaps a human harvest in strange fields:

Because they had compassion upon us, and passed a kindly vote, and have reverence for the petitioners of Zeus, this sorry flock of us,

And refrained from scorning the women's cause and giving their vote upon the side of the males,

Having regard to that avenging wrath of Zeus,[3] so ill to battle with, that no house would have upon the roof defiling it, for heavy doth it settle there:

For they revere their kin petitioners of holy Zeus; therefore with altars pure shall they win the favour of the gods.

Therefore from our overshaded lips fly forth our zealous prayer:

Never may pestilence empty this city of her men, nor quarrel stain her soil with blood of native bodies:

But unculled be the flower of her youth, nor havoc-dealing Ares, the paramour of Aphrodite, crop their bloom.

And let the altar-steps that receive the elders[4] be thronged with reverend[5]

[1] *τέρμον' ἄμεμπτον προσαπαντᾶν* Tucker, after Salvinius and Weil.

[2] This is the construction, but the emendation of the corrupted words is uncertain.

[3] *Διὸν ἐπιδόμενοι πράκτορά τοι κότον* for *πράκτορά τε σκοπὸν*. Tucker argues effectually against *Διὸν σκοπόν* of the MS. *κότον* is due to Bamberger: for the use of *τοι* cf. Soph. *El.* 1469.

[4] So Paul. Silent. *Amb.* 217 has *ἀνδροδόκων βάθρων*.

[5] *καὶ γεραροῖσι πρεσβυτοδόκοι* < ⏑ – – > *θυμέλαι φλεόντων*. Some substantive has been ousted by *γεμόντων*, a gloss on *φλεόντων* (Hermann).

Thus may the state be ordered well, if they duly worship mighty Zeus, and Zeus of Strangers above all, who upholdeth right by ancient law.

And tribute of the earth be brought forth ever new, we pray; and Artemis the Archeress watch over the child-bed of their women.

Nor any murderous havoc come upon this land to ravage it,

By arming Ares, the parent of tears, that fits not harp or hymn, and the shout of war within their borders.

And the loathéd swarm of diseases settle far from the burghers' head, and to all their young folk Lyceus[1] be propitious.

And Zeus grant the land to yield her due of fruit with produce in all seasons,

And may their grazing cattle prove prolific, and by grace of heaven may they flourish[2] altogether.

May bards offer hymns of praise upon their altars,[3] and forth from pure lips be uttered harp-attended song.

May the rights of the citizens be guarded well[4] by the popular power that controls the state, a prudent government with careful conference of counsel; and to strangers, before appeal to arms, may they grant easy arbitration without suffering.

And the Gods who keep the land may they worship ever with the country's worship of laurel borne and oxen offered which their fathers used—for the honour of parents, that is

[1] Apollo in his character of *Destroyer*.

[2] *θάλοιεν* Hermann.

[3] Or 'raise anthems at the altars.'

[4] *φυλάσσοι δ' εὖ τὰ τίμι' ἀστοῖς τὸ δήμιον*: the citizens are necessarily mentioned as contrasted with the foreigners. *τὰ τίμια* are synonymous with *τιμαί* or *γέρα* (*γέρα*: *τὰ τίμια* Hesych., *τίμιον γέρας v.* 997): see L. Dindorf in Steph. *Thesaur. s.v. τίμιον*. (*τιμὰς* in the MS. was a marginal gloss.) *ἀστοῖς* is due to Bergk and *δ' εὖ* to Wecklein; *δέ* is required to begin the new paragraph.

written third among the commandments of Heaven's highest-honoured Law.[1]

Dan. Dear children, I commend these well-judged prayers; but you must not be alarmed to hear the unexpected news your father has to tell:—from this high sanctuary, my conning-place, I see the vessel; it is distinct. Plain to me is the trimming of the sail and fending along the bulwarks, and the prow eyeing her way forward, obeying the rudder, that guides her at the ship's extremity, too well for those she is not friendly to[2]! And clear to view are seamen with swarthy limbs showing from white raiment. And the rest of the craft and all their armament are fully visible; and the leader has furled her sail and is approaching shore rowed by all hands. Now you must face the matter with calm and orderly behaviour and not be unmindful of these divinities. I will come back presently with helpers and champions of our cause, for perchance a herald or mission may arrive, intending to lay hands on plunder and carry off—but there will be nought of this, have ye no fear of it. Still, it were better for you, should we be slow in succour, never for a moment to forget your means of safety here. Fear not, in good time and at the day appointed the contemner of heaven shall be punished.

Chor. Father, I am afraid, with so swift wings the ships are coming, and there is no space of time before us.[3]

I am possessed of a truth by quaking dread whether there is any use at all in our long flight. I am undone, father, with terror.

[1] That is 'Let them observe the three great commandments,' second here among which is 'Obey the laws of the land.' It is indicated by the epithet *ἐγχωρίοις*, while the transition to the third is made by *γάρ*, which refers to *πατρῴαις*. This artificial method is characteristic of the elaborate lyric style.

[2] *τοῖσιν οὐ φίλη* Herwerden.

[3] *neque ullum in medio tempus.*

Dan. Since the Argives' vote is absolute, my children, fear not, they will fight for thee, I am very sure.

Chor. Abandoned are the ravening sons of Aegyptus and athirst for battle, and you know it too. In ships with ribs of timber and dark eyes they have sailed hither in effectual rage, with a great and swarthy multitude!

Dan. Aye but they will find a many here with arms well fined[1] under the heat of noonday.

Chor. But leave me not alone, I beseech thee, father! A woman left by herself is nought, there is no fighting in her.

Cruel of heart[2] and crafty of counsel, with wicked hearts, like ravens, recking nought of altars—

Dan. That would suit us[3] rarely, children, if they should incur the hate of heaven as well as thine!

Chor. They will never be so fearful, father, of these tridents and things sacred in the sight of heaven to refrain their hands from us.

Quite overweening, ravening rash as hounds with wicked rage, with no understanding of the gods—

Dan. Yet is there a saying that wolves are better than hounds: the byblus-fruit outdoeth not the wheat-ear.

Chor. They have[4] the passions of foul and violent monsters; therefore must we guard against them speedily.[5]

[1] Rid of all superfluous flesh: Antyllus (Stob. *Flor.* 101. 16) ὁ δὲ θερμὸς ἀὴρ σωμάτων δαπανητικός, ἰσχναίνων καὶ καταρρινῶν τὰ συγκρίματα· εὐτονίαν δὲ μᾶλλον καὶ εὐκινησίαν ἤπερ ὁ ψυχρὸς παρασκευάζει.

[2] οὐλόφρονες Valckenaer. They are interrupted by Danaus, and again at 767.

[3] Perhaps ξυμφέροι γ' οὕτω, τέκνα 'at that rate': cf. Ar. *Ran.* 1149 p. 435 Blaydes.

[4] ἔχοντας Turnebus.

[5] τάχος Tucker, taking οὗτοι ταχεῖα in the next line to be a reply to it. If κράτος is genuine, it may refer to κρατεῖ in *v.* 769: 'They are far more terrible than dogs, so they *may* overcome us' (Wecklein).

Dan. By no means is the despatch of a sea-force speedy, nor is anchorage, or the carrying ashore of the securing cables: even when at anchor,[1] the shepherds of ships do not feel confidence forthwith, especially when they have come to a harbourless coast toward nightfall: when the sun is departing, night is wont to engender travail in the skilful pilot's mind. Thus a force cannot well be disembarked either, before the ship have gotten confidence in moorings. Do thou be minded,[2] as in terror, not to desert these gods; <I will presently return[3]> when I have secured assistance: the city shall find no fault with a messenger old in years but young in eloquent wit. [*Exit.*

Chor. O hilly land, most righteous object of our veneration,[4] what is our fate to be? What quarter of the Apian land shall we take flight unto, if there is anywhere for us a dark hiding-place? O could I turn into black smoke, neighbouring the clouds of Zeus, and flying upwards without wings, vanish out of sight like dust and perish utterly!

Fate can no longer be avoided[5]; my heart is darkened and quivering within me; my father's view hath overcome[6] me; I am undone with fear. Fain would I meet my doom in a halter-noose before a loathéd man come near my body; sooner may I die and Hades be my master!

O for a seat somewhere in the heaven above, against which watery clouds turn into snow, or some sheer, goat-free, uncommunionable,[7] solitary beetling crag, some vul-

[1] The punctuation, and consequently the exact rendering, of this passage is uncertain.

[2] Hom. *h. Apoll.* 247, 258, 287, *Eum.* 989 *φρονοῦσιν εὑρίσκειν* (as it should be read).

[3] Something to this effect has perished.

[4] *γᾶ βοῦνι, πάνδικον σέβας* (*βοῦνι* Dindorf, *πάνδικον* Paley).

[5] *ἀλυκτὸν δ'* (Hermann) *οὐκέτ' ἂν πέλοι <τέλος>*

[6] 'convinced me,' cf. *Theb.* 81 *αἰθερία κόνις με πείθει . . ., ἔλε δὲ τᾶς ἐμᾶς πεδὶ' ὁπλόκτυπ' ἀτιχρίμπτῃ βοᾷ.*

[7] *ἀπρόσμικτος* (Newman) or *ἀπρόσδερκτος* (Weil) is suitable; but I

ture-haunted peak, assuring me a plunge into the depth, before I meet perforce with a wedlock that rends my heart.

Thereafter I refuse not to become a prey to dogs and a feast unto the fowls of the land; for death delivereth from sorrow and sighing. Come death, befall me death before the marriage-bed! What way of escape can I yet find[1] to deliver me from wedlock?

Cry aloud with heaven-reaching voice strains of supplication to the gods: and do thou, O Father, see them prove effectual and releasing from our troubles,[2] justly regarding violence with unfriendly eyes,[3] and show respect unto thy petitioners, O Zeus, almighty ruler of the earth.

For the race of Aegyptus, male, in outrage loathsome, are pursuing me in flight with clamorous lewdness,[4] and seek to get hold of me by force: but the beam of thy balance is universal; without thee nought on earth is brought to pass.

(*Enter a Herald of the Egyptians.*)

Chor.[5] Oh! oh! Here is the sea-pirate on the land! Ere that, thou pirate, mayst thou perish! . . . Alack, alack! Fly, fly for protection! Rough insolence doth he display past bearing on sea and land alike. O lord of the land, take post before us[6]!

do not believe in the MS. *ἀπρόσδεικτος*, there is no such compound as *προσδείκνυμι*.

[1] *ἀμφυγᾶς* (Weil after Hermann) *τίν' ἔτι πόρον*.

[2] I have given what appears to me the purport of these corrupted lines.

[3] *μὴ φίλοις* (Lachmann) *ὁρῶν ὄμμασιν ἐνδίκως*, or *μὴ φίλως* (Marckscheffel) *ὁρῶν ὄμμασιν ἐνδίκοις* 'with just eyes regarding force unfavourably.'

[4] The schol. took *μάταισι* to mean 'quest.'

[5] The passage that follows (832–913) has suffered such mutilation and corruption as in many places to be past recovery. But the general effect of the scene is perfectly intelligible—terror and confusion on the women's part, rude and brutal humour on the herald's.

[6] Perhaps *γαϊάναξ* in one word, as *ἱππιάνακτας Pers.* 999.

Herald. Pack ye, pack to the boat at your feet's best pace!—Very well, then, plucking of hair and pricking with goad, cutting off of the head with blood! Pack ye, pack with a plague upon you to the vessel! 850

Chor. O on your briny course over the great flood that you had perished with your imperious arrogance and your rivetted barque!

Herald. With a bloody head to the vessel will I—what meanest, with thy pounding and shrieking and shout? I tell you, give o'er your clamours, for why? they are but a vain deceit.[1] Away! Leave the sanctuary and be off to the boat! I care nothing for one without honour or city.[2] 860

Chor. Never again may I behold the oxen-fattening water, whence grows and thrives for mankind the blood of life!

I am a native, of old nobility, of a deep, deep-soiléd land,[3] old man. 870

Herald. Aye but on shipboard, on shipboard shall you presently go, willy-nilly, by force, by force . . . with desperate hands.[4]

Chor. Alack, alack! So may you perish desperately,

[1] *αἶμον' ἐγώ σ' ἐπ' ἀμίδα—τί σύ, δουπίαχαπύτα; κέλομαι βοᾶν μεθέσθαι (τί γάρ;) φρεναπατᾶν* is my restoration of the MS. *αἶμονεσ ὡσ ἐπάμιδα ησυδουπιατάπιτα κελεύω βία μεθέσθαι ἴχαρ φρενί τ' ἄταν.* The meaning of *δοῦπος* in the compound *δουπ-ιαχ-απύτα* is the noise made in beating the breast: cf. Soph. *Aj.* 630, Eur. *Alc.* 106.

[2] *ἀτίετον ἄπολιν* (Peiper) *οὐ σέβω* (Butler). Hom. I 648, II 59 *ὡς εἴ τιν' ἀτίμητον μετανάστην.*

[3] *ἔγγαιος ἐγὼ βαθυχάϊος βαθείας, βαθείας, γέρον.* I take *βαθρείας* to have arisen from *βαθείας*, the *ρ* meaning a *v. l. βαρείας*: and *ἔγγειος* (as the word is usually spelt) is an easy alteration of *ἄγειος*.

[4] *ὀλομέναις παλάμαις* Turnebus. The Herald mocks the iteration of their words.

driven out of your course over the ocean-mead[1] by east[2] winds off the sandy foreland of Sarpedon! 880

Herald. You may wail and howl and call on heaven—for you will not overleap the Egyptian boat—more sorely than *Achaeans* that bear the name of *ache*[3]!

Chor. . . .[4] thou art overblown . . . may the mighty Nile that . . . overwhelm thine insolence! 890

Herald. Go, I tell you, to the reversing boat with all speed; let there be no loitering, for haling hath no reverence at all for locks of hair.

Chor. O, father! . . .[5] he is carrying me a-march like a spider off to sea, a black, black nightmare!

O Mother Earth, drive him away fearful by thine aid[6]! 900
O son of Earth, King Zeus!

Herald. I am not fearful at all of the gods here, for they did not nurture me, nor should I have reached old age[7] upon their nurture!

Chor. Ravening near me comes this human serpent; like a viper, or what venomous monster shall I call him?—is carrying me off by force![8]

[1] A lyric phrase, as *πόντιον ἅλσος* Bacchylid. xvii. 84, Aesch. *Pers.* 111.

[2] *Εὐρείαισιν αὔραις* Paley. The particular wind responsible is often named, *e.g. A. P.* vii. 273, 500, 501, Aesch. *Ag.* 696, Pind. *N.* vii. 29, *P.* iv. 203, Bacchylid. xvii. 6, 91.

[3] [*ἴυζε καὶ βόα*] *πικρότερ' Ἀχαιῶν οἰζύος φερωνύμων* is my conjecture (cf. Ar. *Thesm.* 648). The schol. read *Ἀχαιῶν*, and *ὄνομ' ἔχων* I suppose a corruption of *ὄνομα ἐχόντων*, itself a gloss on *φερωνύμων*.—Similarly the title *Ἀχαία* of Demeter was popularly referred to *ἄχος*, her sorrow for her daughter.

[4] Robinson Ellis conjectures that in *περιχαμπτὰ* is concealed *χάμψα* 'a crocodile.'

[5] *βρετεοσάρος* could mean 'an image-sweeper'; but words are probably lost between *α* and *ροσ*.

[6] *βοᾷ* Hermann. [7] *οὐδ' ἐγήρασ' ἂν* Peiper.

[8] *ἔχιδνα δ' ὥς με <φόνιος ἦ>*
τί ποτέ ν<ιν καλῶ
δάκος; ἀγ<ει βίᾳ.

O Mother Earth, drive him away fearful by thine aid! 910
O son of Earth, King Zeus!

Herald. Unless ye go resignedly to the ship, rending shall have no mercy on your garment's work.

Chor. Ho, chiefs and leaders of the city, I am suffering violence!

Herald. Lords in plenty shall you presently see in the sons of Aegyptus; never fear, you will not speak of lack of government.[1]

Chor. We are undone! O King, we are being dealt with sinfully[2]!

Herald. I shall have to hale you off by[3] the hair, it 920
seems, since ye are not quick of hearing when I speak.

(*Enter* KING.)

King. Sirrah, what doest thou? With what imagination set you thus at nought this city of Pelasgian men? Or think you, peradventure, it is a land of women you have come to? Your bearing is over haughty for an outlander toward Greeks; and you have made many misses and no hits.

Herald. And what herein has wrongfully been done amiss?

King. First, you know not how to demean yourself as a foreigner.

Herald. I know not? How, when I find what I had lost?

King. After notice given to what patrons in the country? 930

Herald. To the greatest of patrons—Hermes the Searcher.

King. To gods; yet show you no reverence to those same.

Herald. It is the deities about the Nile whom I revere.

Cf. *Ag.* 1231, *Cho.* 995, Lycophron 1410, Ar. *Nub.* 1378, Andoc. i. 129, Dem. 232. 20, 1483. 24.

[1] Heath suggested that this and the succeeding distich of the Herald should change places, thus making πολλοὺς ἄνακτας have reference to ἄναξ.

[2] ἄσεπτ' Tucker.

[3] ἐπισπάσας κόμης Pierson: ἀποσπάσας would mean 'dragging *from*.'

King. And those here are nothing, as I understand thee?

Herald. I shall carry these girls off, unless any choose to take them from me.

King. Thou shalt smart for it if thou lay finger on them, and that very soon.

Herald. I hear; it is not a hospitable answer.

King. I show not hospitality to robbers of the gods.

Herald. I will go and tell this to the sons of Aegyptus.

King. That is no concern to my mind.

Herald. But that I may speak by knowledge in plainer terms—for it is a herald's duty to give a clear account in all particulars—what am I to say? Who may I report has taken from me the women-folks, their cousins[1]? 'Tis not by the mouths of witnesses that Ares judgeth in such case; not in the receipt of silver doth he settle the dispute, but first there comes to pass full many a fall of man and shuffling-off of life.

King. Why should I tell thee my name? Thou shalt learn it in good season, both thou and thy companions. These maidens now, if they choose of their good will, you may take away—should they be prevailed upon by lawful argument. To such effect is the people's vote resolved unanimously by the state, never to surrender this band of women under force: through that the rivet has been driven clean, to keep it fast unalterably. It is not inscribed on tablets, this, or sealed up within the leaves of books, but you hear it plainly from outspoken lips. Get thee now straightway from my sight!

Herald. We are like, it seems, to involve ourselves in war. Be victory and triumph with the males!

King. Oh, males you will find in the people of this country; no drinkers of barley-mead.

You now, take courage all of you and proceed with your

[1] Weil supposes a lacuna here.

own handmaidens to the strong city locked with bastions of profound device. And houses are there, public in abundance, and I am housed myself on no illiberal scale: where you may share ready abodes with company, or if it be more to your pleasure, you are free to dwell in single-fashioned[1] houses. Choose herein—you are free—what is best and most to your liking: I am your protector, and the citizens all, whose will this is we are fulfilling. What higher authority need you wait for?

Chor. O filled be thou with blessings, noble king of the Pelasgians, for thy blessings done to us! But prithee send hither our brave father Danaus, our adviser and leader of our counsels; for precedence belongs to his consideration where we should make our abode and what region is agreeable. Every tongue is ready to cast reproach on foreigners; but may the best befall! With good report and unresentful language from the people[2] take up your stations[3] handmaids, according as Danaus allotted her portion of retinue in each daughter's case.

(*The handmaids take their places by their mistresses. Enter* DANAUS *with a body-guard.*)

Dan. My children, we should offer to the Argives prayer and sacrifice and libation as to Olympian gods, for they are *saviours* absolutely! The behaviour of cousins towards their own relations they heard from me with indignation against them,[4] and to me assigned this retinue of spearmen,

[1] *μονορρύθμους = μονοτρόπους*: cf. *ἰδιόρρυθμοι*)(*κοινοβιακοί, ἑτερόρρυσμος, ὁμόρρυσμος.*

[2] Perhaps there has been something lost here.

[3] I conjecture *ἐνὶ χώρᾳ τάσσεσθε.*

[4] *αὐτανεψίοις* is constructed with *πικρῶς* and so placed in order to emphasise the antithesis *ἐμοὶ δέ*: the simple form of the sentence would be *τὰ μὲν ὑπὸ τῶν αὐτανεψίων πρὸς τοὺς ἐγγενεῖς φίλους πραχθέντα πικρῶς ἤκουσαν, . . .*

that I might have rank and honour, and might not suddenly fall unawares by the death of the spear, and so an ever-living burden come upon the land. Recipients of such boons should hold gratitude in reverence at the helm of the mind . . . This precept also add to your father's many others recorded in your memory, that unknown company may be proved by time. In an alien's case every one bears an evil tongue in readiness, and to utter an expression of disgust comes easy. My charge to you is to bring no shame upon me, with your bloom so attractive to men's eyes. Ripe tender fruit is not easy to protect; mankind, of course, ruin (it) as much as beasts [and brutes that fly and that walk upon the earth:] . . . Cypris . . . proclaims open to desire[1]: and so every man in passing darts under the influence of desire a seductive arrow of the eye at the dainty loveliness of virgins. See therefore that we suffer not that for cause whereof all that labour (was endured) and all that ocean furrowed by our barque, and that we work not shame to ourselves and pleasure to our enemies. Habitation is before us of twain sort, the one offered by Pelasgus and the other by the city, to inhabit without rent: these are easy terms. Only observe these your father's charges, valuing chastity more than life itself.

Chor. In all else may the gods of Olympus grant us fortune! but for my bloom, father, thou needst have no fear; for unless some harm has been designed by heaven, my mind shall not swerve from her former path.

Come away now to glorify the blessed city-lords,[2] both

[1] Not only the words, but the punctuation and construction of this passage are uncertain. I suspect that καρπώματα should be κηπεύματα, 'gardens' cultivated by irrigation, as καρπεύματα has been altered to κηπεύματα in another case by Hermann (*Opusc.* i. p. 55). ἀνθωσ-μένην ἐρῶ I have little doubt should be ἀνεωγμέν' ἱμέρῳ (ἀνεωγμένην had been conjectured by Tucker).

[2] Tucker plausibly conjectures ἴτε μὰν ἄστυδ', ἄνακτας 'go ye citywards.'

the keepers of the town and them that dwell about the ancient stream of Erasinus. 1030

And ye handmaids, take up the strain, and let this the Pelasgians' country be the subject of our praise, and no more let the homage of our hymns be paid to the outpourings of the Nile:

But to the rivers that through this country pour their gentle draught and give it increase, with their rich flood solacing her soil. 1040

And may pure Artemis look with compassion on this band, and marriage never come through constraint of Cytherea: that prize be the portion of my enemies!

Yet is not Cypris disregarded by this friendly hymn; she shares with Hera power nearest removed from Zeus; and in august rites is the subtle-witted goddess honoured:

And leagued in their Mother's company are Desire and 1050 she to whom nothing is denied, winning Persuasion; also upon Harmonia hath been bestowed a share in Aphrodite,[1] and (upon) the whispering dalliance of the Loves.

But for the fugitives I have boding fears of vengeance yet[2] and sore distress and bloody war:—what means it that they have effected a successful voyage in swiftly-sped pursuit?

What is fated, that will come to pass. The mighty untranscended will of Zeus may not be overstepped: may 1060 this marriage prove as in many other women's case[3] before us!

May mighty Zeus defend me from wedlock with Aegyptus' race!

That would be best; but thou wouldst move the immoveable.

[1] Eur. *Bacch.* 295 Ἀρεώς τε μοῖραν μεταλαβὼν ἔχει τινά Tucker, who has a good note.

[2] φυγάδεσσιν δ' ἔτι ποινὰς Burges.

[3] μετὰ πολλῶν . . . προτερᾶν . . . γυναικῶν: so *e.g.* Hdt. vi. 68, Eur. *Hipp.* 441, 830, Plat. *Gorg.* 521 D.

And thou knowest not what shall be!

Why how should I discern the mind of Zeus, a sight unfathomable? Prithee let the words of thy prayer be moderate! 1070

What limit[1] is this I am to learn?

To observe the *Nought too much*[2] in things of heaven.

May Zeus the Lord spare me from cruel wedlock with a hated man, even as with healing hand he delivered Io again from her affliction, after making her possessed[3] by kindly force:

And award the victory to the women! I am content with 1080 that which is better than bad,[4] with two parts out of three[5]; content that by means of deliverance from heaven (conflicting) rights, in accordance with my prayers, should go the way of righteousness.[6]

[1] *καιρός* is the 'right point' of time or place, and hence is often synonymous as here with *μέτρον*.

[2] *μηδὲν ἄγαν*: the verb is formed as *λιάζειν* from *λίαν*.

[3] *ὥσπερ Ἰὼ πημονᾶς ἐλύσατ' αὖ χειρὶ παιωνίᾳ, κατάσχετον εὐμενεῖ βίᾳ κτίσας*, where *ὥσπερ* for *ὅσπερ* is Auratus' correction, *αὖ* for *εὖ* is mine, and *κατάσχετον* for *κατασχέθων* was restored by Weil. He took it to mean 'stayed from her distress'; but elsewhere it is a synonym of *κατάσχετος*, and so I have translated it, referring it to Io's condition before she was restored again to her human form—the aorist participle *κτίσας* having thus the same value as in Soph. *Aj.* 675 *λύει πεδήσας*.

The drift is 'May this only be a temporary trial; may Zeus, after subjecting us to all this tribulation, set us free again, and refrain from inflicting upon us finally the union we abhor.' *ἀποστεροίη* is 'withhold.'

[4] So Weil, rightly. 'I am content so long as the balance of fortune be ever so little on the right side.'

[5] *τὸ δίμοιρον* is 'the ratio 2 : 1,' as *διμοιρία*=$\frac{2}{3}$, *τὰ δύο μέρη*.

[6] *Cho.* 307, 460.

AGAMEMNON

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

AGAMEMNON, King of Argos ; son of Atreus.

CLYTEMNESTRA, his wife.

CASSANDRA, daughter of King Priam.

AEGISTHUS, son of Thyestes, and cousin of Agamemnon, against whom he has a blood-feud ; paramour of Clytemnestra.

WATCHMAN.

HERALD OF AGAMEMNON.

CHORUS OF ARGIVE ELDERS.

AGAMEMNON.

Scene: *The palace of Agamemnon at Argos.*

Time: *Night in the first scene; in the second* (*v.* 266 sqq.), *dawn.*

The watchman is discovered on the flat roof of the palace. During the tenth year of the war, in which it had been prophesied that Troy should fall, he had been set to watch for the beacon to be passed from Troy by Agamemnon as the sign of victory. It is now about the setting of the Pleiads (*v.* 817), *which marked the winter or storm-season* (χειμών, χεῖμα, *v.* 5).

Watchman. Heaven have I been beseeching for release from this weary task throughout the space of a whole year's watch; in which, while couched upon the Atreidae's roof dog-fashion on my arms, I have become familiar with the general gathering of the stars by night, and chief those splendid potentates pre-eminent in the sky, the great stars[1] that bring winter and summer upon earth—the seasons of their waning and the risings of them.

And so now am I watching for the torch-signal, a blaze of fire bringing a tale from Troy and tidings of her capture

[1] The constellations. δυνάστας is an astrological word.

—for so a woman's heart with masculine counsel is determined to expect.[1]

But while I pass my resting-time abroad by night and open to the dews—not visited by dreams, this couch of mine, for in place of Sleep stands Fear beside me to prevent me from closing eyelids fast—but when by way of an antidote compounded against sleep, I have a mind to sing or hum a tune, then does my voice break to sighing and moaning for the sad case of this house, being no longer managed excellently as heretofore.—But now at last may the fire shine out with good tidings in the gloom and a happy release from my labours come to pass!

(*The beacon presently appears upon the Arachnaean Hill.*)

O hail, thou blessed lantern! showing forth a light of day by night and signal for the setting-up of many a choral dance in Argos for this great event. Oho! Oho! [*calling to Clytemnestra, whose cry of triumph is heard presently*]. To Agamemnon's queen I'll give plain token to arise up from her couch with all speed and lift up her voice within in joyful cries of blessing on this blazing torch—supposing Troy be taken indeed, as is the manifest message of the beacon!—I'll lead off myself with a dance upon my own account, for I shall profit by my master's lucky throw, this beaconing having turned up treble six for me! [*Here he dances, which implies an interval, during which Clytemnestra sends round orders for a general sacrifice and summons the Elders.*] Ah well, God send at least the master of the house may come again, and I may clasp in mine his friendly hand. I say no more—there is a great ox treading on my tongue: but the house itself, could it find a voice,

[1] ὧδε γὰρ κρατεῖ ἐλπίζειν for ἐλπίζων. *Class. Rev.* 1900, p. 200.

might tell a very plain tale. I choose, for my part, to keep words for the informed, and for the uninformed to have no memory. [*Exit.*

(*Enter chorus of the* ELDERS.)

Chorus. This is now the tenth year, since Priam's powerful adversary, Prince Menelaus, and withal Prince Agamemnon—sons of Atreus both, fast-coupled in joint rank of throne and sceptre by the grace of God—put forth from this land with an army of Argives, raised for their service in the field, that filled a thousand ships: and loud they uttered harsh and passionate cries of War, as eagles do, that in remote anguish for lofty-nested children[1] wheel and turn continually on rowing pinions, having lost those bedded young whose watching was their care.

But one above—Apollo, it may be, or Pan or Zeus—hearing in sore complaint the shrill bird-clamour of those denizens within his region, sends, to punish by and bye, his Vengeance on the trespassers.

So against Alexander by a stronger power are sent the sons of Atreus—by Zeus Hospitable, in the cause of a woman shared by many men meaning to lay struggles many and weary, where the knee is pressed down in the dust and the spear-shaft snapped asunder first,[2] on Trojan and on Greek alike:—the matter is where now it is, and will be ended at the end appointed: with sacrifice

[1] ἄλγεσι παίδων ὑπατηλεχέων. *Class. Rev.* 1900, p. 113; 1902, p. 436.

[2] Before the issue is decided. προτέλεια, being especially ceremonies previous to the consummation of marriage, was metaphorically used for *preliminary* to the completion, perfection, accomplishment of anything —of a voyage in *v.* 237, of mature age in *v.* 721, and often in later authors.

unburnt, neither by oils poured over nor by fire lit under shall temper resolute be softened.[1]

But we, by reason of aged flesh defaulting, were omitted from that muster, and remain at home, supporting upon staves a strength that is but as a child's. For as the marrow, that holds sway within the breast,[2] being youthful is but as old age, and Ares is missing from his place; so Eld extreme, what is it, when the green leaf is now turning to the dry? Though he walks abroad with gait three-footed, yet doth he wander as he were a dream beheld by day, no better than a child.

But thou O daughter of Tyndareus, queen Clytemnestra, what occasion now, what stir? what new intelligence, receipt of what advice hath caused thee to set incense burning by messages sent round? The altars of all gods about the town, supreme, infernal, gods of doors[3] and gods of public places, are ablaze with gifts; and at this point and at that to heaven a flame arises, medicined with soft and innocent beguilements of pure unguent—paste royal from the inner store. Hereof reveal to us what is fit and possible to tell, and so bring healing for this anxiety, which now doth sometime prove malignant, and anon from the sacrifices Hope shines out with kindly ray and removes the eating care that preys upon my mind.[4]

[1] οὔθ' ὑποκαίων οὔτ' ἐπιλείβων
ἀπύρων ἱερῶν
ὀργὰς ἀτενεῖς παραθέλξει.

The phrase is purposely designed to bear two senses, 'the stubborn mood of sacrifices that refuse to burn,' and 'fixed wrath for unburnt-sacrifice,' wrath for the sacrifice of Iphigeneia.

[2] *Class. Rev.* 1902, p. 438, Plin. *N.H.* xi. 37, 67.

[3] τῶν τε θυραίων.

[4] τότε δ' ἐκ θυσιῶν τὴν θυμοβόρον
φροντίδ' ἄπλητον
φαίνουσ' ἀγάν' ἐλπὶς ἀμύνει.

The words, I think, were transposed to show the construction, and

The auspicious sign of victory that men of prime[1] received upon their road I am entitled to rehearse—for still the age with which my life is knit inspires me by divine grace with the impulse, valiancy for song[2]—how the twin-throned command of the allies, one-minded captaincy of the youth of Hellas, were sped with arm and spear avenging against the land of Teucros by a doughty feathered omen—king of birds to kings of ships appearing—both the black one and that white behind—hard by the royal pavilion, on the spear-hand side, in conspicuous station, feeding on a breed of hares in teeming multitude, all prevented from their final course.[3]

Let *Sorrow*, *Sorrow*, be the burden, but may good prevail!

The trusty army-prophet, seeing the twain warrior sons of Atreus two in spirit,[4] perceived as *hare-feasters* the conducting leaders, and thus declared his interpretation: "In course of time this expedition makes a prey of Priam's town; when all the general common herd before the walls by portion due shall be brought low perforce:—only let no divine displeasure overcloud fore-smitten the great bit for Troy's mouth in the field of war; for yet

τὴν θυμοφθόρον λύπης φρένα was an explanation of *τὴν θυμοβόρον φροντίδα*.

[1] *ἐκτελέων*, which, however, would be more naturally contrasted with immaturity than with the aged Elders' own decay. *ἐντελέων* would be 'men in power.'

[2] *ἔτι γὰρ θεόθεν καταπνεύει*
πειθώ, μολπᾶν
ἀλκάν, σύμφυτος αἰών.

Possibly *πειθώ* should be *πειθοῖ*, 'inspires me by divine impulse with puissance in song.'

[3] *βοσκόμενοι λαγίναν, ἐρικύματα φέρματα, γένναν,*
βλαβέντα λοισθίων δρόμων.

Class. Rev. 1897, p. 94; 1902, p. 439.

[4] *δύο λήμασι* is the predicate. *Class. Rev.* 1900, p. 214.

at home[1] pure Artemis bears grudge against her Father's winged hounds for sacrificing a poor timorous enchilded creature, with her young unborn; the eagles' feast is loathsome in her eyes. 140

Let *Sorrow*, *Sorrow*, be the burden, but may good prevail!

"Yet though so kindly-hearted, O Fair Maid, towards the small dew of devouring lions' womb[2] and suckling young of all wild creatures of the field, consent thou to fulfil, if ever any,[3] the omens of these fowls! omens favourable indeed, yet cause for discontent withal.[4] 150

"And the power of the *Healer* also I invoke, that she may not bring any adverse winds about, to stay the Grecian ships long time from sailing, her heart being set upon another Sacrifice, unsanctified by wont, for feast unfit, worker of feud in the very flesh, with awelessness of man:

[1] *οἶκοι γὰρ*, here at Aulis, before ever the expedition gets to Troy.

[2] The *lion*, which is common on Lydian coins and still extant on the ancient gates of Mycenæ, was probably the badge of the Lydian dynasty of Pelops. That seems to be the reason why the term is applied to various members of that family, Agamemnon in 1258, him or his army in 818, Clytemnestra in 1257, Aegisthus in 1223; and as the lion's offspring is a type of Helen in 718, so it appears here to mean Iphigeneia.

[3] *τόσον περ εὔφρων ⏑ ⏑ —*
δρόσοισι λεπτοῖς (or *λεπταῖς*) *μαλερῶν λεόντων*
πάντων τ' ἀγρονόμων φιλομάστοις
θηρῶν ὀβρικάλοις, εἴπερ τινά,
τούτων αἶνει ξύμβολα κρᾶναι,
δεξιὰ μέν, κατάμομφα δέ, στρουθῶν.

Class. Rev. 1901, p. 16. In the first line we should probably read *τόσον περ εὔφρων <δὲ>, καλά*, or *τόσον περ εὔφρων, ἀκαλά*, 'thou gentle one.'

[4] Since after all they are not wholly favourable to us, not satisfactory altogether (*ἀψεγῆ*, Soph. *El.* 496), but with elements in them which portend us evil too.

for there abides in wait a terrible recoiling keeper of the house, a treacherous unforgetting child-avenging Wrath!"

Such was the consequence, combined with much of good, that the voice of Calchas then pealed forth, as boded to the royal house by birds of omen by the way:—Wherewith in concord,

Let *Sorrow*, *Sorrow*, be the burden, but may good prevail!

Zeus, whosoever he may be,—if that style please his ear, by that style I address him—though my estimate tries all, there is none I can conjecture[1] besides Zeus, if I may honestly cast off the strange vague burden[2] on my mind. A violent destructive one was great of yore, swelling with blusterous pride of combat in all sorts; but shall not be reckoned, being one of the past[3]:—and he that rose up after met his overthrower and is gone:—but let a man with hearty shouts of triumph hail the name of Zeus, and he shall have understanding[4] altogether; Zeus, the guider of mankind upon the path of understanding by ordinance of *Instruction by Suffering* as a law established.[5] When sore pain that puts in mind of suffering breaks out before the heart in time of sleep, then sober thoughts come over the reluctant will:[6] it is a forced

Or 'compare.'

[2] 'Causeless,' 'unaccountable,' 'unwarranted.' *μάταν*, as often, is used like the adjective *μάταιον*.

[3] *οὐδ' ὅστις πάροιθεν ἦν μέγας, παμμάχῳ θράσει βρύων,*
οὐδὲν λέξαι πρὶν ὤν

is the MS., in which the corruptions are *οὐδ' ὅστις* and *οὐδὲν λέξαι*: I have adopted the readings *οὖλός τις πάροιθεν ἦν μέγας*, and *οὐδὲ λέξεται, πρὶν ὤν*. It is all a metaphor from a wrestling combat, and *παμμάχῳ θράσει* means 'with swaggering prowess in the *παμμάχιον*,' that is, the *παγκράτιον*.

[4] The opposite of *ἁμαρτήσεται φρενῶν*.

[5] It was in this way, I believe, that Prometheus became reconciled to Zeus.

[6] *Class. Rev.* 1903, p. 241.

kindness,[1] I take it, of Powers enthroned upon an awful bench.

So was it then with the elder leader of the Achaean fleet; cavilling not at any prophet, letting his spirit yield to violent circumstance,—what time the Achaean folk were sore oppressed by famishing delay from adverse weather, while they lay off the shore opposite to Chalcis in the region where suck to and fro the shifting tides of Aulis; when gales that kept coming from the Strymon brought unwelcome idleness and hunger and bad anchorage, driving men distraught, and squandering ships and cables, doubling the time of their sojourn, so that they wore the flower of Argos painfully away; and the prophet, alleging Artemis as cause, had cried out for the cruel storm a remedy more grievous to the princes than the storm itself, so that they struck their staves upon the ground and could not refrain from tears,—then was it that the elder prince uttered voice and said: "A grievous ill it is not to consent, and grievous too if I must slay my child, the jewel of my home, defiling at the altar-side a father's hands in streaming blood from a stricken virgin's throat! Is either course not full of misery? How can I lose my alliance and be deserted by my fleet? For that they should passionately rage for sacrifice to lay the wind—a virgin's blood—is permissible[2]:—may all prove well!"

But when once he had put on the harness of Necessity, his spirit shifting to another quarter,—of wickedness and bloody sin, from that moment[3] he resigned himself to utter reckless hardihood: for what hardens the hearts of men is

[1] *δαιμόνων δέ που χάρις βίαιος* or *βιαία*: they are stern justicers, but cruel only to be kind.

[2] The reading is uncertain.

[3] *τόθεν* might be relative, picked up by *ἔτλα δ' οὖν* after the parenthesis; but in any case it refers to *ἀνάγκας*, for *ἀνάγκη πάντολμος* was proverbial.

accurst Distraction with suggestions foul, the beginning of their hurt:—ah well, he did so harden himself to be the sacrificer of his daughter, in furtherance of war waged in a woman's cause and as a rite preliminary—to voyage of ships!

Her supplications, her callings on the name of 'Father,' and her virgin years by those war-thirsty arbiters were held for nothing: her father, after prayer, gave sign to the ministers to seize her as she lay wrapped in her robes, and with a good courage hold her aloft above the altar, drooping, like a kid; and that a guard upon her lovely lips by force and dumb constraint of bridle should prevent[1] the utterance of a curse upon his house.

Shedding her saffron raiment upon the ground, her sacrificers severally from the eye she smote with a plaintive shaft,—and showing as in a picture,—wishing to utter speech to them; for many a time had she sung where men feasted at her father's friendly board; with pure voice virginal at her beloved father's third libation was the hymn for blessing wont to be celebrated by his loving child.

What followed I beheld not, neither do I tell:—only the art of Calchas was not unfulfilled. The scale of Justice lets teaching fall to the share of such as have experienced: what shall be you may hear when it is in being; ere that, e'en let it go; it were but sorrowing beforehand; it will come full clear together with the rays of dawn. However,

(*Enter* CLYTEMNESTRA.)

may good success betide now in the sequel, to the wish of yonder[2] sole immediate bulwark of the Apian land.

[1] Or φυλακῇ, 'with a guard to prevent.'

[2] Meaning Clytemnestra. ἄγχιστον describes Clytemnestra's relation to the throne, which is expressly stated in the verses following (Schuetz). It was the almost invariable practice of the Greek stage for a character

Elder. I have come, queen Clytemnestra, in deference to your authority; for when the male throne is left vacant, it is right that homage should be rendered to the consort of a reigning prince. Now, whether it be good news you have received or not—whether merely happy-tiding hopes have caused you to make sacrifice, I would gladly hear; though if you keep silence I complain not.

Clytemnestra. With *happy tidings*, as the proverb is, may Morning issue from his mother Night! But you shall hear news of joy beyond all *hope*—the Argives have taken Priam's town.

Elder. What say you? it escaped me, so incredible it seemed.

Clyt. Troy in the hands of the Achaeans: am I clear?

Elder. Joy steals over me, summoning forth a tear.

Clyt. The eye indeed argues your good feeling.

Elder. What is the evidence? Have you any warrant?

Clyt. I have, of course—unless Heaven have played false.

Elder. Is it flattering apparitions in a dream command your credence?

Clyt. I should not scream[1] out the mere fancy of a slumbering brain.

Elder. Can it be some wing-swift rumour has puffed up your thoughts?

Clyt. You make light indeed of my understanding, as though I were a young child.

Elder. Why, within what period has the destruction of the city taken place?

Clyt. Within the night that gave this present morning birth.

Elder. What messenger could arrive here at such speed?

on the first appearance to be *announced* and described for the information of the audience.

[1] *οὐ δόξαν ἂν λάκοιμι βριζούσης φρενός.* *Class. Rev.* 1903, p. 243.

Clyt. Hephaestus, sending bright shine forth from Ida; and with posting fire one beacon hither still kept forwarding another on; Ida to Hermes' ridge in Lemnos, and from the island next did Athos, the steep of Zeus, receive third in his turn a mighty brand; and, mounting high, to put the ocean at his back,[1] thereby announcing, like another sun, his golden radiance to the summits of Makistos. And he was by no means tardy or heedlessly overcome by sleep, to slack his duty; far over Euripus' flood his beacon light arrived, giving signal[2] to the watchers on Messapion. They, setting fire to a stack of old gray heather, lit up an answering glare and passed the message further on: and the blaze in vigour and undimmed leaped over, like the shining moon, Asopus' plain, and coming to Cithaeron's ridge aroused a fresh relief of missionary fire. The far-sped light was not rejected by that station, which burned more than their bidding;[3] their light pitched beyond the lake Gorgopis and arriving at mount Aegiplanetus urged the fiery ordinance to make no tarrying;[4] and kindling up with liberal ardour they sent onward a great beard of flame, that it should pass right beyond the promontory that looks down on the Saronic gulf, so blazing; then it pitched, when it had reached the Arachnaean steep, the watch-peak neighbouring the town: and then upon the roof of the Atridae here a gleam alighted that may claim an ancestry in fire of Ida. Such was the arrangement of my torch-bearers,—one from another in succession still supplied; and victory is with him who ran in the first place and the last.[5]

[1] Or 'to skim the broad back of the ocean.' The passage being incomplete, the line which follows cannot be explained with any certainty.

[2] Or *σημαίνει μολόν* may mean 'signified his arrival'; *cf. v.* 960.

[3] Or 'more than the aforesaid.'

[4] *μὴ χρονίζεσθαι.*

[5] *πρῶτος δραμεῖν*, though it could mean to start first,' usually meant

Here is the warrant and the token that I give you, forwarded for me by my lord from Troy.

Elder. Lady, my prayers to heaven shall be made hereafter; but I would fain listen to your version of[1] this tale again throughout, and satisfy my wonder at it.

Clyt. This day the Greeks hold Troy. The town I guess is loud with ill-according cries: pour into the same vessel oil and vinegar, and you shall pronounce them unfriendly separated;[2] and separate so, according to their different case, may be heard the voices of the conquered and the conquerors. The one upon the bodies flung of husbands and of brothers, and on the bodies of their sons the aged fathers that begat them, are bemoaning from a throat no longer free the loss of their best loved: while the others labour of night-roving after battle ranges hungry at such breakfasts as the town affords—not after any billet in due apportionment! 'tis even according to their several drawings in Luck's lottery they are lodged now in their captive Trojan dwellings, from the frosts and dews of the bleak open sky delivered; and how blest![3] will sleep the livelong night without a watch to keep.

Now if they are showing due reverence to the gods—those of the conquered land—and the holy places of the gods then shall they not have spoiled only to be spoiled again.

'to finish first,' and the play of words (which may have been familiar in the case of torch-running) depends upon this ambiguity. The light from Ida ran both first and last, as starting first and ending last; the light from Mount Arachnae ran both first and last, as starting last and ending first.

[1] Reading ὡς λέγεις, for which there is a variant λέγοις. Perhaps we should read ἕως λέγοις (the optative following θέλοιμ' ἄν), as ἕως ἄν is now read for ὡς ἄν in Soph. *Phil.* 1330, *Aj.* 1117, *O.C.* 1361: this would be 'so long as you should speak.'

[2] Or διχοστατοῦντ' ἄν, οὐ φίλω, 'separated, and not friends.'

[3] ὡς δ' εὐδαίμονες.

But see no lust be falling upon them first, to ravish what they should not, out of covetousness! for they have yet to travel the second member of the course, and require safe passage home. But if only they should come without having offended against Heaven, the sore hurt of the perished should grow gentle in its language[1]—so be no sudden stroke of accident befall them.

Here you have my woman's words:—but may the good prevail without all counterpoise! for of so many blessings I would see the fruit.[2]

Elder. Lady, thy woman's words are sage as a sober-minded man's. Now, having heard good warrant from thee, I address me to make prayers to Heaven,[3] for there hath been wrought for the labour no unworthy recompense.

[*Exit* CLYTEMNESTRA.

Chorus. O Zeus, the King of Heaven! and thou O Night our friend, possessor of great glories! For upon the castled walls of Troy thou didst cast a net of proof, that neither great nor any young one should surmount the huge enslaving trawl, a Doom of universal capture.

Zeus it is of Hospitality that I acknowledge as the achiever of this act; he bent his bow on Alexander with long aim that so his bolt should neither fall short of the mark nor soar beyond the stars to alight without effect.

'*It is the stroke of Zeus that they have felt*' may be pronounced, and fully traced.[4] His act achieved was according to his determination. It hath been said by one that the gods deign not to take note of such on earth as trample

[1] εὐήγορον. *Class. Rev.* 1903, p. 289.

[2] τὴν ὕπνισιν MS., 'the due fruit.'

[3] θεοὺς προσειπεῖν αὖ παρασκευάζομαι as Ar. *Av.* 226, *Thesm.* 99. They don't say εὖ προσειπεῖν or προσαυδᾶν, but the verb alone.

[4] Διὸς πλαγὰν ἔχουσιν' εἰπεῖν πάρεστιν, τοῦτό τ' ἐξιχνεῦσαι. *Class. Rev.* 1902, p. 440.

on sweet sanctities: but he was irreligious! Manifest as penalty for wicked sin hath here been shown us havoc of presumptuous arrogance[1] with mansions teeming in excess beyond the Best;[2] and let that be, with a good endowment of the mind to have sufficience without hurt. For there is no strong fortress to be found for him that in surfeit of Wealth kicks into obscurity[3] the great sanctuary of Righteousness.

But he is forced by the wretch Temptation, fearful child of designing Doom. Then cure is all in vain. His evil is not hidden, but shows forth plainly as a sinister gleam; like base metal under the application of the rubbing touch-stone he is found to have a dark stain fixed in him—being as a child in pursuit of a bird upon the wing[4]—laying fearful contamination upon all his people.[5] To prayers no god will listen, but pulls down as guilty the man that is conversant with such things.

Such a man was Paris, who visited the home of the Atreidae and then did scandal to the guest-table by theft of a wedded woman.

She, bequeathing to her own countrymen bustling stir of men with shield and spear and armament of seamen, and bringing to Ilium, in the place of dowry, ruin, hath passed nimbly through the gates, in commission of a crime! Then sorely wailed the spokesman of the house,[6] crying, *Alas, alas for the home, the home and for the princes! Alas for the husband's bed and the wifely print of her form upon*

[1] *πέφανται δ' ἐκτίνουσ' ἀτολμήτων ἀρὴ πνεόντων μεῖζον ἢ δικαίως.* *Class. Rev.* 1901, p. 105. Compare *v.* 1512.

[2] *I.e. τὸ μέτρον*, Due Measure.

[3] *I.e.* puts it out of his sight.

[4] Ambition winged by Hope.

[5] *πόλει πρόστριμμα θεὶς ἄφερτον.*

[6] Those who voiced abroad the state of Menelaus who sat moping in a corner abject and abased.

it! Silence may be seen, dishonoured, unreviling, ... silence of moping grief that sits apart;[1] *through yearning for one beyond the sea it would appear a phantom that is master of the house. The charm of shapely statues is become hateful in his sight; in the lack of eyes*[2] *all passion of love is lost.*

In dream there still are present flattering[3] *semblances,— ringing only a vain joy; for all in vain, when fancying that he beholds his bliss*[4]*—away through his hands the vision slips and is gone a moment afterwards on wings attendant upon the travelling of Sleep.*

These, and transcending these, are the sorrows by the hearth at home; while at large for such as launched together from the land of Hellas what is proper is heart-broken mourning[5] of their several houses; there is plenty at any rate that touches to the heart! — those whom each sped forth to war he knows; but instead of men those that return again to their several homes are urns[6] and ashes.

Ares, the Changer—of bodies, whose balances are poised —in the battle, sends back from Ilium for their friends at home a heavy dust passed through the fire for bitter tears, filling small decent vessels[7] with ashes in exchange for man.

Then they make lamentation, duly praising each man,— this one as an expert warrior, that one as nobly fallen in the carnage — *'for sake of another's wife!'* growls some one under his breath; and sore resentment spreads covertly against the principals in the quarrel, the Atridae.

[1] *πάρεστι σιγὰς ἀτίμους ἀλοιδόρους ἀφημένων ἰδεῖν.*

[2] Through which come *ἵμερος*: as *χειρῶν ὀλλυμένων, ἔρρεν πολυεργὸς Ἀθήνη*, Orpheus in Lobeck *Aglaopham.* p. 951.

[3] *πειθήμονες*, Housman, as *ὀνείρων φάσματ' εὐπιθῆ*, *v.* 286.

[4] *εὖτ' ἂν ἐσθλά τις δοκῶν ὁρᾶν*—'when (he would embrace her)'; but the verb is effectively omitted. *Class. Rev.* 1898, p. 246.

[5] *πένθει' ἀτλησικάρδιος* as *ἀτλησίφρων.*

[6] Or 'arms.'

[7] *Class. Rev.* 1902, p. 438.

While others there abroad in all their shapeliness occupy tombs in Ilian land—occupants hidden beneath a hated soil.

A people's talk when in wrath is dangerous; it performs the office of a curse publicly decreed. My anxious thought awaits the news of something shrouded now in night:—the Gods are not regardless of such as cause much bloodshed; when a man is prosperous unrighteously, the black Erinyes by dwindling waste again of his substance cause him to grow faint and dim; and when he is finally among the vanished, there is no help then.

Dangerous, moreover, is exceeding good report; for lofty peaks are struck from heaven by jealous eyes of Zeus.[1] Good fortune free from envy is my choice: I would neither be despoiler, nor yet be made captive myself to see my life under the dominion of another.[2]

One of the Elders. Swift rumour has gone through the city at good tidings brought by fire; but whether it be true or not, who knows? Supposing it be not some divine deceit.[3]

Another. Who is so childish or so crazy as to let his heart be fired by messaging in flame only to sink again upon the contradiction of the story?

Another. It is like a woman's lightness to yield assent to pleasure before the appearance of proof visible.

Another. Feminine desire is over-easily persuaded and spreads rapidly;[4] but as rapidly extinguished doth fame voiced by a woman perish.

One of the Elders who has been looking out towards the

[1] *βάλλεται γὰρ ὄσσοις Διόθεν κάρανα*, Tucker.

[2] *μήτ' οὖν αὐτὸς ἁλοὺς ὑπ' ἄλλῳ βίον κατίδοιμι.*

[3] *εἰ δ' ἐτήτυμος τίς οἶδεν; εἴ τι θεῖόν ἐστι μὴ ψύθος.*

[4] As *fire* does. *πιθανὸς ἄγαν ὁ θῆλυς ἔρος ἐπινέμεται ταχύπορος*' *Class. Rev.* 1902, p. 441.

sea. We shall soon know about these beaconings of light-bearing torches and these passings-on of fire, whether they be true, or whether this light came only with a dream-like joy to cheat our sense:—I see a Herald yonder coming from the shore beneath the shade of olive-branches:—and by Mire's consorting sister, thirsty Dust, I am assured of this,—he shall not make you sign without a voice or by kindling flame of mountain timber with mere smoke, but with express words shall make either joy more plain, or else —but with the alternative I have no patience now; may fair result appear to cap fair witness visible!

Another. If there be any that prays otherwise, let him reap himself the fruit of his misguidedness.

(*Enter* HERALD.)

Herald. O my dear fatherland, my native soil of Argos, on this blessed day in the tenth year[1] I have come back to thee again, when many a hope hath snapped, successful in this one;[2] I never thought that I should die in Argos here and have my share of burial in this dearest land. Now at last my blessing on the land, and blessed be the Sun's light, and Zeus the land's most high, and blessed be the Lord of Pytho and shoot forth his shafts no longer upon us! Thine enmity was shown sufficiently beside Scamander's banks; but show thyself *Preserver* now and *Healer*, Lord Apollo! My salutation to the Gods of Gathering all, and chiefly my own patron, Hermes the dear Herald, whom heralds worship; and to the Heroes that once sent us forth, praying that they may receive again with kindness what the spear hath spared. Hail royal palaces, beloved abodes, and august seats, and sunward-facing deities—with bright eyes radiant now, if ever formerly, welcome the King duly after all

[1] δεκάτου.

[2] Hopes being *anchors* or *cables* to a Greek.

this time! For bringing light in the night-time both to you and all this company together hath King Agamemnon come! O give him, then, good welcome! for indeed it is his due, since he hath levelled Troy with the mattock of Zeus Justicer, whereby the soil hath been broken and the seed of all the land destroyed.[1] So heavy is the yoke upon Troy's neck laid by our prince the elder son of Atreus, man of blessed destiny, who now hath come; and who of all men living is the worthiest to be honoured; for neither Paris nor his associate[2] people can profess that what they did surpasses what they have suffered: cast in a suit for rape and theft, he hath not only lost his plunder but hath caused his fathers' house to be shorn off and utterly destroyed with all the land pertaining; thus the sons of Priam have paid twofold penalty for their offence.

Elder. Herald of the allies returned from the field, I wish you joy.

Herald. Thanks; let me die now![3] I'll oppose the will of God no more.

Elder. Was it love-sickness for home that tried you?

Herald. Ay, so much that my eyes fill with tears for joy.

Elder. It was a sweet disease, then, this that you had gotten.

Herald. How is that? Instruct me, and I shall master that saying.

Elder. As being smitten with desire for those that returned your passion.

[1] The MSS. insert *βωμοὶ δ' ἄϊστοι καὶ θεῶν ἱδρύματα*, *Persae* 813 quoted from memory in illustration: it would be impossible here. *Class. Rev.* 1898, p. 246; 1902, p. 439.

[2] *συντελής*, sharing the same privileges, and so involved in the same liabilities.

[3] *χαίρω· τεθναίην (δ')· οὐκέτ' ἀντερῶ θεοῖς.* 'Now I can depart in peace, for happiness and content' (*v.* 555).

Herald. Do you mean that you longed for the army as it longed for home?

Elder. So much that I have often sighed with a vague misgiving heart.[1]

Herald. Whence came this gloom that hung over you disliking war abroad?[2]

Elder. Silence has long been my preservative against hurt.

Herald. How? In the absence of our princes were there any that you stood in fear of?

Elder. So much that now, in your own phrase,[3] even death were joy.

Herald. Indeed it is a grand success:—though, taking the time in all, with part that one may call successful there was part unsatisfactory—none but a god can live unhurt perpetually:—for were I to recount our labours and hard lodging — rare vouchsafements[4] and with sorry bed — and[5] Then again our lot on shore was even worse; for our lying was close against the enemy's walls, and drizzling from the sky and dews from the fenny earth distilled upon us with abiding damage, making our hairy garments full of vermin. And if one were to tell of winter —how fearful was the cold, killing the birds, that snows on Ida made—or heat, when on his noonday couch unruffled by a breath the deep lay sunk in slumber without ripple? —What need is there to repine for this? The labour is past,—for the dead, so past that they will never care now even to rise again:—what is the use of reckoning the tale of all the spent and of the live heart grieving for malignant

[1] *ὡς πόλλ' ἀμαυρᾶς ἐκ φρενός γ' ἀναστένειν.*

[2] *πόθεν τὸ δύσφρον τοῦτ' ἐπῆν στυγοστράτῳ;*

[3] His *τεθναίην* in *v.* 544.

[4] *σπαρνὰς παρείξεις* (from *παρείκω* as *εἶξις* from *εἴκω*), 'opportunities,' or 'relaxations.'

[5] *τί δ' οὐ στένοντες οὐ λαχόντες ἤματος μέρος*; MS.

fate? I think that our misfortunes may be fairly asked to take a long farewell.[1] For us, the remnant of the Argive host, the gain outweighs, the suffering is no counterpoise; so that we may well go flying over land and sea upon the wings of fame this bright day boasting thus: '*By Argives, having at last captured Troy, unto the Gods throughout all Hellas were pinned up these trophies, to be a monumental glory for their shrines.*' Those that hear such doings should applaud the country and the captains; and the grace of Zeus shall be duly prized, as the achiever of this act.—You have my tale in full.

Elder. I am overborne, and yield with a good grace, for docility keeps ever young.[2]—But this should most concern the house and Clytemnestra, though enriching me at the same time.

Clyt. I lifted up my jubilant hymn before, a while ago, when the first messenger arrived by night in fire, declaring the capture and laying waste of Ilium; and they rebuked me, saying, '*Art thou so persuaded by beacons to believe that Troy is taken? O like a woman to be so exalted!*' This was the language, arguing my wits abroad; yet I continued offering, and throughout the town they raised the jubilant anthem after woman's use, lulling in the shrines the spice-fed odorous flame.

So now, what need is there for *thee* to tell me all the circumstances? I shall soon learn the whole story from the King himself: but that I may hasten best to receive my honoured lord on his return—for to a woman's eyes what hour is sweeter than the hour when heaven-preserved her

[1] καὶ πολλὰ χαίρειν συμφορὰς καταξιῶ, one of the many variations of the phrase χαίρειν λέγω or κελεύω. The sense is ἔρρετ' ἀνῖαι, *valete curae!*

[2] ἀεὶ γὰρ ἡβᾷ τοῖς (or τοι) γέρουσιν εὐμαθεῖν, 'teachableness,' as δυσμαθεῖν from δυσμαθής. 'It is never too late to learn.'

husband comes home from the field and she unbars her gates for him?—take back this message, that he come with all speed, the country's darling, come to find in his home a faithful wife, even as he left her, a true hound on guard, to him still constant, foe to his ill-wishers, and for the rest, alike at all parts, never having tampered all this while with any seal; of joys from another man—nay, even the breath of scandal—I am as innocent as of plunging metal! [*Exit.*

Herald. Such is the boasting; though brim-full of truth, unseemly, surely, for a noble dame to trumpet?[1]

Elder. That is *her* protestation, as you apprehend,—in the judgment of good critics only specious. But now your story, Herald,—Menelaus, what of our beloved prince? Shall we see him safe back with you?

Herald. It were impossible to paint falsehood in fair colours and enable the enjoyment of it to be lasting.

Elder. Might fortune then permit you to show *truth* in a fair guise! When true and fair are sundered, it is ill-concealed.

Herald. The man has disappeared from the allied force, together with his ship: there is no falsehood there.

Elder. Had he launched forth in full sight from Ilium, or was it a storm befalling all in common that tore him from the rest?

Herald. You have hit the target like a master, and concisely phrased a long story of distress.

Elder. Did general talk from other voyagers speak of him as alive or dead?

Herald. No one has the knowledge to report with certainty, except the Sun who fosters the earth's growth.

Elder. What is your account of the storm's coming by the wrath of deity, and its result?

Herald. It is not proper to profane a day of praise with the

[1] *Class. Rev.* 1903, p. 242.

voice of evil tidings: that ceremony is apart from Gods of Heaven.[1] When a messenger with gloomy countenance reports disastrous accident of an army overthrown—one general wound befalling the city and from their many several homes the excommunication of their men under that twofold scourge that Ares uses,[2] destruction double-armed, bloodshed in double harness—when, I say, the burden on his back is of that kind, then proper is it that the hymn he utters should be this to the Erinyes:—but when he comes with good tidings of preservation to a city blest in the enjoyment of all happiness,—how then should I commingle good with evil, speaking of a storm that came upon the Achaeans surely through the wrath of Heaven! For Fire and Sea, the bitterest enemies before, now swore alliance[3] and displayed their compact by destroying the unhappy Argive army. In the night-time rose up trouble of the waves; for Thracian winds dashed our ships against each other; and they, being rammed with blast of the hurricane and battering sleet, by the wild handling of that evil shepherd disappeared. And when the bright light of the sun rose up, we saw the surface of the Aegean ocean as in flower with corpses of our men and wreck of ships. We however with our ship undamaged in the hull were either stolen off or begged off by some Power more than human with his hand upon our helm: and Saviour Fortune sat of her grace upon our ship so that we should neither suffer surf at

[1] *Class. Rev.* 1901, p. 23; Plat. *Tim.* 69D, *Legg.* 828C.

[2] An ἀγήλατος μάστιξ, as it were, with two lashes, one inflicting public and the other private wound; *Class. Rev.* 1902, p. 60: these two wounds are described in the line following, where the metaphor in δίλογχον is from the common practice of carrying a pair of spears.

[3] This in the usual story was regarded as a compact struck between Poseidon and Athena (privileged to employ her Father's lightning), who had previously been on opposite sides. The opening of the *Troades* of Euripides shows them making this agreement.

anchor nor strand upon a rock-bound shore. Then, having escaped a watery grave, with white dawn, hardly crediting our fortune, we let our thoughts dwell upon our sudden reverse, our fleet being wrecked and sorely buffeted. So likewise are *they* now—if there be any of them yet alive—speaking of *us* as perished, doubtless; while *we* imagine *them* to be in the same condition. Let us hope the best we may! For Menelaus, though your first and chiefest expectation must indeed be that he is in sore straits,[1] still, if there be any ray of the Sun descrying him alive and sound, there is some hope that by the contrivances of Zeus, being not yet minded to destroy the race entirely, he may yet reach home again.

So much you may be assured is a true story.

CHORUS.

Who can it have been that gave a name thus altogether true—was it some Being invisible, guiding his tongue happily by foreknowledge of fate?—to Helen the bride of war, the centre of contention? For she proved with fitness *Hell enow* to ship and man and town when issuing from her sumptuous chamber-curtains she set sail before the breath of Earth-sprung Zephyrus[2]—and after her a swarming host of men, fierce hunters armed with shield upon the trail,—the unseen oar-blade trail of a quarry that had landed at the leafy banks of Simois,—in bloody rivalry.

But thought-executing Wrath brought that κῆδος to

[1] προσδόκα μογεῖν.—πρῶτόν τε καὶ μάλιστα means μάλιστα μὲν καὶ πρῶτον, to which εἰ δ' οὖν is the opposition.

[2] Who according to one story was the father of Ἔρως: Lydus *de mens.* p. 117 Bekker Ἔρωτι, ὃν οἱ μυθικοὶ Ζεφύρου τοῦ γίγαντος εἶναι ἀξιοῦσιν, ὥς φησιν Εὔρυτος ὁ Λακεδαιμόνιος ὁ μελοποιός: Bergk *Poet. Lyr.* iii. p. 639. It was as the wind of Love that Zephyr lent his aid.

fulfilment in the true meaning of the term,[1] by exacting account in after time for dishonouring of the Stranger's Table and of Zeus of the shared home from those who once so freely[2] celebrated the bride-honouring strain, the kinsmen to whose part it fell to sing the wedding-chorus then.

Now in her age doth Priam's ancient city learn a different strain, a strain of plenteous lamentation; loud, I ween, she moans now, terming Paris '*O thou fatal wedded!*' after having suffered in time previous an age of most plenteous lamentation[3] for the sorrowful blood of her own sons.

A Herdsman kept once and adopted in his own house a Lion's offspring,[4] still at breast; that in its life's preluding stage was tame, the friend of childhood and the delight (even) of the venerable;[5] and often took it in his arms like a nursling infant, under stress of appetite wooing the hand with radiant visage.[6]

But when time had passed over him, he revealed the true nature he derived from his parentage:—in payment of his debt of maintenance he made ready—at no man's bidding—a feast with destruction of the cattle; so that the house was drenched in gore, the habitants aghast in helpless agony, and great was the slaughterous damage. The will

[1] *κῆδος ὀρθώνυμον μῆνις ἤνυσεν.* *Class. Rev.* 1900, p. 116. There is no word in English that will cover the two senses of *κῆδος*, 'relationship by marriage' and 'mourning' (the due office of relations). '*Hell enow*' above is perhaps the best that can be done for Ἑλέναυς, 'destroyer of ships.'

[2] *ἐκφάτως*; or *εὐφάτως* (*i.e.* *εὐφήμως*), 'with note of praise and gladness,' which afterwards became *δύσφημον*.

[3] *τἄμπροσθ' ἢ πολύθρηνον.*

[4] *ἔθρεψεν δέ λέοντος ἶνιν δόμοις ἀγάλακτα βούτας ἀνήρ*, Wecklein.

[5] Compare Hom. *Il.* 3. 149–158.

[6] *φαιδρωπὸν ποτὶ χεῖρα σαίνοντα*—like Ate, *v.* 1227, *Pers.* 98.

of God had domiciled him in the house to be the minister of destroying Doom!

Likewise I would say there came to the city of Ilium one for the moment[1] with a spirit of unruffled Calm, a languorous jewel in the crown of Wealth, with soft arrows of the eye, a blossom of loveliness to wound the heart:—

But then she swerved aside and brought the union to completion with a bitter end, launched upon the sons of Priam with curse in her habitance and curse in her companionship, in the conduct of Zeus Hospitable, an Erinys bringing tears to brides!

There is a venerable saying hath been framed on earth of old, that human Weal, when come to the full growth, has issue, and dies not childless; that Woe insatiable is the natural heritage of good fortune.

But my view is different from the world's and single: that it is the *sinful* deed which begets more in the likeness of his own kind, whereas righteous houses are ever blest in their children.

It is the wont of ancient *Insolence* to engender in the evil—soon or late, when comes the appointed hour—a youthful Insolence, in cloud of darkness an avenging Spirit[2] that neither fight nor battle can withstand, of sinful recklessness bringing black ruinous Doom upon the habitation—an Insolence in the likeness of its progenitors.

But *Righteousness* doth shine in sooty dwellings, and shows her honour to the virtuous man; your gold-bespangled mansions where there is filth upon the hands she forsakes with eyes averted and addresses her unto the holy,[3] bowing not before the power of Wealth—false coin made current

[1] *πάραντα*, of which *παραυτ-ίκα* is the temporal adverb, as *αὐτ-ίκα*, *τηνι-κα*.

[2] *βαθύσκοτον δαίμονα τίταν*.

[3] *ὅσια προσέφατο*, Tucker.

by the world's approval—and guides all things to their proper goal.

[*Enter* AGAMEMNON *in a four-wheeled travelling-wagon drawn by mules; followed presently by another containing among other spoils* CASSANDRA, *who continues motionless and silent but in view.*

CHORUS.

Come now, O King, despoiler of Troy, offspring of Atreus, how shall I address thee or show thee homage without overshooting or falling short of the due measure of thy content? There are many that dishonestly affect mere outward show:[1] each is ready to heave a sigh over distress, no pang of sorrow reaching to the heart; and likewise in the similitude of such as share in joy, forcing their unsmiling countenances, ...[2] But he that is a good judge of the flock shall never be deceived by human *eyes* that while feigning to glow with warm affection are yet flattering only with a lukewarm love.

Thou, in the time when thou wast despatching an armament for sake of Helen, wast pictured to my eyes—I will not cloke it—in most unlovely lineaments; as not guiding well the rudder of thy wits in seeking to recover at the cost of good men's lives a willing wanton.[3] But now with no shallow feeling or false friendship < I may say > 'The labour smiles on the successful labourer.'[4] In course

[1] Or τὸ δοκεῖν εὔνοι (as Lucian iii. 274), 'the pretence of kindness.'

[2] The line has been lost which contained the finite verb; 'they smile only with the lips' was the usual thing to say. *Class. Rev.* 1900, p. 116; 1903, p. 244.

[3] *I.e.* Helen. *Class. Rev.* 1900, p. 116.

[4] νῦν δ' οὐκ ἀπ' ἄκρας φρενὸς οὐδ' ἀφίλως
< ἔστιν ἐπειπεῖν >
'εὔφρων πόνος εὖ τελέσασιν.' *Class. Rev.* 1898, p. 247.

of time thou wilt discover by enquiry whose stewardship of the state among thy folk is honest, and whose unseasonable.

Agam. My salutations are due first to Argos and the Gods of the country, that have shared with me in my safe journey and in justice I have wreaked upon the town of Priam. Having heard the unvoiced cause, they cast into the urn of blood, with no dissentient, their votes for perishing and waste of Ilium; to the other vessel Hope of the filling hand kept coming nigh, without fulfilment. The capture of the city now remains still manifest by the smoke: there is life yet in the gusts of Ate,[1] and the ash expiring with them puffs out rich breaths of wealth.

For this should memorable reward be paid to the Gods; seeing that we have taken vengeance for an arrogant rape and for a woman's sake a city hath been laid desolate by a fierce Argive monster, hatched by a Horse in form of people armed, that made its spring about the sinking of the Pleiades and leaping over the strong walls (like) a raw-fed lion lapped its fill of despot's blood.

This lengthened preface for the Gods: as for your sentiment, which I remember,—I agree; you have me of your counsel: few are they with whom it is natural to admire a friend's good fortune without jealousy; that bitter venom settles at the heart making the diseased man's burden double heavy: not only is he bowed beneath his own sore load, but groans at the sight of prosperous ease in others. With knowledge—for I am well acquainted with that glass, companionship—I may pronounce *ghost of a shadow* certain ones in seeming most devoted to me:—only Odysseus, he that sailed against his will, when harnessed pulled beside me zealously at need,—whether he be dead now or alive. For the rest, affairs of state and of religion, we shall appoint general meetings and deliberate in full

[1] Or *θυηλαί*, 'in Doom's burnt-sacrifice.'

assembly: and our deliberation must be how what is well now may continue well; where we find aught in need of medicinal remedies, we shall endeavour to remove the mischief by sage use of knife or searing-iron.—Now I will proceed to my palace and my own home's hearth, to begin with salutation to the Gods who sped me forth and have brought me home again: may Victory, as she hath attended me, remain still constant!

Clyt. Good citizens, Council of Argos here before me, I shall not blush to confess to you my loving disposition—timidity wears away in time. It is not from others' prompting I shall speak now of my own unhappy life the whole time that my lord here was absent before Ilium. In the first place it is fearful hardship for a woman without man to sit at home all solitary, her ears filled with malignant rumours, and for one after another to come crying out disasters for the house each worse than the last. Wounds, —if my lord received as many wounds as rumour still in conduit hither kept reporting, he must have perforations in him[1] past the number of a net:—or if his deaths had been as numerous as the stories, he might have had three bodies—Geryon the second—with an ample threefold coverlet of earth to boast above him—never speak of that beneath—one death for each several form! In consequence of such malignant rumours many a time by force against my eager will[2] have others loosened the suspended halter from my neck. This is the reason that we have not standing by our side here, as we should, the boy Orestes, who in his person owns the pledges of love between us two: think it not strange; he is in the keeping of our good ally, Strophius the Phocian, who forewarned me of trouble on two accounts, —thine own peril before Ilium, and the chance that popular tumultuous anarchy might plot[3] conspiracy against us, it

[1] τέτρηται. [2] πρὸς βίαν λελιμμένης. [3] καταρράψειεν.

being natural impulse when a man is down to kick him more:—this was the representation, carrying no guile in it.

For myself, the welling springs of tears have run quite dry, there is not a drop left in them; I have suffered injury to my late-watching eyes through weeping for the still-neglected lamps alight for thee: and in my dreams the faintest wing-beats of a whining gnat would startle me while I beheld more accidents to thee than could be in the time that shared my sleep.

Now at length after going through all this with unrepining spirit I would hail my husband here as watch-dog of the fold, preserving mainstay of the ship, firm-grounded pillar of the lofty roof, a sole-born child appearing to a father, land appearing to a sailor beyond hope![1] [Fairest is the sight of daylight after storm, spring-water to the thirsty wayfarer, and sweet is the deliverance from all distress.] These are the terms I use to do his merit honour; and let Envy keep afar, for the troubles we have been enduring in time past were plenty.—Now, dear my lord, step from that wagon,—but not setting on the ground thy royal foot, the vanquisher of Ilium!—Come, make haste, women, upon whom the office hath been laid to strew with tapestries the path he treads upon! Straightway let a purple road be made, that Justice may conduct him to his undreamed home.

The rest shall never-slumbering thought dispose in fashion just—please God—to all content.[2]

Agam. Offspring of Leda, warden of my house, thy speech was appropriate enough to my absence,—because it has

[1] μονογενὲς τέκνον πατρὶ (παρ' ἐλπίδα φανέν) is the meaning: *Class. Rev.* 1903, p. 244.—The three lines bracketed which follow look as though they had been quoted from elsewhere in the margin.

[2] Reading θήσει δικαίως, σὺν θεοῖς, θυμάρμενα or σὺν θεοῖσιν, ἄρμενα for σὺν θεοῖς εἱμαρμένα, 'shall dispose in fashion just—God willing—as ordained by Fate.'

been lengthy; but becoming commendation—that is an honour that should come from other lips. Moreover, pamper me not so, as though I were a woman; nor adore me, as though I were an Eastern, with loud open-mouthed prostrations; nor bring down jealousy upon my path by strewing it with raiment. These are the pomps to honour divine beings with; but for human feet to tread upon embroidered fineries is to my conscience by no means without cause of fear. I charge you, venerate me not as God but as a man: the words '*footmats*' and '*embroideries*' ring very differently in report,[1] and a sane mind is the greatest gift of Heaven. Felicitation should be deferred until a man has ended his life in happy state. I have said how I should act herein with a good conscience.[2]

Clyt. Now tell me this, of your honest mind,——

Agam. My mind, you may assure yourself, I shall not alter.

Clyt. —Would you in an hour of danger have made this manner of proceeding[3] a vow promised to Heaven?

Agam. Yes, if the performance of such ritual had been prescribed by well-advised authority.

Clyt. And Priam,—what think you he had done upon the same achievement?

[1] Blass, *Mélanges Henri Weil* (1898), p. 13: to walk merely over ποδόψηστρα would be ἀνεπίφθονον: but it would have a very different sound if rumour said that he had walked upon τὰ ποικίλα, which belong to the service of the Gods.

[2] εἶπον τάδ' ὡς πράσσοιμ' ἂν εὐθαρσὴς ἐγώ. Perhaps the meaning is 'I will act herein with an easy conscience in the manner I have stated.'

[3] That is, of course, sacrificing dyed garments. The right reading is

ΚΛ. ηὔξω θεοῖς δείσας ἂν ὧδ' ἔρξειν τάδε;
ΑΓ. εἴπερ τις εἰδὼς γ' εὖ τόδ' ἐξεῖπεν τέλος.

where the MS. gives ἔρδειν and ἐξεῖπον. So in *v.* 954 Clytemnestra says πολλῶν πατησμὸν εἱμάτων ἂν ηὐξάμην, 'I would readily have vowed the sacrifice of many robes to ransom Agamemnon's life.'—He would have obeyed Calchas as he had done in the matter of Iphigeneia.

Agam. I think he had walked upon embroideries most certainly.

Clyt. Have no scruple then for censure of mankind.

Agam. There is much force, nevertheless, in the murmur of a people's talk.

Clyt. Ay, but he is not thought enviable that moves no jealousy! 930

Agam. It is quite unwomanly to thirst for contest.

Clyt. But felicity is graced by yielding victory.

Agam. Do *you* set store on '*victory*' of that kind?

Clyt. O yield; though you are the superior, if you make me a voluntary concession.[1]

Agam. Well, if it is your pleasure, let my shoes, that serve the foot in the office of a slave, be loosed: and as I tread upon these purples, may I not be smitten from afar by any jealous eye of Heaven! For indeed I have much conscience to be prodigal,[2] in wasting wealth, textures cost- 940 ing silver.—So much for me:[3] now take this damsel in with kindness; a gentle master is regarded with approval from afar by God: no one submits willingly to the yoke of slavery, and she, who hath followed in my train, was presented by the army as the choicest flower of all our treasure.—Since I am constrained to listen to thy will herein, I will go towards my palace trampling purples.

Clyt. There is the whole sea—surely none shall dry it up! 950 —breeding, only for its weight of silver, stain renewable of purple in abundance for the dyeing of robes; and of these, my lord, the house—thank Heaven—affords us store already;[4]

[1] *πιθοῦ· κρατεῖς μέν τοι παρείς γ' ἐκὼν ἐμοί*, as Soph. *Aj.* 1353.

[2] *δωματοφθορεῖν*, poetical for *οἰκοφθορεῖν*. This is the scruple that Clytemnestra scoffingly replies to in *v.* 949.

[3] *τοὐμὸν μὲν οὕτω.*

[4] Cf. Theocr. 22, 223, Eur. *El.* 359, 868. If any alteration is to be made, I think it should be *οἶκοι*.

penury is a thing the house is not acquainted with. Nay, I would have vowed the trampling of a thousand robes had it been so enjoined upon the house at the oracles when I was contriving means for the recovery of this precious life! The root existing, foliage reaches to a house, spreading thereby a shade against the parching Dogstar; so on thy arrival at thy hearth and home, warmth as it were in winter signifies its coming,[1] ay, and what season Zeus above matureth wine out of the bitter unripe grape,[2] then is there coolness within doors when the complete man is about his house:— [*As* AGAMEMNON *goes in.*

O Zeus *Completer*, grant completion of my prayer, and take good heed of what thou meanest to complete! [*Exit.*

Chorus. Wherefore doth this spirit of dread so fixedly keep hovering, ever set before my boding consciousness?[3] Why without bidding or reward doth music chant me warning prophecy? And why can I not forthwith puff it from me like a puzzling dream and have assuring confidence seated on my bosom's throne?[4] Time . . . the general cast of the stern-cables ashore . . . the sea-borne host sped for the walls of Troy,[5] and by the witness

[1] *σημαίνει μολόν.*

[2] The meaning in her mind is Zeus maturing vengeance for Iphigeneia; and it is this that causes the elaborate shape of the comparison, and explains the significance of the particles *ὅταν δὲ τεύχῃ Ζεύς γε*, 'ay, and when Zeus,' or 'ay, but when Zeus.'

[3] *Class. Rev.* 1902, p. 437.

[4] *οὐδ' ἀποπτύσας θάρσος εὐπειθὲς ἵζει φρενὸς φίλον θρόνον*, the construction slightly varied from *οὐδ' ἀποπτύσας θαρσῶ.*

[5] Corrupt and difficult to restore: one notion is

χρόνος δ' ἐπεὶ
πρυμνησίων ξυνεμβολάς
ψαμμὶς (or *ψαμμὰς*) *ἀγὰ παρήφ—*
ησεν εὖθ' ὑπ' Ἴλιον
ὧρτο ναυβάτας στρατός.

'Time has passed since the sandy shore chafed (or 'grazed,' from

of my own eyes I am assured of their return; yet still my soul within me all-untutored keeps intoning that untunable 980
dirge-note of Vengeance, without owning altogether the sweet confidence of hope. There is true meaning in the agitation of my inward parts: the breast my heart is dashed against gives warrantable presage, and the eddying tides that hurl it give assurance of fulfilment![1] Yet may all belie my fears and fall out false, and end in being unfulfilled!

Health, grown large, will never rest content within his 990
limit; yet against it presses neighbour Sickness with a common party-wall between:[2] and so doth human fortune when in full career strike (suddenly) upon a hidden shoal (of calamity).[3]

Yet if only cautious Diffidence cast (concern for) the store of riches overboard (beforehand) from the derrick of Due Measure,[4] the whole fabric does not founder through being surcharged with a pernicious freight; does not en-

παρ—αφάω) the cables cast out together from the stern when the sea borne host sped for the walls of Troy.' Cf. *v.* 40 and 437.

[1] *πρὸς ἐνδίκοις φρεσὶν τελεσφόροις δίναις κυκώμενον κέαρ.* *Class. Rev.* 1902, p. 437.

[2] Corrupted, but the sense is clear: probably it should begin with *μάλα τι*

[3] *καὶ πότμος εὐθυπορῶν*
ἀνδρὸς ἔπαισεν <ἄφνω
δυστυχίας πρὸς> ἄφαντον ἕρμα.

[4] *καὶ τὸ μὲν πρὸ χρημάτων*
κτησίων ὄκνος βαλὼν
σφενδόνας ἀπ' εὐμέτρου

MS., which I believe to be correct, though the grammatical construction of the words *τὸ μὲν πρὸ χρημάτων* is uncertain. *ὄκνος* (nearly the same as *εὐλάβεια*) is the opposite of *θράσος* 'rash, confident security,' which leads men to disaster (*ἄτη*). *σφενδόνη* (*Class. Rev.* 1900, p. 5) was the technical term for the derrick used for discharging cargo. *μέν* marks the antithesis with *v.* 1004, *τὸ δ' ἐπὶ γᾶν πεσὸν . . .* as in *Supp.* 452.

gulf the hull; a large and bounteous gift of Zeus above even from the annual ploughing of the fields dispels the plague of famine.

But human blood once fallen aforetime mortal on the earth,—who shall call it up again with incantations? Even the one who had the proper science to raise up from the dead,—did Zeus not stop him again to prevent his purposes being thwarted?[1] Were it not that fated portions ordered by divine will are kept by each other in control and prevented from gaining advantage over one another, heart had outrun tongue and poured this out; but now frets only fuming in the dark, anguished and without hope ever of evolving aught to timely purpose from a fevered brain.

(*Enter* CLYTEMNESTRA.)

Clyt. Get thee within doors also, thou Cassandra: since Zeus hath mercifully made thee a partaker in our holy water, allowing thee to take thy place with all our other slaves before the altar of Possession, leave the wagon and be not over-proud: they say Alcmena's own son once submitted to bondage in spite of the slave's fare.[2] [Best no doubt to be exempted from that fortune;[3]] if, however, that condition should be forced upon one, there is great comfort in having masters with hereditary wealth; those who have reaped a rich harvest unexpectedly are ever harsh and inequitable to their slaves. You have from us the customary treatment.

Elder. She hath done; it is to thee she has been speaking in plain terms. Being a prisoner within the toils of

[1] οὐδὲ τὸν ὀρθοδαῆ
τῶν φθιμένων ἀνάγειν
Ζεὺς ἀπέπαυσεν ἐπ' ἀβλαβείᾳ;

[2] δουλίας μάζης βίᾳ (Verrall).

[3] If a line to this effect has not been lost, it is at any rate implied.

Fate, you had better yield if you can find it in your heart; perhaps you cannot.

Clyt. Well, unless she be, like a swallow, possessed of some strange foreign tongue, my words must speak within her comprehension and persuade her to consent.

Elder. Go with her; what she says is the best that may be as things are; consent and leave thy session in the wagon.

Clyt. I have no leisure to be wasting time outside here! The cattle are already standing before the central hearth[1] for slaughter, as a thank-offering for this unlooked-for boon: so if you mean to take any part in the performance, make no tarrying; or if you cannot understand, and do not take the meaning of my words, then in lieu of speech you may e'en make a sign with your outlandish hand.

Elder. The lady appears to stand in need of an interpreter; her bearing is like that of a wild creature newly captured.

Clyt. In sooth, she is mad, and governed by some misguided mood, when she hath come from a city newly captured and yet cannot learn to bear the bridle until she hath foamed off her fiery spirit in blood. However, I'll not waste more words upon her to be so disdained. [*Exit.*

Elder. But I, because I pity her, will not be angry. Come, sad lady, leave this carriage empty; yield to necessity and take this hard new yoke upon thee.

Cass. O woe, woe, woe! Apollo, O Apollo!

Elder. What means this '*woe, woe*'! in Apollo's case? He is not of a nature to have mourners for him.

Cass. O woe, woe, woe! Apollo, O Apollo!

Elder. There again, calling upon the bright god with dolorous cries, when his presence belongs by no means to a scene of lamentation.

[1] πάρος for MS. πυρός. *Class. Rev.* 1903, p. 287.

Cass. Apollo, Apollo! God of Ways, Apollo mine indeed! For thou hast proved thy name upon me with a verity the second time!

Elder. She is going to prophesy, it seems, about her own misfortunes; the divinity remains in the mind still though it be enslaved.

Cass. Apollo, Apollo! God of Ways, Apollo mine indeed! What way is this thou hast brought me on, what dwelling!

Elder. The Atreidae's: if you do not understand that, let me inform you; and you will not find it false.

Cass. Nay, it is abhorred of Heaven, privy to many horrible secrets of kindred murder and butchery, a man-shambles sprinkling.[1]

Elder. The lady seems to have a keen scent; and she is hunting on a track where she will find killing.

Cass. Yes, there is the evidence I put my trust in! Yonder behold infants wailing slaughter and roast. Flesh eaten by a father!

Elder. We had heard of your fame in divination,[2] but we are not in search of any soothsayers.

Cass. O God, what is this plot! This huge calamity plotted in the house, past love's endurance and past remedy, while succouring strength stands far aloof.

Elder. I have no knowledge of these divinations; but I guessed the former, because the whole city rings with them.

[1] πολλὰ συνίστορα
αὐτόφονα κακὰ καὶ ἄρταμα (or ἀρταμάς).
For καὶ πεδορραντήριον Dr Verrall would read παιδιορραντήριον 'a place for sprinkling (with the blood of) babes.' παιδίον is not elsewhere used in Tragedy, but the sense suits admirably if it can be got out of the word.

[2] τὸ μὲν κλέος σου μαντικὸν πεπυσμένοι
ἦμεν.

Cass. O wretch, wilt thou do that? Thy wedded husband, after giving him his cleansing bath—how shall I declare the end? 'Twill be done presently—hand after hand stretched out and straining hither.

Elder. Still dark to me; it was riddles before; now it is obscure blind oracles that perplex me.

Cass. (*shrieking*). Oh, oh, what is this that comes in view? Is it some hellish net? But she is a snare that shares the bed, that shares the guilt of murder. The insatiate Pack that haunts the race may lift their shout of triumph over the abominable sacrifice![1]

Elder. What Avenging Spirit is this you summon to lift up her voice upon this house! The words take the light from my countenance: back to my heart in saffron colour[2] run the drops, even such as in men fallen by a mortal wound are seen at the same moment with the setting rays of life,[3] when the fatal end comes quickly.

Cass. Ah, ware, ware! Keep clear of the Cow! The Bull in raiment she has caught and with a black-horned engine smites![4] He falls in a vessel of water.—This is the story of a treacherous murdering caldron.

Elder. I cannot boast to be a perfect judge of oracles, but this looks like something wrong.—But from oracles what good message ever issues? Terms of evil are the means

[1] λευσίμου, 'stonable,' 'deserving stoning' (that is, 'lynching'), as καταλεύσιμος, ἀράσιμος, μαστιγώσιμος. See *vv.* 1409, 1413.

[2] Yellow or green being the hue of pallor in a Greek.

[3] ἅτε καὶ δορὶ πτωσίμοις ξυναντύτει (whose arrival synchronises, coincides) βίου δύντος αὐγαῖς, the very pallor that is seen in wounded men when life is ending in a yellow sunset.

[4] ἄπεχε ταῦς βοός·
τὸν ταῦρον ἐν πέπλοισιν
μελάγκερῳ λαβοῦσα μηχανήματι
τύπτει.

by which the wordy arts convey their lesson of prophetic fear.[1]

Cass. Ay me, the sorrow of my miserable doom—for I crown the cup of lamentation with my own fate that I must suffer[2]—ah, whither hast thou brought me here, for nothing but to share in death, what else? 1130

Elder. Thou art frenzied, heaven-transported, waiting for thine own misfortunes in wild strain like some brown nightingale unsatisfied with crying, in unhappiness of soul with '*Itys*,' '*Itys*,' plaining for a life[3] luxuriant in misery. 1140

Cass. Oh fate of the melodious nightingale! The gods surrounded her with a winged shape and sweet existence save for lamentation;[4] but in store for me is cleaving with a two-edged weapon!

Elder. Whence do these heaven-transported and unmeaning pangs come rushing on thee? Wherefore shape 1150 in song these tales of terror with a loud ill-omened crying, and withal in high-uplifted strain? Whence are the limits that define the path of thy ill-uttering inspiration?

Cass. O wedding, wedding of Paris the destruction of his

[1] From Soph. *Trach.* 1131, *τέρας τοι διὰ κακῶν ἐθέσπισας*, this would appear to be an allusion to some proverbial phrase.

[2] —*τὸ γὰρ ἐμὸν θροῶ πάθος ἐπεγχύδαν*,—as *χύδην*, *καταχύδην*. Adverbs of this form were usually explained by participles, and the MS. here has substituted *ἐπεγχέασα*.

[3] Or, 'bewailing Ityn, Ityn, through a life flourishing with sorrow.'

[4] *περέβαλον γέ οἱ*
πτεροφόρον δέμας
θεοὶ γλυκύν τ' αἰῶνα κλαυμάτων ἄτερ.

'A sweet life except for lamentation,' otherwise the conditions are all pleasant. I have never been able to see that *κλαυμάτων ἄτερ* can have any other meaning here than this which Schneidewin also had suggested: the nightingale in Greek poetry from the earliest to the latest was the type of unconsolable lamentation. *ἄτερ*, like *ἄνευ*, and many other words meaning 'without,' 'apart from,' is used elsewhere in the sense 'except.'

kin! Alas my native stream Scamander! Once did I wax on nurture from thee by thy shores; but now I am like presently to chant my oracle beside Cocytus and the banks of Acheron.

Elder. What is this saying thou hast uttered all too plain? A child could understand. I am smitten as by a deadly creature's bite at the sore agony of thy piteous plaining, shattering my heart to hear.

Cass. O labour, labour of my country utterly destroyed! Alas my father's sacrifices for his walls,[1] so prodigal in slaughter of the grazing herds—yet they availed not for any cure to save my country from her present plight, while I with fevered brain shall presently draw nigh unto the net spread out.[2]

Elder. This utterance follows in the same strain as the last; there is some malignant Spirit that falling with a heavy swoop upon thee causes thee to voice in music sufferings with a burden of mourning and death; and the end I cannot see.

Cass. Now shall my oracle be no more looking from behind a veil dimly like a newly-wedded bride, but is like to come upon me rushing like a bright clear wind[3] blowing

[1] Or 'before his walls.'

[2] τὸ μὴ οὐκ ἔχειν πόλιν μὲν ὥσπερ οὖν ἔχει,
ἐγὼδὲ θερμόνους τάχ' ἐμπελῶ βόλῳ.

The correction of the first line I think certain; and in the second I believe that ἐμπελῶ βόλῳ (for ἐμπέδω βαλῶ) is the truth; it exactly describes what she does in *v.* 1290 *sqq.* For the metaphor, see the oracle in Hdt. i. 62, Opp. *Hal.* 3. 465, *Cyn.* 4. 141, Eur. *Bacch.* 838, *Rhes.* 721, Herodas 7. 75.

[3] The metaphor shifts by means of the word λαμπρός, which covers the meaning 'fresh' applied to wind. As πνεῖν and πνεῦμα, *spiritus*, meant not only *wind* but *inspiration*, the spirit of prophecy is spoken of in terms belonging to a rushing mighty wind, and the metaphor is here developed into a characteristic Æschylean figure: *Class. Rev.* 1902, p. 437.

ἐν μέρει δ' ἀπέπτυσαν εὐνὰς ἀδελφοῦ τῷ πατοῦντι δυσμενεῖς: the

towards the sunrise, so as to wash up against the eastern light a horror, like a billow, huger far. I will instruct you now no more in riddles. Come keep pace with me and bear me witness while I scent out the traces of the acts done long ago.

This House here is for ever haunted by a Quire, harmonious, but not melodious, for their language is not good to hear.

Ay and well drunk, to be more bold and insolent, with human blood, it is a revelling troop that stays within the house, hard to expel, of kindred Furies. They besiege the chambers, chanting for their chant original deadly Sin; and in turn they sicken with abhorrence at a brother's marriage-bed, with bitter enmity against the violator.—Have I missed my aim or brought my quarry down?[1] Come, with an oath attest that I do know the long and sinful history of this house!

Elder. Why, how should an oath's plight,[2] though genuinely plighted, be medicinal? But I marvel at thee, though bred up over-seas, to speak as accurately of a foreign land as though thou hadst been present.

Cass. It was the Seer Apollo that put me in possession of this office.

Elder. Though divine, being smitten with desire?

Cass. Hitherto I was ashamed to tell of this.

Elder. Ay, we are all more nice and delicate in prosperous times.

words admit of various constructions. δυσμενεῖς may be either nominative or accusative (belonging to εὐνάς); or we might take ἀπέπτυσαν absolutely and understand the rest to mean δυσμενεῖς τῷ εὐνὰς ἀδελφοῦ πατοῦντι.

[1] ἢ θηρῶ τι, τοξότης τις ὥς; Greek often adds to metaphors such phrases as ὥστε τοξότης, ναυτίλων δίκην, which we should not express.

[2] ὅρκου πῆγμα: Eur. *I.A.* 395 τοὺς κακῶς παγέντας ὅρκους καὶ κατηναγκασμένους.

Cass. O but he contended for me strenuously, with ardent favour in his heart towards me.

Elder. Came you in due course to the act of child-getting?

Cass. I consented with Loxias and then broke my promise.

Elder. Being already captured by the gift of divination?

Cass. Already I foretold my people all the fortunes they should suffer.

Elder. How comes it, then, you were uninjured by the wrath of Loxias? 1210

Cass. After that offence I found no credit for my words with any one.

Elder. Well, thy divinations appear credible to *us*.

Cass. (*moaning*). Oh, oh, horror Again comes over me the fearful labour of clear vision, working and troubling me with (agony at the) outset.[1]—See there yonder, seated against the house, young forms, like phantom-shapes of dream Children, slain as it were by their own kindred their hands filled with flesh, familiar meat ay, they show plain, holding their vitals with their other inward parts, a lamentable dish, whereof the father 1220 tasted!

For this I tell you that revenge is plotted by a craven Lion that tumbles in the bed, to keep it safe, no doubt,[2] for the returning master—my master, for the yoke of slavery must be endured. Captain of the fleet and ravager of Ilium, he knows not, after all the fair and lengthened speeches uttered blandly by the lewd hound's tongue, what work she means to bring, like treacherous Ate, to accurst accomplishment![3]

[1] ταράσσων φροιμίοις an adjective has been lost.

[2] οἶμαι *credo*.

[3] The MS. is correct, except that we must read λέξασα κἀκτείνασα

Such desperate wickedness! The female is the slayer of the male. What loathsome monster may I call her? Amphisbaena? or a *Scylla*, *housed* in the rocks for *sailors'* ruin?—that mother raging with Hell's bacchanal frenzy,[1] war relentless in her heart against her own. The criminal, and how she raised her jubilant cry of triumph as at the foe's rout, and in the safe home-coming feigns to rejoice!

Herein, whether you credit me or not, it is all one: what is to be will come; and you shall soon be present and with pity call me all too true a prophet.

Elder. Thyestes' feast upon his children's flesh I understand and shudder; fear is upon to hear such absolute verity beyond all counterfeit: but at the rest I heard I run quite off the track.

Cass. You shall behold the death of Agamemnon.

Elder. Hush, unhappy lady, calm thy profane lips.

Cass. Nay, it is no *Healer* whose influence is present in the thing I tell of.

Elder. Not if it is to be; but Heaven avert it!

Cass. While you stand praying, they are busy there to slay.

Elder. By what man's hand is this crime to be brought about?

Cass. O then you are indeed thrown wide from the track of what I prophesy![2]

(Plat. *Prot.* 329A ὥσπερ τὰ χαλκία πληγέντα μακρὸν ἠχεῖ καὶ ἀποτείνει): οἷα is understood with λέξασα as well as with τεύξεται as though it were οἷα λέξασα οἷα τεύξεται.

[1] θύουσαν Ἄιδου μητέρα, a mother acting like a Ἄιδου θυιάδα or Ἄιδου βάκχον, as was rightly understood by Conington. So Ἄιδου δίκτυον 1103, Eur. *Cycl.* 393 τῷ θεοστυγεῖ Ἄιδου μαγείρῳ, Aristias *fr.* 3, μαζαγρέτας Ἄιδου τραπεζεύς, etc., hellish, hell's own, devilish, deadly.

[2] When you say 'by what *man's* hand.'—The right reading is παρεκόπης: she refers to the confession ἐκ δρόμου πεσὼν τρέχω in *v.*

Elder. Because I cannot see the means whereby the doer should accomplish it.

Cass. And yet I am instructed in the tongue of Hellas, only too well.

Elder. Why, so are the Pythian oracles,[1] but they are hard enough for all that.

Cass. Oh the burning fire coming over me, O Apollo Lyceus,[2] O! [*moaning*] Yonder two-footed Lioness, sleeping with a Wolf in the absence of the noble Lion, will take my miserable life: as though it were a poisonous draught she were compounding, (vows that) she will make *my* wages 1260
an ingredient in the rancorous brew,—while sharpening her blade for man (vows) to take bloody vengeance for my bringing-here.[3]

Why then do I keep these trappings to be my own mockery—these robes and wands and fillets of divination round my neck? You at least, I will destroy before my hour. [*Here perhaps she breaks her golden wand; at least she flings it from her with the fillets and perhaps her gold-embroidered robe and probably tramples on them.*]

Lie there; go to perdition; thus I'll requite you.[4] Find some other to enrich with doom instead of me.

Why, it is Apollo himself stripping me of my prophetic raiment—yes, after surveying me even in these vestments,

1244. ἀποκοπῆναι τῶν ἰχνῶν was used in the same way of hounds being thrown off the trail: Bekk. *Anecd.* 418. 25 ἀποκοπῆναι τῶν ἰχνῶν τὴν κύνα λέγουσιν ὅταν μηκέτι εὑρίσκῃ τὰ ἴχνη.

[1] "Ελλην' ἐπίσταται φάτιν is understood.

[2] Apollo in his character of Destroyer, as 'Wolf-slayer.'

[3] The construction of the sentence is uncertain. ἐπεύχεται ἀντιτίσασθαι would be 'prays to,' ἐπεύχεται ἀντιτίσεσθαι 'vows that she will'

[4] If the reading is τῷδ' ἀμείψομαι or πεσόντα θ' ὧδ' ἀμείψομαι: but many think it should be ἐγὼ δ' ἅμ' ἕψομαι, 'I shall follow.'

laughed to scorn, had in derision by friends and foes alike without distinction.—I had to endure, like a wandering mountebank,[1] being called *beggar, poor wretch, starveling*—so now the Seer, after making me a seer too, hath brought me to this deadly pass: instead of my father's altar[2] there is here in store for me a block reddened with the hot blood from my severed neck.[3]

Yet shall our dying not be unavenged of Heaven; for there shall come another to be champion of us, born to slay his mother and avenge his sire; an exile banished and estranged, he shall return to put the crown upon the fatal doings of his House. There is a solemn oath sworn by the Gods that the father's outstretched body shall draw him hither.

Why then do I wail thus and complain? Once having seen my town of Ilium in her present plight, while's Ilium's captors, under the judgment of high Heaven, come off thus —I will go (and fare likewise) and endure my death.[4] [*She goes up to the palace-gates.*] Ye Gates of Death, I greet you; and I pray to get a mortal stroke, that my life-blood may flow easily and I may close these eyes without a struggle.

Elder. Lady of many sorrows and much wise knowledge, thy words have been lengthened:—but if thou art verily aware of thine own doom, how comes it that thou steppest with as calm a courage as an ox upon his heaven-destined path towards the altar?

[1] Punctuating καλουμένη δέ, φοιτὰς ὡς ἀγύρτρια, ...

[2] The altar of Ζεὺς Ἑρκεῖος at which Priam was slain.

[3] Reading θερμῷ κοπείσης φοίνιον προσφάγματι, her second-sight prefiguring the block already red with blood: compare the vision of Theoclymenus in Hom. *ν.* 348–357. θερμὸν κοπέντος φοινίῳ προσφάγματι would mean 'smoking with the bloody sacrifice of Agamemnon.'

[4] Seneca *Agam.* 1004–11. πράξω is doubtful.

Cass. There is no avoidance;[1]

Elder. Nay, but the latest in time hath the pre-eminence.

Cass. The day is come: I have little to gain by flight.

Elder. Well, thou art indeed a patient sufferer with a brave heart.

Cass. That is a commendation never heard by those of happy fortune.

Elder. Well, there is a comfort in a noble death.

Cass. O alas for thee, my father, and thy noble children!

(*In entering the palace she suddenly recoils.*)

Elder. What is the matter? what terror makes thee start away?

Cass. Faugh, faugh!

Elder. Why 'faugh, faugh'? Unless it be some inward horror.

Cass. The house is filled with a scent of dripping blood!

Elder. Nay, nay: this is only the smell of sacrifices at the hearth.

Cass. It is such a reek as issues from a tomb.

Elder. No Syrian odour, truly, that you give the house!

Cass. Well, I will go in, to wail there too for my own and Agamemnon's fate:—my days must be sufficient for me.

O sirs, I am not misdoubting in mere idle terror like a bird that dreads a bush! Confirm my words when I am dead, upon the day when for my dying dies another woman, and for a man ill-mated falls another man:—I crave this witness of you as at the point of death.

Elder. Poor sufferer, for thy foreshown fate I pity thee!

Cass. I wish to speak yet once again a speech—or rather my own dirge:—I pray unto the Sun, before his latest light,

[1] οὐκ ἔστ' ἄλυξις, οὔ, ξένοι, χρόνῳ πλέῳ MS.

that to my champions, when they arise, my enemies may pay the like for a slave's death, an easy victim.[1]

Elder. Alas for the state of Man! When faring well, the pleasure of it is but as it were the pleasure of a *shadow*; should it fare unhappily,—the picture clean dashed out with a sweep of a wet sponge! And for this latter case I feel far greater pity.[2]

[1] *τοῖ' ἐμοῖς τιμαόροις*
ἐχθροὺς φανεῖσιν τοὺς ἐμοὺς τίνειν ὁμοῦ
δούλης θανούσης

or *τοῖς ἐμοῖς τιμαόροις*
ἐχθροὺς φόνευσιν τοὺς ἐμοὺς τίνειν ὁμοῦ

'that my enemies may pay for the slaying of a murdered slave,' though *φόνευσις* would be a strange word for tragedy to use.

[2] I have no doubt that the true reading is

ἰὼ βρότεια πράγματ'· εὐτυχοῦντα μὲν
σκιά τις ἂν τέρψειεν· εἰ δὲ δυστυχοῖ,
βολαῖς ὑγρώσσων σπόγγος ὤλεσεν γραφήν.

It is an Æschylean figure developed out of the phrase *σκιὰ τὰ θνητῶν* (Nauck *Trag. Frag.* p. 783, *Medea* 1213, *Ajax* 125, *Aves* 683, etc.), '*All is Vanity*,' empty and unsubstantial, and not real or solid: 'every man at his best state is altogether vanity,' *Psalms* 39. 5, Soph. *O. T.* 1185. Æschylus makes his 'shadow' that of *σκιαγραφία*, as Iamblichus *Protrept.* 8 : *εἰ θεωρήσειεν ὑπ' αὐγὰς τὸν ἀνθρωπινον βίον· εὑρήσει γὰρ τὰ δοκοῦντα εἶναι μεγάλα τοῖς ἀνθρωποις πάντα ὄντα σκιαγραφίαν κτέ.* Pleasure of this life (*τὸ τερπνόν*) is short-lived and faint like a deceptive imitation : Xen. *Symp.* 4. 22, *ἡ μὲν αὐτοῦ ὄψις εὐφραίνειν δύναται, ἡ δὲ τοῦ εἰδώλου τέρψιν μὲν οὐ παρέχει πόθον δὲ ἐμποιεῖ* : cf. Ar. *Poet.* p. 1430^{b} 1, Stob. *Flor.* 14. 24. This train of thought led Greeks to the conclusion *μὴ φῦναι ἄριστον*, and the chorus in Soph. *O. C.* 1211 sqq. is only a versification of an ancient and familiar commonplace. There we have *τὰ τέρποντα δ' οὐκ ἂν ἴδοις ὅπου*, and in Pind. *P.* 8. 88 *ἐπάμεροι· τί δέ τις, τί δ' οὔ τις ; σκιᾶς ὄναρ ἄνθρωπος* (an hyperbole like *εἴδωλον σκιᾶς, καπνοῦ σκιά*) is led up to by the reflection *ἐν δ' ὀλίγῳ τὸ τερπνὸν αὔξεται, οὕτω δὲ καὶ πίτνει χαμαί*, Pleasure is like the grass that withereth and the flower that fadeth; *τοῖς ἴκελοι πήχυιον ἐπὶ χρόνον ἄνθεσιν ἥβης τερπόμεθα*, Mimnermus says.

εὐτυχοῦντα μέν applies to Agamemnon's fortunes, *εἰ δὲ δυστυχοῖ* to Cassandra's : *κυριώτερα δ' ἐν οἴκτῳ τὰ τῆς Κασάνδρας*, says Philostratus

Chorus. With all mankind Prosperity is insatiable; even from finger-pointed[1] palaces no one warns her away and bars from entrance with the saying 'Thou shalt no more enter.'[1] Here is a man now to whom the blessed Gods have granted the defeat of Priam's town; and he returns home safe, honoured of heaven: but if he is now to pay the price for others' bloodshedding before him and with his own death to complete in recompense the tale of others that have died, who can boast to have been born with an unharmful destiny,[2] on hearing this? 1330 1340

Agamemnon, within the palace. Oh, I am hurt within here, wounded mortally!

Elder. Hush, who is that crying out 'a hurt' with a mortal wound!

Agam. Oh, and again! a second blow!

Elder. To judge by the king's groans, the deed appears to have been done. Come, let us take safe counsel together as we may best contrive.[3]

(*The twelve Elders fall into a debate.*)

1*st Elder.* I give you my opinion; sound a summons to the citizens to bring rescue to the palace hither.

Imag. Κασάνδρα, and that is what Æschylus takes care to stress. But it is hardly for Cassandra to pronounce that her own case is far more pitiable than Agamemnon's; and I think with Weil that this final comment is, as usual, by the chorus: vaticinatur Cassandra, non philosophatur.

[1] That is, 'admired and gorgeous palaces,' show-places.

ἐπικρανεῖ MS., and the future is the natural tense here, but it is hardly credible that it could be scanned *ἐπικρᾰνεῖ*, and a paroemiac at this point is unusual. Perhaps *ἐπικράνειεν* 'should be complete'

[2] *τίς ἂν <ἐξ> εὐξαιτο* Schneidewin. *τίς ἂν <οὐκ> εὔξαιτο* would mean 'who would not pray to have been born with a low and harmless star?'

[3] *ἀλλὰ κοινωσώμεθ' εὖ πως ἀσφαλῆ βουλεύματα.*

2nd Elder. And I say, break in at once and put the matter to the proof with the sword drawn.[1]

3rd Elder. I take much the same view, and I vote for *acting* somehow; it is no moment for deliberation.

4th Elder. 'Tis palpable; their opening gives sign of tyranny in the act.

5th Elder. Because we are dallying! while they spurn the lauded name, *Deliberation*, in the dust and are awake and active.

6th Elder. I cannot tell what *counsel* I should hit upon to give: it is to the *doer* that belongs the counsel about the doing.

7th Elder. I am of the same opinion, for I know no way of raising up the dead again with *words*.

8th Elder. Even to prolong our lives, shall we bow down under the mastery of these dishonourers of the house?

9th Elder. It is not to be borne; it were better die at once; death is a milder lot than tyranny.

10th Elder. Shall we indeed divine the king as having perished merely upon the evidence of *groans*?

11th Elder. We should be well assured before we indulge anger: conjecture and sure knowledge are two different things.

12th, the leader, summing up. That is the course I am swayed by a majority on all sides to approve,—to assure ourselves with certainty about the king's condition.

(*The scene opens and discloses Clytemnestra standing over the two bodies, Agamemnon in the baths and by his side Cassandra.*)

Clyt. After many speeches made with politic discretion heretofore, I shall not be ashamed now to declare the

[1] σὺν νεορρύτῳ ξίφει, *i.e.* νεοσπαδεῖ, κολεοῦ ἐρυστῷ.

contrary. How else, when carrying out a scheme of hate, against a hated enemy, supposed to be a dear friend[1]—how else fence the toils of harm to a height beyond overleaping? This for me was only the deciding crisis of a long-standing feud, long contemplated, and though it has taken time, arrived at last! I stand here with the fact accomplished, where I struck. And I so contrived—I'll not deny it—that he should neither escape his doom nor defend himself against it: I cast around him, like a net for fish, a blind enwrapment without opening—deadly wealth of robe!—and struck him twice; and with two groans he let his limbs give way; and then when he was fallen down, I added a third blow for a prayer-offering to the *nether* Zeus Safe-keeper[2]—of the dead. With that he lay quiet, gasping out his own life; and in blasting forth the eager jets of blood he drenched me with a crimson shower of gory dew, while I rejoiced as much as corn rejoices in the balm of heaven at the birthtime of the ear.

The case then standing thus, my Argive elders, you may find gladness here as best you may; but I exult! Yea, had it been possible to pour libations of the fitting nature on the corpse, that had been justly done, yea, more than justly:[3] a

[1] φίλοις δοκοῦσιν εἶναι 'passing as beloved,' and therefore to be treated with dissimulation.

[2] τρίτην ἐπενδίδωμι, τοῦ κατὰ χθονὸς
Διὸς νεκρῶν Σωτῆρος εὐκταίαν χάριν.

The third libation was offered to Ζεὺς Σωτήρ: Æsch. *fr.* 55 τρίτον Διὸς Σωτῆρος εὐκταίαν λίβα.

[3] εἰ δ' ἦν πρεπόντων ὥστ' ἐπισπένδειν νεκρῷ,
τάδ' ἂν δικαίως ἦν, ὑπερδίκως μὲν οὖν.

πρεπόντων, as v. Heusde saw, depends on ἐπισπένδειν: it is the partitive genitive common, from the nature of the case, with σπένδω (*Journal of Philology*, 1895, p. 312). The whole point lies in πρεπόντων, for of course, to pour libations on a corpse was to give him the due rite of burial; but Clytemnestra means that the *proper* libations for Agamemnon would be taken from the ἀραῖα κακά (that

bowl so full of harm and ruin did he plenish in his house, and now comes home to drain the dregs of it himself.

Elder. We are amazed at the audacity of thy tongue, to vaunt over a man thy husband in such terms.

Clyt. You make assay of me as though I were a thoughtless woman: I with undaunted courage tell you what you know,—and whether you choose to praise me or condemn me is indifferent:—this is Agamemnon, my husband, a corpse, the work of this right hand, whose workmanship was just. So stands the case.

Chorus. Woman, what poisonous root of the earth hast thou tasted, or what liquor sprung from the flowing sea, to put upon thy head this sacrifice and clamour of the people's curse?[1] As thou hast flung off and shorn off, so shalt thyself be cut off from the land, the sore abomination of the people!

Clyt. Your sentence *now* is banishment for me and public execration and suffering of the general curse, though you never *then* brought any objection against *him*, who no more caring than if it had been the death of a beast, with flocks abounding in a fleecy multitude, slaughtered his own child, the dearest of my womb, to charm the winds from Thrace! Was it not right to banish *him* for that polluting sin? Yet now you are advised of *my* act, you are a harsh judge. But I warn you: if you mean to menace in this fashion, understand that I am prepared, conditions equal, if you vanquish me by force, that you should be my master: but if God will

is, βλαβερά) that he has himself inflicted on his own house. Such metaphors from libations are common in later Greek and Latin; *e.g.* in Achilles Tatius 3. 16 a lover about to cut his throat upon his mistress' grave says λαβὲ σῦν, Λευκίππη, τὰς πρεπούσας σοι χοὰς παρ' ἐμοῦ.

[1] τόδ' ἐπέθου θύος δημοθρόους τ' ἀράς I take to mean τόδε λεύσιμον θῦμα (*v.* 1107). Other views are that θύος here means 'frenzy,' either 'this maddened rage of thine' or 'this fury of the clamouring people.'

the contrary, then you shall have schooling, though it be late, in wisdom!

Chorus. Monstrous are thy devices and arrogant thy loud vaunting! Even as thy heart is maddening with an act of dripping blood, 'twere well that a drip of blood should show upon thine *eye*:[1] stripped of all honour and bereft of friends, thou must yet pay with a blow for a blow!

Clyt. Hear then the righteous terms of my oath too:—By Justice fully taken for my child, and Ate, and Erinys, unto whom I slew this man for sacrifice, my confident spirit sets not foot within the house of Fear! so long as fire upon my hearth is lighted by Aegisthus, a kind friend to me as heretofore.

Low lies the injurer of me, his wife, the comforter of Chryseus' daughters before Troy, and with him she, the bond-servant and auguress, the divining—concubine, the trusty—bed-fellow, practised—equally in the matter of ship's benches.—But the pair have fared after their deserts: this is *his* condition; while *she*, after carolling swan-like her last dying lamentation, she, the lover of *him*, lies there; she, the trivial by-morsel to my lawful bed, hath only afforded *me* the luxury of triumph![2]

Chorus. O that some fate would quickly come to bring me without agony or lingering sick-bed the eternal and unending sleep for company,[3] now that my most kind protector is laid low, that underwent such trials in a

[1] λίπος ἐπ' ὀμμάτων αἵματος εὖ πρέπειν, the eye shows the heart (1 Samuel 16. 7, *Class. Rev.* 1903, p. 244), therefore bloody heart should have a bloody eye to match. The blood will come from public stoning.

[2] ἡ δέ τοι
κεῖται, φιλήτωρ τοῦδ', ἐμοὶ δ' ἐπήγαγεν,
εὐνῆς παροψώνημα τῆς ἐμῆς, χλιδήν.
See *Class. Rev.* 1903, p. 245, and 1900, p. 117.

[3] Reading φέρουσ' ὁμιλεῖν.

woman's cause and by a woman's hand hath lost his life.

Ay me, ay me, misguided Helen, thy sole self to waste those many, all those many lives before the walls of Troy![1]

But now in blood unpurgeable thou hast crowned thy slaughter with a victim perfect and memorable, if e'er there was one, a Dissension firmly planted in a house, for man's affliction! 1460

Clyt. Nay, be not so borne down by this as to pray for death to be your fate; nor yet divert your wrath upon Helen, to say that she was man-destroyer, she alone destroyed the lives of many Greeks and wrought a hurt unhealable.[2]

Chorus. O Spirit of Destiny, that fallest heavily upon this House and on the double line of Tantalus! That wieldest 1470 also in woman an equal-tempered instrument[3] that stabs me to the heart!—Perched like a foul carrion-bird upon the body he is glorying to chant his chant[4]

Clyt. Now you have amended the sentence of your lips, in crying upon the thrice-gorged Spirit of this race: *he* is the cause that in the inward maw is fostered a blood-lapping 1480 lust with appetite renewed[5] before ever the pain of the last wound have ceased.

[1] εἴ τις ἦν ποτ', ἐν δόμοις
ἔρις ἐρίδματος, ἀνδρὸς οἰζύς.

[2] ἀξύστατον ἄλγος *vulnus incompositum*; referring to their description of Helen as ἐν δόμοις ἔρις ἐρίδματος.

[3] κράτος τ' ἰσόψυχον ἐκ γυναικῶν κρατύνεις: Helen and Clytemnestra are both instruments to execute the purpose of the haunting Spirit.

[4] ἐπὶ δὲ σώματος δίκαν
κόρακος ἐχθροῦ σταθεὶς
ὕμνον ὑμνεῖν ἐπεύχεται

How the last two lines should end is doubtful.

[5] ἔρως αἱματολοιχός , πρὶν καταλῆξαι τὸ παλαιὸν ἄχος, νέος ἵχαρ 'fresh in appetite' (τὴν ἐπιθυμίαν). ἵχαρ is to ἰχανάω as μῆχαρ

Chorus. Great, verily, is the destined Fortune that your story gives the House—alas, alas, a story of ruinous fate insatiable. Ay me, ay me, by will of Zeus, the author and executor of all, for what is brought to completion without Zeus? Is there aught here that was not willed in Heaven?

O my king, my king, how shall I find tears enough for thee? How can I find words to express the love within my heart? To lie entangled in that spider-web, expiring by a wicked death! ay me, to lie in such ignoble wise, struck down with a two-edged weapon wielded in the hand of treachery.

Clyt. Avouch you this deed to be *mine*? Never conceive me even as the spouse of Agamemnon! Guised in the semblance of this dead man's wife, it is the ancient wrathful Spirit of revenge for Atreus, the grim entertainer, that hath made this man the price, crowning the sacrifice of young tender victims with a victim full-grown and complete!

Chorus. That thou art guiltless of this blood, who is there to support that plea? Go to:—though an avenging ghost of ancestry might be *accessory*:—Red slaughter in successive tides of kindred bloodshed forces his way onward to the goal—the point in his advance where he shall afford full satisfaction to the congealed stain of child-flesh killed for meat.[1]

to μηχανάω, λῶφαρ to λωφάω, μῶμαρ to μωμάομαι, λῦμαρ to λυμαίνομαι. The intestine murders in the House that follow in such swift succession are conceived as wounds made by a devouring monster, whose thirst for blood revives again before the last wound has had time to heal.

νέος ἰχώρ of the MS. would mean 'new *serum*,' a strange description of a thirst for blood! (*ἰχώρ* never even means 'blood,' much less 'bloodshed').

[1] βιάζεται δ' δμοσπόροις
ἐπιῤῥοαισιν αἱμάτων
μέλας Ἄρης δποι δίκαν (or δίκας) προβαίνων
πάχνᾳ κουροβόρῳ παρέξει.

The blood of the slain children of Thyestes lies congealed upon the

O my king, my king, how shall I find tears enough for thee? how can I find words to express the love within my heart? To lie entangled in that spider-web, expiring by a wicked death! ay me, to lie in such ignoble wise, struck down with a two-edged weapon wielded in the hand of 1520
treachery!

Clyt. Why, was it not, then, a treacherous blow that *he* inflicted on his House?[1] However, for his action done to my sweet branch raised up from him, lamented Iphigeneia, he is suffering now the due reward,[2] and having paid for what he first began[3] with death by the sword's edge, he need 1530
not brag in Hades!

Chorus. I find in thought no ready weapon to my hand and know not where to turn[4] while the House is falling: I

earth, demanding vengeance, *τίτας φόνος πέπηγεν οὐ διαῤῥύδαν* (*Cho.* 65): it is not to be washed away until sufficient blood of kindred has been shed by murder to atone for it: *φόνῳ φόνον λύειν* is the principle. *Ἄρης πάχνᾳ κουροβόρῳ* (*φόνου*) *δίκας παρέχων*, feud-murder serving as the price for bloodshed, is just like *ἀρὴ ἀτολμήτων ἐκτίνουσα* in *v.* 385, havoc and destruction paying the penalty for sin.

[1] She takes up their words *δολίῳ μόρῳ* with the retort *οὐδὲ γὰρ οὗτος δολίαν ἄτην οἴκοισιν ἔθηκ'*; an ellipse such as is implied here by *γάρ* was often explained by scholiasts, see *e.g.* scholia on *Nubes* 1366, *P. V.* 1015, *Pers.* 237, *Orest.* 794, *Androm.* 687: and the explanation was liable to be incorporated in the text, as *οὐκέτι* in *Rhesus* 17. So here the lines which precede *οὐδὲ γάρ* were a scholiast's explanation, *οὔτ' ἀνελεύθερον οἶμαι θάνατον τῷδε γενέσθαι.*

[2] *ἀλλ' ἐμὸν ἐκ τοῦδ' ἔρνος ἀερθέν,*
πολυκλαύτην Ἰφιγένειαν,
ἄξια δράσας ἄξια πάσχων

as *ἄξι' ἀξίων*, *digna dignis*, a common use.

[3] Or *ἔρξεν* 'what he wrought.'

[4] The construction is *εὐπάλαμον φροντίδος μέριμναν στερηθείς, ἀμηχανῶ ὅπᾳ τράπωμαι.* So Soph. *O. T.* 170 *οὐδ' ἔνι φροντίδος ἔγχος ᾧ τις ἀλέξεται*, Opp. *Hal.* 3, 571, *οὐδέ οἱ ὅπλον ἐνὶ φρεσὶν οἷον ἄρηρεν ἐκ γενύων.*

fear the crashing torrent of blood will wreck the house; it is no longer early drizzle.[1]

Yet there are other whet-stones whereon destined hurt is being whetted for the hand of Justice to another end.[2]

O Earth, O Earth, would that thou hadst received me before ever I had seen my lord laid on a silver-sided laver's pallet! Who shall bury him? Who shall sing the dirge? Wilt *thou* have the bold front to do that act,—after slaying thine own wedded man, then to perform the lamentation for him, and complete thy work with empty comfort for his soul to make amends for thy enormous deed?

And how shall funeral praises darting over the hero's grave perform their heavy office with sincerity of heart?

Clyt. That business is no concern belonging to *thee*; by *our* hand down he fell, and down lay dead; and down beneath will we entomb him,—not with wailing from his house; Iphigeneia, his daughter, as her duty is, shall meet her father at the rapid Ford of Sorrows and shall fling her arms about his neck and kiss him!

Chorus. Charge met with counter-charge; 'tis hard to judge; the spoiler spoiled, the slayer paying price! While Zeus abides upon his throne, abides the law that *the doer shall suffer*; it is ordinance. Who can expel from the House the seed of curse? The race is glued to ruin.

Clyt. On *that* pronouncement you have entered with full truth.—For my part, I am willing to swear a compact with the Spirit of the House of Pleisthenes, accepting with

[1] The phrase is based upon the word ἀσταγές or ἀστακτί 'in torrents': ἀψεκαστί might have been used in the same sense.

[2] Reading

Δίκᾳ δ' ἐπ' ἄλλο πρᾶγμα θήγεται βλάβης
πρὸς ἄλλαις θηγάναισι μοῖρα,

and taking βλάβης μοῖρα together: I do not know that this is right, but compare *Cho.* 643. The θηγάναι are the incentives urging Orestes to revenge.

resignation what is done, hard though it be; but asking that from henceforth he should leave this house and persecute some other race with deaths by hands of kindred: of the wealth a small portion will be fully sufficient for me,[1] if once I rid the palace of the frenzied vice of mutual slaughter.

(*Enter* AEGISTHUS, *attended by a body-guard.*)

Aegisthus. O welcome radiance of the day of justice! Now will I say the gods above do look upon the sins of earth and do avenge mankind,[2] now that I see this man here lying, to my joy, in raiment of the Furies' weaving, expiating the devices of his father's hands.

Atreus, ruling here in Argos, this man's father, dealt thus with Thyestes,—my father, to explain it clearly, and his own brother:—being questioned in his right, he banished Thyestes from the house and from the country. Poor Thyestes then returning as a suppliant at the hearth found safety for his lot so far as not to shed his life-blood on his father's land: but this was the entertainment which this man's ungodly father Atreus gave his guest, my father:—with a welcome *hearty* but scarce *kind*,[3] pretending with good cheer to celebrate a day of festival and flesh-killing, he served up to him a banquet of his children's flesh. The foot-parts and the extreme fringes of the hands (he kept apart concealed; the rest) broken small and indistinguishable (he gave him to eat) seated in a high place (?) at a separate

[1] I take the original reading to have been πανεπαρκὲς ἔμοιγ' *Class. Rev.* 1900, p. 119.

[2] ἄγη: 'This shows you are above, you justicers, that these our nether crimes so speedily can venge.' *King Lear*, iv. 2.

[3] He plays bitterly on two words commonly applied to welcome, προθύμως δέχεσθαι, *eager, zealous, hearty*, and φιλοφρόνως or φίλως, *kind*. Effusive rather than sincere this welcome was.

table:[1] and Thyestes straightway took of it in ignorance and made a meal most ruinous,[2] as you see now, to his family. Then, upon recognising the unholy deed, he groaned and fell back vomiting up the butchery, and invoked a fearful doom upon the house of Pelops, giving a kick to the laden board together with his imprecation,[3] *So perish all the race of Pleisthenes!*

That is what has led to this man lying here before your eyes; and I am marked by Justice to be the contriver of this execution. I who was the third[4] was driven into banishment with my unhappy father, being yet a

[1] This passage is mutilated and corrupt, but there can be little doubt what happened (cf. *Class. Rev.* 1897, p. 96), because the story is told elsewhere not only of Thyestes but of Tereus and of Clymenus and in Hdt. i. 119 of Harpagos, and when the details are described they are the same. The toes and fingers (and the head), which would have been recognised as human, were concealed apart (Seneca *Thyestes* 764, Hdt., Achilles Tatius v. 3 and 5) and afterwards displayed in proof (Zenob. 2. 34, Seneca 1038, Hygin. 88, Hdt., Ach. Tat., Ov. *Met.* 6. 658); the rest, including the ἔντερα and σπλάγχνα (*Agam.* 1220), was broken small (Seneca *Thyestes* 1059) and served as meat. The separate table made it easy for the fated guest alone to have the special mess (Hdt., cf. Ov. *Met.* 6. 648–50). The general shape of the sentence therefore would appear to have been something like this:

τὰ μὲν ποδήρη καὶ χέρων ἄκρους κτένας
ἔκρυπτ' ἄνευθεν, τἄλλα δ'
ἔνθρυπτ' ἄνωθεν ἀνδρακὰς κ.

Cf. Ov. *Met.* 6. 656, *ipse sedens solio Tereus sublimis avito.* The kicking of the table over is also told of Tereus by Ovid 661.

[2] Spendthrift, prodigal; usually meaning one who wastes his substance in riotous living, and applied with bitter irony to the banquet of Thyestes.

[3] Or 'in support of' the symbolic act. In that sense it has been suggested to read σύνδικον as in Pind. *O.* 9. 98.

[4] τρίτον γὰρ ὄντα μ' ἐπὶ δέκ' of the MS. is ridiculous. ἐπὶ δύ' 'in addition to two others' would make sense and may be right; but I suspect the original was τρίτην γὰρ ὄντα μ' ἐλπίδ' 'I who was my father's third last hope.'

babe in swaddling-clothes: and now that I am grown to manhood Justice has restored me. And I got at him though I was outside, by designing all the combinations of the deadly plot. Thus even death may come well to me now, when once I have seen this man within the toils of Justice.

Elder. Insulting in distress, Aegisthus, is a thing that I have no respect for. Thou avowest, then, that thou hast taken this man's life deliberately, the sole deviser of this rueful deed of blood? I tell thee, in the day of justice thine own head shall not escape, be very sure, the clamorous pelting of the people's execration!

Aeg. Thou talk so, seated at the lower oar, when the mastery of the ship is with those on the upper thwart? Your old age will discover how at such a time of life it is a grievous thing to be sent to school with wisdom as the task prescribed.[1] But prison and the pangs of hunger are the most excellent mediciners of mind for the instruction even of senility. Hast thou eyes and seest not? Kick not thus against the goad, for fear thou strike on it and suffer.

Elder. Vile woman, thou deal thus with soldiers newly come from the war—house-keeping—violating a man's bed the while—devise this death against a man and captain of an army?

Aeg. These words too will prove the ancestors of tears. The tongue you bear is just the contrary of Orpheus' tongue; for he haled all things after him by rapture of his voice; while you with silly yelps causing exasperation will be haled off yourself and made tamer by compulsion.[2]

[1] *v.* 1425.

[2] *κρατηθεὶς δ' ἡμερώτερος φανῇ*: Orpheus tamed (*ἡμέρου*) the savage breast with persuasive charm (*πειθοῖ*): you shall find your own savagery tamed by compulsion (*βίᾳ*): *Ἔρωτος θεσμόν, ᾧ πεισθεὶς ἐγώ, οὔπω κρατηθείς*, Nauck *Trag. frag.*, p. 728.

Elder. As though, forsooth, I should ever see you despot over Argos! when after plotting this man's murder you had not the courage to do the deed with your own hand!

Aeg. Because the beguiling clearly was the woman's part: I, as an hereditary foe, was suspect. However, by means of this man's treasure, I will endeavour to be ruler of this people, and the disobedient subject I will yoke under a heavy yoke—no corn-fed colt, I warrant you, in traces! hunger lodged with loathsome darkness shall see him quieted.

Elder. Ah, why then did your coward's heart not let you slay this man yourself, but made you take a woman—the pollution of her country and her country's gods[1]—to do the killing? O doth Orestes yet behold the light, that he may come back hither with the grace of fortune and be the overpowering executioner of this pair!

Aeg. Oh well then, if you mean to take that line in word and action, you shall soon see—What ho! my trusty men-at-arms,[2] your work lies presently before you!

Elder. What ho! let every man make ready with his sword advanced!

Aeg. Well I stand ready too with sword advanced, and do not shrink from death.

Elder. Thy death! We greet the omen of the word; we are content with such an issue!

Clyt. (*interposing*). Nay, nay, my dearest, let us do no more mischief; we have enough distress already without spilling any of our blood.[3]

[1] *Cho.* 1026.

[2] Aegisthus is attended by λοχῖται or δορυφόροι (*Cho.* 764–5, Eur. *El.* 615), the characteristic retinue of a *τύραννος*.

[3] *πημονῆς δ' ἅλις γ' ὑπάρχει μηδὲν ἡματωμένοις.* The MSS. give *μηδὲν ἡματώμεθα*, for which most editors read *μηδὲν αἱματώμεθα*, 'let us not spill any of our blood.'

Most reverend Elders, repair hence to your homes, yielding betimes to the decree of destiny before you suffer; it was fated we should act herein as we have acted.[1]

However, should there prove to be enough of this affliction, we are willing to accept it, having been smitten with 1660
such grievous fortune by the heavy talon of our Spirit of destiny.[2]

Aeg. But these men to let their tongues run rank and wanton at me in this fashion, and fling out such language at the hazard of their fate,[3] and be so lacking in wise judgment in refusing to accept their master![4]

[1] στείχετ', αἰδοῖοι γέροντες, πρὸς δόμους, πεπρωμένοις
πρὶν παθεῖν εἴξαντες ὥρᾳ (or ὥραν)· χρῆν τάδ' ὡς ἐπράξαμεν.
This I believe to be the true reading: τούσδε was a marginal note, as on Eur. *Hipp.* 1141 πρὸς δόμους δρμώμενον there is a note τούσδε: and καιρόν was a gloss on ὥραν. It is Clytemnestra's plea that she is the executor of Doom, 1434, 1471 sqq., 1498 sqq., *Cho.* 909. πρὸς δόμους πεπρωμένους, 'to your predestined houses,' is absurd.

[2] *v.* 1568–9. The metaphor has nothing to do with the spur (πλῆκτρον) of a fighting-cock: the phrase βαρὺς δαίμων (βαρυδαιμονία) or βαρεῖα τύχη was developed into the conception of a bird of prey that souses down, or swoops down, heavily: *e.g. Agam.* 1174, 1469, *Pers.* 518, *Antig.* 1272, 1346, *O. T.* 263, 1300, 1311. The same figure is made out of βαρὺς κότος Ζηνός in *Supp.* 654.

[3] δαίμονος πειρᾶσθαι here and in *Cho.* 511 means more than 'trying one's luck'; it means 'putting one's *predestined* fortune to the touch.' ἐξιστορῆσαι μοῖραν τύχης in *Theb.* 493 is the same thing.

[4] σώφρονος γνώμης θ' ἁμαρτεῖν τὸν κρατοῦντ' ἀρνουμένους *dominum recusantes* (Ov. *Met.* 8. 848). γνώμης ἁμαρτεῖν is 'to be ill-advised,' 'mistaken' (Hdt. 1. 207, γ. χρηστῆς 9. 79, τῆς ἀρίστης 3. 81); τεύξεται φρενῶν in 185 is the opposite, 'shall be well-advised.' 'To be well-advised or ill-advised in doing so and so' is expressed by a participle, as 183 κλάζων τεύξεται φρενῶν, 793 οὐδ' εὖ πραπίδων οἴακα νέμων κομίζων, *Bacch.* 322 τιμῶν τε Βάκχον σωφρονεῖς, Hdt. 7. 15 οὐκ ἐφρόνεον εἶπας, 1. 116 οὐκ εὖ βουλεύεσθαί μιν ἔφη ἐπιθυμέοντα. . . . To be metrical here, the participle must be deponent, and I know no other which will give the sense required except ἀρνουμένους: to deny their master is exactly what they have been doing,

Elder. It would not be like Argives to fawn upon a villain.

Aeg. Ah well, I'll have my vengeance of you yet in days hereafter! 1670

Elder. Not if Destiny direct Orestes' coming here again.

Aeg. O I know that exiles make their feed of Hope.

Elder. Enjoy your fortune and wax fat, polluting righteousness! You may at present.[1]

Aeg. You shall pay for this insolent folly in due time,[2] I warrant you!

Elder. O you may bravely strut and crow now like a cock beside his hen!

Clyt. Pay no regard to these idle yelpings; I and thou will be the masters of this house and make all good disposal.

1633, etc., and that was proverbially impolitic: Walz *Rhet.* i. 281, Soph. *El.* 394–7, 1013, 1465, 340; Eur. *fr.* 337, 93, 604; *Hec.* 402. This leads to their retort, which is the same as in Soph. *El.* 397, *P. V.* 969.

[1] *Cho.* 56, Soph. *El.* 794.

[2] χρόνῳ, Wecklein.

CHOEPHOROE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ORESTES.
PYLADES, his friend, son of Strophius.
ELECTRA.
CHORUS OF BONDWOMEN, in covert sympathy with Electra's cause.
NURSE OF ORESTES.
CLYTEMNESTRA.
ÆGISTHUS.
SERVANT.
DOORKEEPER.

SCENE.—At the opening, the mounded tomb of Agamemnon, on which stands a funeral column representing Hermes: afterwards (*v.* 649), before the palace-gates.

CHOEPHOROE.

Orestes. Hermes of the earth, watching over rights of patrimony, be thou my preserver and fight with me in the battle, I beseech thee; for I have reached this land again, returned from banishment. And on this mounded sepulchre I cry unto my father to give ear and hearken[1] a tress of hair to Inachus for nurture,[2] and this second one for mourning; for I was not present,[3] father, to lament thy death, neither at the outcarrying of thy corpse did I stretch forth my hand.

What is this that I behold? What can be this company of women that walks hither, showing plain in grievous mourning? To what event can I refer it? Is it some new sorrow happening to the house? Or is it libations to my father I may suppose these women to be bringing, to appease the nether powers?[4]—Nought else; for there, I

[1] The opening is incomplete and pieced together out of fragments quoted in various places. It would be natural for him to say here something to the same effect as Soph. *El.* 69:

σύ τ' ὦ πατρῷον δῶμα· σοὶ γὰρ ἔρχομαι
δίκῃ καθαρτὴς πρὸς θεῶν ὡρμημένος.

Showing that he has now reached the age of an ἔφηβος.

v. 1012.

νερτέροις μειλίγματα: for the form of the phrase compare *Pers.* 613, *Alcest.* 623, *Orest.* 123, 1314, *I.T.* 163, Soph. *El.* 327.

think, walks Electra, my sister, marked by the bitterness of her grief. O Zeus, grant me to avenge my father's death, and graciously fight with me in the battle!—Pylades, let us withdraw, that I may learn for sure what this petitioning of women means.

Chorus. Sent upon an errand I have come abroad, upon a mission of libations, with the sound of sharp strokes of the hand. Marks of crimson gashes show upon my cheek, from furrows of the nail ploughed fresh—my heart continually hath made her meat of sighing; and there was a rending noise of woven linen torn in anguish, the breast-folds of my raiment, when I beat my breast for dismal happenings.

For loud and piercing and with lifted hair there came a Fear, dream-prophet within doors, that breathing a spirit of wrath awakening from sleep cried out from the inner cell with a loud outcry at the dead of night, falling with heavy weight upon the women's chambers. And the readers of this dream cried out under a pledge from heaven that it was those beneath the earth complaining wrathfully and bitterly enraged against the slayer.[1]

These are the evils for averting which this empty solace is designed,[2] O Mother Earth! by her that sends me, godless woman!—I am afraid to let this word fall; for what redemption is there for blood once shed upon the ground?

[1] *τορὸς γὰρ ὀρθόθριξ φόβος*
δόμων ὀνειρόμαντις.

'For the dreams perturbing them did foreshew this, that they might not perish without knowing why they were afflicted.'—*Wisdom of Solomon*, xviii. 19. The warning dream-terror is likened by sustained allusive language to the cry from the prophetic cell, and thus misled a copyist into writing *φοῖβος* for *φόβος*: but *φόβος* is attested by the schol. on *v.* 35, and by *v.* 928, which refers to this, *ἢ κάρτα μάντις οὐξ ὀνειράτων φόβος.*

[2] *τοιῶνδε χάριν ἀχάριτον ἀπότροπον κακῶν.*

Alas, distressful Home! Alas, the ruin of the House! A veil of darkness, sunless and abhorred, enshrouds it by reason of the master's death.

The old reverence for majesty unconquerable, irresistible in war or battle, passing through the people's ears and through their heart, now holds aloof, and people are afraid. But Success—among men that is God and more than God![1]

But the scale of Justice visits and regards, some men with swiftness in the light of day; or else in twilight remains long-abiding; while others are engulfed in utter night.[2]

[1] τὸ δ' εὐτυχεῖν, τόδ' ἐν βροτοῖσι θεός τε καὶ θεοῦ πλέον. That is, 'They may hold their reign of terror while their luck endures! Luck is a condition of our human life, and while it lasts, more powerful than God.' *Agam.* 1669 πρᾶσσε, πιαίνου, μιαίνων τὴν δίκην· ἐπεὶ πάρα, Soph. *El.* 794 ὄβριζε, νῦν γὰρ εὐτυχοῦσα τυγχάνεις.—This belongs to an unrecognised class of parenthetic phrases which are often misunderstood; they are reminders of the conditions and limitations of human life as compared with the divine. Other examples in Æschylus are *Agam.* 558 and *Theb.* 612.

[2] ροπὴ δ' ἐπισκοπεῖ Δίκας
ταχεῖα τοὺς μὲν ἐν φάει,
τὰ δ' ἐν μεταιχμίῳ σκότου
μένει χρονίζο ,
τοὺς δ' ἄκρατος ἔχει νύξ.

Justice, that is, punishes the guilty soon or late, either during life, or in Purgatory, or in Hell. All this is explained in the *Classical Review*, 1902, p. 348, and the *Journal of Philology*, 1895, p. 313, where I have quoted from Plut. *de sera Numinis vindicta*, p. 564 E, the passage which most closely illustrates it. The MS. makes nonsense by giving ἄκραντος for ἄκρατος. In the fourth line the reading is uncertain. I think, however, that μένει is a verb, considering χρονίζον μενεῖ, *Agam.* 838, and μίμνοντι δὲ καὶ πάθος ἀνθεῖ, *Cho.* 1007. That phrase would seem to favour reading βρύει or βρύειν here, with the same notion, that if Justice lingers it is only ripening to the full, and the longer deferred the severer it will be. Abresch took τὰ for the relative, 'the suffering that abides in twilight': a more natural form of sentence would be

Because of shed blood swallowed by the fostering earth, avenging gore lies curded and congealed indissolubly: Doom long-persisting keeps the guilty man alive, that he may be steeped and saturated with disease in full sufficience.[1]

A man that violateth bridal bowers can find no remedy; and though all means converging should direct their streams upon the blood-polluted hand, they urge their course in vain.[2]

For me—because the Gods brought engines of compulsion to surround my city—for they led me from paternal

made by *βρύειν* (Pauw), 'in other cases punishment abides its time to come to ripeness'; or, reading *χρονίζουσα*, 'in other cases Justice waits her time to ripen.' But *βρύει* may be merely a scholiast's comment taken from *v.* 68, and if so, *τὰ δὲ μένει χρονίζονταs* (Dindorf) *ἄχη* will be, 'other sufferings in twilight await those that linger.'

[1] *δι' αἷματ' ἐκποθένθ' ὑπὸ χθονὸς τροφοῦ*
τίτας φόνος πέπηγεν οὐ διαρρύδαν·
αἰανὴς ἄτα διαφέρει
νόσου παναρκοῦς τὸν αἴτιον βρύειν.

διαφέρει τὸν αἴτιον παναρκέτας νόσου βρύειν would not, I think, be rhythmical for the conclusion of a period here; and *ἀρκετός* is a word belonging to late prose, used by scholiasts; *ἄλις*, for example, in *Hec.* 278 they explain by *ἀρκετόν*, and *ἤρκει* in *Pers.* 278 by *ἀρκετὰ ἦν*. I take the sentence to be a simplifying paraphrase of what is given above. —*διαφέρει* is a synonym of *διάγει*, as in Pind. *Pyth.* xi. 60, Hdt. iii. 40.

[2] *θιγόντι δ' οὔ τι νυμφικῶν ἐδωλίων*
ἄκος, πόροι τε πάντες ἐκ μιᾶς ὁδοῦ
. . . . βαίνοντες τὸν χερομυσῆ
.

The last part is corrupt. *βαίνοντες* may be for *συμβαίνοντες* (Paley) or *συμβάλλοντες*: or, as I have suggested, and Mr Tucker independently, it is the remnant of *φοιβαίνοντες* (or *φοιβαίνοντ' ἐς*), and on this *καθαίροντες* was a gloss. The metre, I think, should be:

φοιβαίνοντες τὸν
χερομυσῆ
φόνου συνίθυσαν ἀγνίσαι μάταν.

homes into the lot of slavery[1]—for me, therefore, it is proper to accept against my will the dictates of authority, whether just or not,[2] keeping my bitter feelings in subjection; but in my sleeve I weep at the wanton treatment that befell the master, while my heart is numbed with hidden grief.

Electra. My women, setters of the house in order, since you are present with me on this petitionary mission, take counsel with me on this matter: what words am I to use[3] while pouring out these pious offerings? How can I use language pleasing to my father; in what terms can I make prayer to him? Should it be by saying that I bring a gift of love from wife to husband,—from my mother? I have not the front for that; and cannot tell what words to use while pouring this holy paste upon my father's tomb.

Or shall this be my phrase, as customary with men, 'To the senders of these garlands give thou blessings in return, a gift of worthy recompense for good!'?[4]

[1] That is to say, they are the 'gentlewomen' of the 'lady' Electra, δμωαὶ ἀναγκαῖαι (Hom. ω 210), made prisoners in war, not slaves by birth, for born slaves had no fathers.

[2] δίκαια καὶ μὴ πρέποντ' ἀπ' ἀρχᾶς
βίᾳ φρενῶν αἰνέσαι, πικρὸν στύγος
κρατούσῃ·

The exact ending of the first line is uncertain (ἀρχᾶς or ἀρχᾶν? πρέπον παρ' ἀρχᾶς? πρέπον τά γ' ἀρχᾶς?), but ἀρχᾶς must mean *rule, authority*, for this was a proverb, ἀρχῶν (or δοῦλε, δεσποτῶν or κρεισσόνων or τῶν κρατούντων) ἄκουε καὶ δίκαια κἄδικα: *Paroem.* I. pp. 213, 394, Bergk *Poet. Lyr.* II. p. 53, the schol. here, Propert. ii. 3. 6.

βίᾳ φερομένων of the MS. never means anything but 'carried with violent impetus' or 'rushing violently,' and has no place here.

[3] τί φῶ χέουσα.

[4] ἔσθλ' ἀντιδοῦναι τοῖσι πέμπουσιν τάδε
στέφη, δόσιν γε τῶν καλῶν ἐπαξίαν;

So Elmsley, καλῶν being said, of course, with bitter irony. There are other views.

Or shall I act in silence with denial of all honour, even as my father perished,—empty this liquid to be swallowed by the earth, and then go back again, like one that casts out scourings,[1] after I have flung the vessel, without turning the eyes?

This is the question, friends, that I would have you share with me; for there is community between us in the hate we feel at home. Keep not your counsel in your heart through fear of any; for the destined hour awaits us all alike, whether free or under the dominion of another's hand.

Cho. With reverence for thy father's tomb as for an altar, I will speak, at thy bidding, truly from my heart.

El. Speak, according to your reverence for my father's tomb.

Cho. Utter, while you pour, blessings for the loyal.[2]

El. And who among those near to me are those I am to call so?

Cho. First thyself, and whosoever hates Ægisthus.

El. It is for myself and you, then, that I am to make this prayer?

Cho. You understand; it is for yourself now to consider.[3]

[1] *στείχω, καθάρμαθ' ὥς τις ἐκπέμψας, πάλιν.* That *πάλιν* goes with *στείχω* is indicated by Apoll. Rhod. iii. 1212 *ἀγκαλέσας πάλιν ἔστιχεν.*

[2] *v.* 109. The MS. gives *φθέγγου χέουσα σεμνὰ τοῖσιν εὐφροσιν*, 'Utter what is approvable.' Whether *σεμνά* is the right adjective or not, we require one to define the nature of the thing besought for the loyal. It could not be left undefined entirely; but there is no definition of it, unless it be in *v.* 109; and *v.* 111 *ἐμοί τε καὶ σοὶ τἄρ' ἐπεύξωμαι τάδε*; indicates that it has already been defined there. We expect merely some word synonymous with *ἀγαθά* or *ἐσθλά*, 'blessings,' that will scan; and *κεδνά* (as *Orest.* 1138 *σοὶ κέδν' ἀρώμενοι τυχεῖν*), suggested by Hartung, is probable: the schol. has *εὔξαι ἀγαθά.*

[3] *αὐτὴ σὺ ταῦτα μανθάνουσ' ἤδη φράσαι*

is a briefer way of saying

μανθάνεις· ὥστε αὐτὴ σὺ ἤδη ταῦτα φράσαι,

El. Well, is there any other I should add to this company?

Cho. Forget not Orestes, although he is abroad.

El. That is a most excellent admonition too!

Cho. For the guilty of the murder now, without forgetting——

El. I must use what words? Explain; instruct my ignorance.

Cho. That there may come for them one human or divine——

El. To judge or execute? Which do you mean?

Cho. Phrase it in simple terms,—'one to take life for life.'

El. And is that a holy thing for me to ask of heaven?

Cho. Surely! to requite an enemy with evil!

El. Most mighty Herald between the upper and the nether worlds, O Hermes of the earth, lend me thine aid, by making proclamation for me that the spirits under the earth should hear my prayers regarding father's home [or 'bloodshed'],[1] and Earth herself who giveth birth to all things, and having fostered them receiveth new conception from the same again; while I meanwhile, pouring this lustral water to mortality, cry, calling to my father:—'Have compassion upon me, and dear Orestes kindle as a light within thy house![2] For as it is we are in a manner sold

where *μανθάνεις* means 'you take my meaning,' *e.g.* Ar. *Av.* 1456, Lucian i. 564. The participle *μανθάνοντί σοι* is used in the same way as here in *Agam.* 620, which I have explained in *Class. Rev.* 1903, p. 242.

[1] It is not clear whether *ἐπισκόπους* refers to *εὐχάς* (cf. *Eum.* 903, Soph. *Aj.* 976) or to *δαίμονας*: nor whether we should read *δωμάτων* or *αἱμάτων*. The Spirits of the underworld are more concerned with bloodshed; but compare *v.* 1.

[2] λέγω, καλοῦσα πατέρ', 'ἐποίκτειρόν τ' ἐμέ,
φίλον τ' Ὀρέστην φῶς ἄναψον ἐν δόμοις—

a slight modification of Schneidewin's conjecture.

and dispossessed by her that bore us, and in exchange she hath purchased for a mate Ægisthus, the man who was her accomplice in thy death. And I am even as a slave; and Orestes is in banishment from his estate; while they are insolently flaunting it in the winnings of thy labour. But may Orestes come again to some good purpose, is my prayer to thee; hearken thou to it, father! And to myself grant thou that I may prove far chaster than my mother, and more innocent of hand.' —Those are the prayers I make for us; but for our enemies I pray there may arise one to avenge thee, father, and that thy slayers may be slain in just requital.[1]— That I interpose in the midst of my good prayer, uttering this evil prayer for *them*; for *us* send blessings to the light,[2] by grace of the Gods and Earth and Justice triumphant.

These being my prayers, I now pour these libations over them; and your due part is to crown them with the flowers of lamentation, giving loud voice to the anthem for the dead.

Cho. Let fall the plashing tear, fall lost for our lost master, in tune with this forfending to avert things evil— and things good—the abominable wickedness of outpoured

[1] λέγω φανῆναι σοῦ, πάτερ, τιμάορον,
καὶ τοὺς κτανόντας ἀντικατθανεῖν δίκῃ.
τιμωρός being frequently an epithet of δίκη, a scribe fancied that it was so here, and wrote δίκην. A result of this was the conjecture ἀντικατακτανεῖν.—καὶ should perhaps be ὡς, 'so that.'

[2] ταῦτ' ἐν μέσῳ τίθημι τῆς καλῆς ἀρᾶς,
κείνοις λέγουσα τήνδε τὴν κακὴν ἀράν·
ἡμῖν δὲ πομπὸς ἴσθι τῶν ἐσθλῶν ἄνω.
It has escaped some critics of the last line that Greek commonly used the article in this phrase: τὰ καλά, Plut. *Mor.* 139A, τἀγαθά, as Aristoph. *fr.* 488, τὰ ἐσθλά, as here, in the proverbial verse νῦν δέ, θεοὶ μάκαρες, τῶν ἐσθλῶν ἄφθονοι ἐστέ.

libations.[1] Hearken, O Majesty! O Master, hearken with thy ghostly sense.[2]

Alack-a-day!

O for a Man mighty with the spear <to come> as deliverer of the house, brandishing in his hands rebound- 160
ing Scythian bow in the action of war's havoc, and wielding self-hafted weapon for close combat![3]

[1] ἴετε δάκρυ καναχὲς ὀλόμενον
ὀλομένῳ δεσπότᾳ
πρὸς ἔρυμα τόδε κακῶν κεδνῶν τ'
ἀπότροπον, ἄγος ἀπεύχετον,
κεχυμένων χοᾶν. κλύε δέ μοι, σέβας,
κλύ', ὦ δέσποτ', ἐξ ἀμαυρᾶς φρενός.

The meaning of ἔρυμα τόδε and the construction of ἀπότροπον are determined by *v.* 42 *sqq.*, where the Chorus speak of the χοαὶ sent by Clytemnestra, the 'ungodly woman,' as χάριν ἀχάριτον, ἀπότροπον κακῶν. Compare *Agam.* 1543 and Soph. *El.* 432 *sq.*—'Evils from her point of view,' they mean, 'and good from ours'; unless we should read καλῶν κεδνῶν τ', 'to avert what are (not evils, but) blessings. Though punctuating and interpreting differently otherwise, I adopt Mr Tucker's view that πρὸς ἔρυμα τόδε means 'in tune with,' 'to the accompaniment of this offering to fend off evils.'

Wecklein conjectures ἴετε δάκρυ καναχὲς ὀλομένῳ μελόμενον δεσπότᾳ, 'devoted to' or 'valued by' the perished master, as *Phoen.* 1308 ἰαχὰν στενακτὰν μελομέναν νεκροῖς. The same alteration has been conjectured in *Hel.* 176 χάριτας ἵν' ἐπὶ δάκρυσι παρ' ἐμέθεν ὑπὸ μέλαθρα νύχια παιᾶνας νέκυσιν ὀλομένοις (νέκυσι μελομένους Lobeck) λάβῃ, and in *I. T.* 177.

[2] Dim, faint, vague, feeble, shadowy; an epithet of ghosts. Cf. Pind. *Pyth.* 5. 101 ἀκούοντι που χθονίᾳ φρενί.

[3] That is, I think, a Man and Deliverer like *Heracles*; armed, like him, with spear and Scythian bow and *club*: see *Class. Rev.* 1900, p. 194. Heracles was acknowledged as the pattern of Manhood (*Herc. Fur.* 183, *Nub.* 1048), and he, with the other greatest Argive Hero, Perseus, was the typical Deliverer and Purger and Just Slayer: Olympiod. on Plat. *Alcib.* p. 156 Creuzer: ἑκάτερος μὲν γὰρ ἐπὶ καθάρσει τῶν κακῶν γέγονε· καὶ γὰρ καὶ ὁ Ἡρακλῆς· διὸ φησὶ περὶ αὐτοῦ ὁ Πείσανδρος 'δικαιοτάτου δὲ φονῆος'· ἐπὶ γὰρ καθαρότητι φόνους ἐποίει. Achilles Tatius iii. 6, describing a picture by Euanthes: ἡ δ' εἰκὼν Ἀνδρομέδα καὶ

El. The earth has now drunk the offerings and my father has received them. I have something new now to impart to you.

Cho. Speak on; my heart is dancing with trepidation.

El. I see here a shorn ringlet on [or 'for'] the tomb.

Cho. Whose can it be? what man's or girdled maiden's?

El. That is easy for any one to conjecture.

Cho. May the aged then be instructed by her junior? 170

El. There is no one, except me, could shear it.

Cho. No, for the kin to whom that mourning-rite belonged are enemies.

Προμηθεύς, δεσμῶται μὲν ἄμφω, διὰ τοῦτο γὰρ αὐτοὺς, οἶμαι, εἰς ἓν συνήγαγεν ὁ ζωγράφος, ἀδελφαὶ δὲ καὶ τὴν ἄλλην τύχην αἱ γραφαί· πέτραι μὲν ἀμφοῖν τὸ δεσμωτήριον, θῆρες δὲ κατ' ἀμφοῖν οἱ δήμιοι, τῷ μὲν ἐξ ἀέρος, τῷ δὲ ἐκ θαλάττης· ἐπίκουροι δ' αὐτοῖς Ἀργεῖοι δύο συγγενεῖς, τῷ μὲν Ηρακλῆς, τῷ δὲ Περσεύς· ὁ μὲν τοξεύων τὸν ὄρνιν τοῦ Διός, ὁ δ' ἐπὶ τὸ κῆτος τοῦ Ποσειδῶνος ἀθλῶν. Orestes is compared to Perseus (in whose case the parallel is particularly close) in *Cho.* 829, Eur. *El.* 460 (a chorus which has been supposed to be irrelevant) and 854; and to Heracles in this passage and probably in 862–867.

Thus αὐτόκωπα has its natural meaning, 'with the handle in one piece' (schol. and Hesych. *s.v.* αὐτόλαβον), like αὐτόγυον (τὸ μὴ σύνθετον, ἀλλ' ἐξ ἑνὸς ξύλου, Hesych. *s.v.* γύης); and the epithet distinguishes the weapon from a sword, for swords were called κωπήεντα, ἐλεφαντόκωπα, σιδαρόκωπα, κερόκωπα, provided with a hilt or handle in addition. Heracles' ῥόπαλον or σκύταλον was often described in poetry by synonyms; to those given in *Class. Rev.* 1901, p. 105, add Callim. *fr.* 120 βαρυσκίπων, *Ep.* 36 ὄζον.

In the text, besides corrupted words, there is omission and interpolation; what I have translated is:

ἰὼ τίς δορυσθενὴς ἀνὴρ
.
ἀναλυτὴρ δόμων
Σκυθικά τ' ἐν χεροῖν παλίντον' ἔργῳ
'πιπάλλων ἀρῆς
σχέδιά τ' αὐτόκωπα νωμῶν βέλη.

ἀρῆς (corrupted to ἄρης) is used by Æschylus in *Supp.* 86, and I have restored ἀρή for ἄρη in *Agam.* 386 (*Class. Rev.* 1901, p. 105); but it

El. And yet to the eye this lock is strangely of like feather.[1]

Cho. Like what tresses, I would know?

El. Like our own, strangely similar in look.

Cho. Can it then be *Orestes'* offering secretly?

El. It is his ringlets that it very much resembles.

Cho. How could *he* venture to come hither?

El. He must have *sent* it as a shorn-offering for his father's sake.

Cho. That gives me as good cause for weeping still, to think that his foot is never to touch this soil! 180

El. I too feel my gorge rising in a surge of bitterness, and my heart pierced right through as by an arrow; and from my eyes, unstanched, fall thirsty driblets from the pent-up stormy flood, as I regard this tress; for how can I suppose any native else to be its owner? No, and it was not the murderess that shore it, my mother, possessed of anything but a mother's heart, the godless![2] towards her children. 190

Well, how I should give my acceptance to it absolutely—that in this adornment I have here an offering from my dearest in the world, Orestes—[3] but I am flattered by the hope.

O that it had sense and language,[4] like a messenger, that

is not certain here. The verb is missing: rhythm would admit, for example, either

ἰὼ τίς δορυ—
σθενὴς <ἂν μόλοι
'παρήξων> ἀνὴρ

or

ἰὼ τίς δορυσθενὴς ἀνὴρ
<ἂν ἔλθοι φίλοις>

[1] 'Of like species.'

[2] δύσθεος Pauw: cf. 45, 523, Soph. *El.* 289. It is in any case exclamatory; otherwise we must have had δύσθεον δὲ or ἀλλὰ δύσθεον.

[3] With a gesture.

[4] φωνὴν ἔμφρονα, sensible, intelligent, as λόγος ἔμφρων in *Anth. Pal.* v. 140.

I might not be tossed between two minds, but could be well certified[1] to spurn the tress away from me, supposing it had been severed from a hated head, or, being kin to me, that it might share my mourning, for the decoration of the tomb, and tribute to my father.

We call, however, on the gods, appealing to their know- 200
ledge in what stormy tempests we are whirled like mariners; yet if it be destined for us to find safety, from a little seed may grow a mighty stem.

Why, here are footprints for a second evidence and the outlines of the tendons being measured come into agreement with the prints of mine. I am in an agony, 210
my wits confounded, for there are *two* outlines of feet here —his own and some companion's.[2]

Orestes (*discovering himself*). Make prayer to the Gods, promising them vows on the fulfilment of thy prayers,[3] for good success in future.

El. In *future*? What success am I indebted to the Gods for *now*?

Or. You have come to the sight of what you have so long been praying for.

El. And what living creature are you aware of my appealing to?

Or. I am aware that you greatly idolise Orestes.

[1] ἀλλ' εἶ σάφ' ἤδη τόνδ' ἀποπτύσαι πλόκον.

[2] The passage has been tampered with, and it is not now possible to say how it stood originally. I adopt here Wecklein's arrangement:

καὶ μὴν στίβοι γε, δεύτερον τεκμήριον,
ποδῶν· τενόντων θ' ὑπογραφαὶ μετρούμεναι
εἰς ταὐτὸ συμβαίνουσι τοῖς ἐμοῖς στίβοις.
πάρεστι δ' ὠδὶς καὶ φρενῶν καταφθορά·
καὶ γὰρ δύ' ἐστὸν τώδε περιγραφὰ ποδοῖν,
αὐτοῦ τ' ἐκείνου καὶ συνεμπόρου τινός.

[3] Or 'announcing that thy prayers have come to fruit.'

El. And in what respect, pray, am I successful in my prayers?

Or. Here am I; you need not seek for any closer friend than me.

El. Sir, is it some deception you are weaving to ensnare me?

Or. It is against myself, then, that I am framing plots.

El. Oh, you wish to mock at my distresses!

Or. At my own, then, also, if at thine.

El. As if thou wert Orestes, then, I bid thee——[1]

Or. Nay, it is himself that you behold in me and are slow to learn. Yet when you saw this shorn piece of mourning hair you were all on wings and imagined that what you saw was me, and when you were track-reading in my footprints, thine own brother's, proportioned like thyself! Put the shorn ringlet to the tonsure, and see.—And behold this piece of weaving, the work of your own hand, the strokes of the batten, and the beasts in the design Collect yourself, and be not transported with wild joy, because I know that our nearest feel bitterly towards us two.

O darling of thy father's house, thou Hope, watered with her tears, for seed of preservation, sure in thy prowess tho shalt win thy father's house again.[2]

El. O thou sweet presence, playing a fourfold part for me! I must needs call thee Father, and the affection due towards mother falls to thee—*she* is most absolutely hated— and towards my sister, the poor victim ruthlessly destroyed; and brother true thou ever wast to me, winning adora-

[1] ὡς ὄντ' Ὀρέστην πάρ' ἐγώ σε προυννέπω—'*I bid thee—welcome*, she would have said, προυννέπω χαίρειν, Soph. *Trach.* 227,' Verrall.

[2] These three lines are probably misplaced, and should be spoken by the Chorus after Electra's speech: see the next note but one.

tion[1] Only may Power and Justice, with Zeus third, the mightiest of all, be on side![2]

Or. Zeus, Zeus, show thyself Witness of these doings;[3] behold the orphaned offspring of an eagle sire that perished in the coils and twines of a fell viper; his bereaved are pinched by hungry famine, for they are not yet mature to bring their father's quarry to the nest. And so thine eyes 250 may behold me here and this poor girl, Electra, both suffering the same banishment from our home.

Now, if thou lettest us his younglings perish, the children

[1] *πιστὸς δ' ἀδελφὸς ἦσθ' ἐμοὶ, σέβας φέρων.*—If *μόνος*, that follows in the MS., is true, there must be a lacuna between this and *μόνον*, for *μόνον* is necessary in the following sentence.

[2] If *συγγένοιτό μοι* of the MS. is right, these two lines must be spoken by Orestes, and the opening of his speech is lost. Rossbach's view is more probable, that, reading *σοι*, we should make them the conclusion of the Chorus' speech, following Electra's, thus:

ὦ φίλτατον μέλημα δώμασιν πατρός,
δακρυτὸς ἐλπὶς σπέρματος σωτηρίου,
ἀλκῇ πεποιθὼς δῶμ' ἀνακτήσῃ πατρός·
μόνον Κράτος τε καὶ Δίκη σὺν τῷ τρίτῳ
πάντων μεγίστῳ Ζηνὶ συγγένοιτό σοι:

'thou shalt win thy father's house again: only may Power,' etc.

[3] The form *θεωρὸς γενοῦ* implies, as Dr Verrall says, that to *survey* from his high place is a function of Zeus, which he is prayed to exercise on this occasion. I strongly suspect that the line was taken by Æschylus (like many others) from Archilochus; that the fragment 88, of which we possess the first four lines, continued thus:

ὦ Ζεῦ, πάτερ Ζεῦ, σὸν μὲν οὐρανοῦ κράτος,
σὺ δ' ἔργ' ἐπ' ἀνθρώπων δρᾷς
λεωργὰ καὶ θεμιστά, σοὶ δὲ θηρίων
ὕβρις τε καὶ δίκη μέλει.
καὶ νῦν θεωρὸς τῶνδε πρηγμάτων γενεῦ:

and that the Ionic *πρηγμάτων* in our MS. here is due to a scribe remembering this original. This is just how Archilochus should naturally have continued, as Hesiod *Op.* 267 *πάντα ἰδὼν Διὸς ὀφθαλμὸς καὶ πάντα νοήσας καί νυ τάδ', αἴ κ' ἐθέλῃσ', ἐπιδέρκεται, οὐδέ ἑ λήθει οἵην δὴ καὶ τήνδε δίκην πόλις ἐντὸς ἐέργει.*

of thy sacrificer who held thee in great honour, whence wilt thou get the homage of rich feasts from a hand as liberal? If thou shouldst destroy the eagle's race, thou couldst not again send trusty signs to men on earth; neither, if this stem of royalty be suffered to wither quite away, will it do any service upon days of oxen-killing. Tender it with care, and from little thou mayest exalt to loftiness a house that seems now to be lying fallen quite.

Cho. O children, O preservers of your father's home, hush, hush, dear children, lest some one overhear, and for talking's sake report all this to the masters—may I one day see them perished in the flaming resinous ooze!

Or. Never shall the mighty oracle of Loxias play false, enjoining on me to go through this perilous enterprise, with his prophetic voice uplifted loud and long, and with pronouncement of chill plagues to make the hot blood at the heart run cold, should I not avenge my father on the guilty; charging me to slay the slayer in the self-same fashion, maddened to fury at the deprivation of my substance.

Myself, he said, in my own person I should pay the debt else, with the suffering of many loathsome evils.

Partly it was wrath of resentful Powers from the earth that he told of in his revelation unto man, naming these distempers:[1] leprous ulcers mounting upon the flesh, with

[1] *τὰ μὲν γὰρ ἐκ γῆς δυσφρόνων μηνίματα*
βροτοῖς πιφαύσκων εἶπε, τάσδ' αἰνῶν νόσους.

For *μηνίματα* see my note on *Supp.* 272.—*πιφαύσκων εἶπε* are words frequently combined as one phrase of prophetic declarations: Empedocles 102, Maximus *καταρχ.* 533, Tzetzes *Antehom.* 291, 319, Apoll. Rhod. ii. 685, Hom. *β* 162.—Verbs of saying, announcing, prophesying, describe the thing they tell of by either of two constructions—the accusative (with or without a participle), or the accusative and infinitive: they are freely alternated here as elsewhere, *e.g. Ion* 678 *ὑμῖν δὲ σιγᾶν λέγω, ἢ θάνατον εἰπούσαισι*: *Agam.* 623–4 is an example which has been misunderstood.

angry jaws eating away the pristine substance; and upon this disease the rising of white hair. Moreover, he foretold yet other visitations of avenging Spirits brought to effect by reason of a father's bloodshed; for there is the Nether Powers' instrument of darkness, stirred by slain men of kin petitioning for vengeance, [frenzy and idle terror of the night] that perturbs and troubles [a man seeing clear, moving his eyebrow in the darkness]:[1]—and expulsion from the city of the body marred and shamed by the excommunicating scourge.[2] For such offenders there was no partaking in the wine-bowl or the pouring of libation; he is debarred from altars by a father's wrath invisible; none takes him in or lodges with him; and at last disfranchised of all privilege, disowned of all his friends, he dies, pitifully mummified by a death of utter wasting.

These were the oracles; and must I not put trust in them? Even if I trust them not, the deed must still be done: for there are many moving impulses that meet together to one end—besides the god's behests, my own great sorrow for my father, and furthermore, the lack of my estate that pinches, forbidding me to let my countrymen,

[1] I suspect, with H. L. Ahrens, that both the lines bracketed are illustrative quotations, and that the passage should run, like the rest, in *oratio obliqua*:

τὸ γὰρ σκοτεινὸν τῶν ἐνερτέρων βέλος
ἐκ προστροπαίων ἐν γένει πεπτωκότων
κινεῖν, ταράσσειν.

[2] The MS. gives χαλκηλάτῳ πλάστιγγι, by which we should have to understand *a brazen scourge*, for it was with a scourge οἱ ἐναγεῖς were driven out (ἐξάγιστοι, διωκτοί, ἐξόριστοι): this, as I have shown in *Class. Rev.* 1902, p. 59, is the meaning of *Agam.* 646 ἐξαγισθέντας δόμων διπλῇ μάστιγι: add Plut. *Mor.* 673 F, Hesych. Κραδίης νόμος. But a χαλκήλατος πλάστιγξ (πλάστιγξ ἡ χαλκοῦ θυγάτηρ, Critias in Ath. 680 E) was a very different thing. Wecklein would read μάστιγι, thinking that Lycophron, who has ἀγηλάτῳ μάστιγι *v.* 436, found μάστιγι here: I think he found the whole phrase.

the most famous in the world, Troy's overthrowers in their glorious gallantry, to become the subjects of a pair of women—for womanish his heart is, or if not, he shall soon see!

Cho. Ye mighty Fates, grant that with the grace of Zeus the end may come upon the road where Justice also walks![1] '*For enmity of tongue let enmity of tongue be rendered*' is the loud cry of Justice in the exacting of her due, '*and for* 310 *a murderous blow a murderous blow shall be his payment.*' '*The doer so to be done by*' is the word of a most ancient proverb.

Or. O father, fatal father! by what word spoken (to thee) or by what act done can I succeed in wafting (from afar) where thou art harboured in the grave? Light is the counterpart of Darkness; and 'comfort' in like manner is the name given to lamentation that gives glory 320 sons of Atreus[2]

[1] *Theb.* 1064 ὥσπερ τε πόλις καὶ τὸ δίκαιον ξυνεπαινεῖ. *Supp.* 1082 Δίκᾳ δίκας ἕπεσθαι.

[2] This passage unfortunately still remains in part obscure: and the verbal uncertainties affect the purport of the whole. What is it that Orestes desires to 'waft'? Is it his own distress to Agamemnon? Or is it Agamemnon's spirit from the grave?

The metre, to be normal, should be *τί ῥέξας ⁞ τύχοιμ' ἄν ⁞ ⏑ ⏑ οὐρίσας*: *e.g. τύχοιμ' ἄν σ' ἔκαθ' οὐρίσας*, 'waft thee from afar,' or *τόθεν*, 'thence.'

We must remember (what some critics have forgotten) that the children's object in this invocation is not to help and comfort Agamemnon, but to induce Agamemnon to help *them*; to excite pity and anger in their father, and enlist his sympathy upon their side: see *v.* 417, 454 *sqq.*, 477 *sqq.* But how, Orestes asks, can that be done? In the dark underworld, where all things are reversed (*Class. Rev.* 1902, p. 52), mourning of the usual form, the dead man's eulogy (ἐπιτύμβιος αἶνος *Agam.* 1542–9), is *joy* to him (it was so considered generally, though it is denied, for instance, in Plato's *Menexenus* 248 B); at least, such mourning bears the name of χάριτες (gratification, pleasure, solace, cheer; it was commonly so termed, *e.g.* Eur. *Hel.* 176, quoted on *v.* 152). Such mourning, therefore, he fears, instead of rousing

Cho. My son, the spirit of the dead is not subdued by the fire's ravening jaw, but he showeth forth emotions of the heart thereafter. The slain man is bewailed, and the injurer is brought to light: a true and rightful lamentation for a father, for a parent, goes a-hunting, when stirred up thoroughly with both hands.[1]

El. Hear, then, O father, lamentations cried alternately with tears:—It is a dirge of twain children that bewails thee at thy grave: suppliants and exiles in like manner are

Agamemnon, will only please and comfort him. The Chorus reassure him in his doubt; and Electra thereupon continues, 'Let it then be mourning.'

The true interpretation depends largely on *ὁμοίως*, 'likewise,' 'similarly,' 'accordingly,' which comes again in the corresponding place of the antistrophe, *v.* 336. We should be sure to go wrong if with some critics we were to force upon *ὁμοίως* the sense *ὅμως*, 'nevertheless.' It could not bear that sense: *ὁμοίως τῆσδε κοιρανεῖ χθονός* in *Persae* 217 means, 'if unsuccessful,—he is not responsible to the state, but, so long as he is preserved, is still its sovereign just the same.'

What *προσθοδόμοις Ἀτρείδαις* means, and even what it is constructed with, is doubtful.

[1] I take the sense of this to be that lamentation, when *ἔνδικος*, warranted, justified, rightly pertaining to the mourner, heartfelt in genuine distress, and when uttered vigorously, has another effect than *γόος εὐκλεής*, lamentation that merely sings the dead man's praises, the conventional mourning of regret: *that* pleases him; but *this* can move his spirit to sympathise with the distressed, and lend them aid in pursuing the guilty; it can rouse the hounds of a father's vengeance (*πατρὸς ἐγκότους κύνας*, *v.* 923), his *Ἐρινύας*.

ταραχθείς is used as Pindar uses *ταράσσειν* and *δονεῖν* in the case of hymns; and *τὸ πᾶν* goes adverbially with *ἀμφιλαφὴς ταραχθείς*. I do not doubt that *τὸ πᾶν* is sound; the conjectures *ποινὰν* and *τάποιν'* are false metre. *ματεύει*, if sound, is used with a bold brevity, 'acts the hunter,' when the meaning is, 'causes a hunt to be made by the dead man.' *μαγεύει* would be, 'acts like a charm' to raise the dead, which was done by *ψυχαγωγοῖς γόοις* (*Pers.* 688, 699, *Class. Rev.* 1902, p. 57).

those thy tomb hath harboured. Is aught here well? aught free from misery? Is not our fatal doom indomitable?

Cho. Yet, even so, God at his pleasure may yet tune the voice to blither note; instead of dirges at a grave, within the royal hall may rise a hymn of joy and blessing, to acclaim and welcome the fresh mingling of a friend among his friends.

Or. Oh, had it only been at Ilium, father, by some Lycian's hand that thou hadst been slaughtered by the spear and spoiled! Then wouldst thou have left behind thee glory in thy house, and in thy children's walks abroad have made their life the object of men's gaze, and in a land beyond the seas have been the owner of a mounded sepulchre, whose weight thy house could well have borne!

Cho. ——Welcomed to the friendship of the nobly fallen there, of high mark under earth as a prince of rank and majesty, and minister of the highest sovereigns in that realm—for in thy life thou wast a king—fulfilling their allotted portion with the man-controlling sceptre in their hands.

El. Nay, even that were too little for our wish—that our father had perished and been buried with the rest of the slain people by Scamander's stream! Sooner should his murderers have been slain thus by their own,[1] that we might have learned the story of their fatal end far off, and had no taste of all this trouble!

Cho. Ah, daughter, those are wishes beyond gold: greater than great, nay, Hyperborean bliss are the desires you voice; for that is in your power.—However, the thud of the falling scourge goes home with these two lashes:—the champions of the one side are already under earth, while the masters on the other side have hands polluted

[1] Supplying, with Conington, φίλοις after δαμῆναι.

with foul sin: has any case more horrible than this befallen children?[1]

Or. That must have gone home throughly like an arrow. 380
—Zeus, O Zeus, if from below thou send avenging harm hereafter upon violent and wicked hands on earth, it shall be brought to the full the parent.[2]

Cho. O may it be mine to raise a lusty cry of jubilee when a man is struck down and a woman slain!—for how can I conceal the spirit that keeps hovering still and 390

[1] ἀλλὰ διπλῆς γὰρ τῆσδε μαράγνης
δοῦπος ἱκνεῖται· τῶν μὲν ἀρωγοὶ
κατὰ γῆς ἤδη, τῶν δὲ κρατούντων
χέρες οὐχ ὅσιαι· στυγερὸν τούτων
παισὶ τί μᾶλλον γεγένηται;

The 'double scourge' is the double reproach, and its two lashes are specified in the two clauses marked by μὲν and δέ. The sound of anything that falls might be called δοῦπος, and so Nonnus *Dion.* x. 13 has δοῦπος ἱμάσθλης. The word seems to suggest at the same time that the double lamentation (δίπαις θρῆνος, *v.* 333), with its beating on the breast (often called δοῦπος), acts upon Agamemnon like a scourge; as in the *Persae* 685 στένει, κέκοπται, καὶ χαράσσεται πέδον it is implied by the phrasing that the actions of the lamentation are transmitted to the passive earth: *Class. Rev.* 1902, p. 59.

[2] τοῦτο διαμπερέως
ἵκεθ' ἅπερ τε βέλος. Ζεῦ,
Ζεῦ, κάτωθεν ἰάλλων
ὑστερόποινον ἄταν
βροτῶν τλήμονι καὶ πανουργῷ
χειρὶ, τοκεῦσι τελεῖται.

διαμπερέως is, I think, the true reading, corrupted through a scribe writing διαμπερές, the Epic form familiar to him.—ἀμπέμπων of the MS. is wholly unmetrical. It was a conflation of ἰάλλων (Emperius) with its gloss πέμπων: cf. 495 and *Agam.* 58.

The concluding phrase is doubtful. The MS. text is τοκεῦσι δ' ὅμως τελεῖται, which some accept in the sense, 'and, for a mother though it be, it shall be brought to fulfilment.' Others would read ὁμῶς, understanding τοκεῦσιν to mean Agamemnon. Quite a different line is followed by Tucker and Verrall. They take τοκεῦσι to mean the parent-

making my breast quiver? Right full against her front is blowing bitter passion of the heart in hatred rancorous.[1]

El. And when is Zeus in full and ample vigour like to lay on his hand? O let him cleave the crowns and let the country have a pledge![2] Right and justice from the wrongful I demand: give ear, O Earth, and ye Worships of the underworld.

sin, which begets another to avenge it: cf. *Agam.* 760 φίλει δὲ τίκτειν ὕβρις ὕβριν μελαίνας μελάθροισιν ἄτας, εἰδομέναν τοκεῦσιν. *Cho.* 421 Ἐρινὺν ἄτην ἑτέραν ἐπάγουσαν ἐπ' ἄτῃ. On this view τοκεῦσιν ὁμῶς τελεῖται would bear a double sense: 'it shall be brought to fulness, as a child (cf. *Agam.* 750, *Bacch.* 100) and paid, as a debt, together with,' or 'equally with its parent.' But instead of ὁμῶς I should have expected the nominative singular; hardly ὁμά, but τοκεῦσιν ἴσα τελεῖται, as ἦ καλὸν ὄκκα πέλῃ τέκνα γονεῦσιν ἴσα, Nossis *A.P.* vi. 353.

[1] τί γὰρ κεύθω
φρέν' ὃ σεῖον ἔμπας
ποτᾶται; πάροιθεν δὲ πρῴρας
δριμὺς ἄηται κραδίας
θυμός, ἔγκοτον στύγος.

The emotion of the spirit (πνεῦμα) is here spoken of throughout in terms properly belonging to πνεῦμα, *a wind*; and φρέν' ὃ σεῖον (my correction of the MS. φρενὸσ θεῖον) is part of the sustained metaphor: see *Class. Rev.* 1902, p. 437.

The construction of the words δριμὺς κραδίας θυμός is indicated by Mimnermus' phrase, *fr.* 14. 6, δριμὺ μένος κραδίης.

[2] καὶ πότ' ἂν ἀμφιθαλὴς
Ζεὺς ἐπὶ χεῖρα βάλοι; φεῦ
φεῦ κάρανα δαΐξας,
πιστὰ γένοιτο χώρᾳ.

Lucian ii. 684 ΤΙΜ. ἀκούουσι γάρ, ὦ Δᾶμι, ἀκούουσι, καὶ σε μετίασί ποτε χρόνῳ ὕστερον. ΔΑΜ. καὶ πότε ἂν ἐκεῖνοι σχολὴν ἄγοιεν ἐπ' ἐμέ, τοσαῦτα, ὡς φῄς, πράγματα ἔχοντες;

There is doubt about ἀμφιθαλής and about the construction. Perhaps we should read βαλών and make it all one sentence: 'when is Zeus like to lay on his hand, cleaving the crowns, and let the country have a pledge?'

Cho. Well, it is law that blood-drops shed upon the ground should call for other blood besides. Murder loudly summons the Avenging Spirit, from those slain before bringing upon one deadly act another in its train.

Or. O fie, O Earth![1] ye sovereignties of the underworld, behold, ye powerful Curses of the slain, behold the remnant of the sons of Atreus in helpless case and dispossessed from house and home. Where can one turn, O Zeus?

Cho. My heart is all a-quiver now to hear this piteous plaint: at one time I am despondent, and my vitals are darkened within me at the words I listen to; but when again braced for action removes the pain, to my glad cheer.[2]

El. But what words spoken else should we succeed with, than the pains that we have suffered at the hands of parentage? Fawn and use cozening as she may, they are

[1] ποποῖ Δᾶ, as in *Agam.* 1056, *Eum.* 884; probably, as there, and in φεῦ δᾶ, an exclamation rather than a vocative.

[2] ὅταν δ' αὖτ' ἐπαλκὲς
. . . . ἀπέστασεν ἄχος
. . . ., εὐφρόνην ἐμοί.

More than this can hardly be restored with confidence, but the general sense is clear, and closely resembles *Agam.* 99–103, containing the same medical metaphor (ἀπόστασον χαλεπὰν νόσον, Callim. *h. Dem.* 104). πρὸς τὸ φανεῖσθαί μοι καλῶς is not a mistaken reading of the original (there was no such word as προσφανεῖσα), but a gloss. πρὸς τὸ with the infinitive was the most prosaic of prose, wholly foreign to poetical language such as this; but, as I have pointed out in *Class. Rev.* 1898, p. 248, it was used by scholiasts to explain an 'epexegetical' infinitive. εὐφρόνην ἐμοί, corrupted to εὖ φρονεῖν ἐμοί, was glossed with alternative explanations: (1) πρὸς τὸ καλά μοι ἐννοεῖν (as *Theb.* 35 εὖ τελεῖ θεός by καλὰ θεὸς παρέχει); (2) πρὸς τὸ φρονεῖσθαί μοι καλῶς (as *Theb.* 568 λέγειν by ὥστε περί σου λέγεσθαι).

θάρσος in some form there can be little doubt was present, and ἐλπίς would be suitable; but ἄχος must have been followed by a consonant to lengthen it. ἐπαλκὲς θάρσος would do well, or ἐπαλκῆ θρασύνῃς Ἄρει', ...

not soothed; for like a savage wolf, my temper, gotten from the mother, is not to be cozened!

Cho. I beat upon my breast an Arian dirge, and after the manner of a Cissian wailing-woman, with clutching and bespattering blows[1] rained hard on one another might have been seen my outstretched hands descending from aloft, while to the beating stroke my hammered head—unhappy head![2]—resounded.

El. Fie upon thee, mother, cruel as a foe and wicked! With the unkind funeral of a foe thou hadst the heart to bury a king without his people, a husband without mourners, unbewailed!

Or. Without rites altogether, say you? Ah me!—But for that treatment of my father she shall surely pay, by the help of divine powers, and by the help of my own hands: let me but take her life, then let me perish!

Cho. Ay, and, for your instruction, his extremities were also lopped; and the contriver of it was that same she that has him buried in this fashion, with intent to make the manner of his end more dreadful than thy life could bear. This is the story of your father's sore dishonouring.

El. Our father's end was as you say: but I meanwhile was kept aloof, despised and held of no account: kennelled in my chamber like a mischievous dog, I found moist streams come welling up more readily than laughter, as I poured forth lamentation with many tears in my concealment. Let these things thou hearest be written in thy mind.[3]

[1] ἀπριγκτόπληκτα πολυπάλακτά τ' ἦν ἰδεῖν

[2] κροτητὸν ἀμὸν πανάθλιον κάρα.

[3] ἐμασχαλίσθη δέ γ', ὡς τόδ' εἰδῇς·
ἔπρασσε δ' ἅπερ νιν ὧδε θάπτει,

rightly explained by the schol.: κατεσκεύασε δὲ τὸ μασχαλισθῆναι αὐτὸν ἡ Κλυταιμνήστρα, ἢ καὶ οὕτως ἀτίμως αὐτὸν θάψασα (so corrected by Davies) κτέ.

Cho. But through thine ears let the words penetrate and join a calm and steady base of thought:[1] for this is how things stand so far, but there is more yet which we ardently desire to know; and the lists should be entered with a spirit stubborn and unbent.[2]

Or. Father, on thee I call; take part with thine own.

El. And I too, all in tears, add my voice thereto.

Cho. And all this company together sound assent in chorus: Hearken, come to the light, and take part with us against the foe.

Or. War shall engage with War, and Cause with Cause.

El. O gods, determine the cause of right with righteousness.

Cho. Trembling steals over me as I hear these invocations: fated destiny hath been abiding from of old, and in answer to prayer is like to come.

O suffering inbred in the race! Discordant blow and bloody, struck by the hand of Doom! O sorrows harsh and heavy! O pain so hard to be assuaged!

. . . . lint to stanch these wounds the house and not from others without, but from itself, in contest raw and bloody.

[1] Stanley and Heath were right, I think, in taking *βάσει* to mean 'base.'

[2] *τὰ μὲν γὰρ οὕτως ἔχει,*
τὰ δ' αὖ τις ὀργῇ μαθεῖν·
πρέπει δ' ἀκάμπτῳ μένει καθήκειν.

ὀργᾶν means *ἐπιτεταμένως ἐπιθυμεῖν* (Hesych.), to be intensely desirous: Phrynichus in Bekk. *Anecd.* i. 7 *Ἀκοῦσαι ὀργῶ: σημαίνει τὸ πάνυ ἐπαίρομαι πρὸς τὸ πρᾶξαί τι ἢ ἀκοῦσαι.* The MS. had *αὐτοῖς* at first, which was wrongly altered to *αὐτός*: I have corrected it to *αὖ τις*. The Chorus are addressing Orestes, urging on him the importance of remaining cool (cf. *v.* 790, with my note): 'But remember that this is only the first bout, and that the next, of which we passionately long to see the issue, is before you still; you must not allow yourself to be excited and unnerved by indulging too freely in emotion.'

To the Gods beneath the ground is sung this hymn.

O hearken then, ye nether Blessed, to this invocation, and with ready will send aid to the children for their triumph.

Or. Father, who wast murdered in unkingly fashion, grant me at my petition the mastership of thy house.

El. I also, father, have a like boon that I require of thee: escape Ægisthus.[1] 480

Or. For thus will the customary feasts of [or 'for'] humankind be made for thee: else, at the savoury baked meats of nether Banquet[2] thou wilt have no tribute.

El. I, likewise, out of the fulness of my dower from patrimony will bring thee drink-offerings at marriage; and before all else will hold this tomb in chiefest honour.

Or. O Earth, send up my father to be witness of the fight!

El. Yea, and grant, O Persephassa, beauteous victory![3]

Or. Remember the bath, father, whereby thy life was taken.

El. Remember what strange invention of a cloak-net they devised.[4] 490

[1] κἀγὼ, πάτερ, τοιάνδε σου χρείαν ἔχω·
φυγεῖν μέγαν προσθεῖσαν Αἰγίσθῳ

If the accusative participle is correct, I think the sentence must have contained με: 'grant that I may'; for example, φυγεῖν μέγ' ἄλγος θεῖσαν Αἰγίσθῳ μ' ἔτι, 'grant that I may yet escape after inflicting great distress upon Ægisthus'; or φυγεῖν μ' ἐς ἀνδρὸς θεῖσαν Αἰγίσθῳ χέρα, 'that I may escape to a husband's house, after inflicting violence upon Ægisthus'; or θῆσσαν Αἰγίσθῳ τύχην, 'escape my condition of servitude to Ægisthus.'

[2] Or 'with the feasters at the baked meats.'

[3] ὦ Περσέφασσα, δὸς δέ γ' εὔμορφον κράτος, as εὐῶπα πέμψον ἀλκάν, Soph. *O. T.* 189 (Hermann). This is just a place where the particles δέ γε are suitable (*Class. Rev.* 1901, p. 101), as in Eur. *Or.* 1237; and the vocative, as often, is merely placed before them.

[4] ὡς ἐκαίνισαν: or ὡς ἐκαίνισας, 'thou didst prove.'

Or. Thou wast caught, father, in shackles forged not by the smith.

El. And in a wrapping shamefully designed.

Or. Art thou not roused up, father, by these taunts?

El. Dost thou not lift up thy beloved head?

Or. Either send Justice to fight upon our side, or let us get the like grip of them in return, if thou wouldst revenge thine overthrow by victory.

El. And give ear, father, to this final cry: behold these younglings seated at thy tomb, and have compassion on their lamentation, both the female and the male's together.

Or. And let not the seed of Pelops' line be blotted out: for by this means, in spite of death, thou art not dead.

El. For when a man dies, children are preserving voices to keep mention of his name alive; they are as corks afloat carrying a net, keeping the spun yarn out of the engulfing deep.

Or. Hearken; these are our complaints, made for thy sake;[1] it is thine own preservation to show favour to our plea.

Cho. Well, ye have both drawn out your speech to full sufficient length, to compensate the tomb for its lack of lamentation. Now, since your heart is fixed to act, forthwith to work, and put your destined fortune to the touch.

Or. It shall be so. But it is not from the purpose to inquire first how she came to send libations,—what reason moving her to make amends so tardy for a hurt past cure. To a dead man, unconscious, it was a sorry solacing to send:—I cannot fathom it:—but the offering is less large than the offence. For though a man should pour out all the world to atone one deed of blood, the labour were in

[1] Or *ὑπὲρ σοῦ τοι τάδ' ἔστ' ὀδύρματα*, 'it is on *thy* behalf that these complaints are made.'

vain; so runs the saying. If you know this, I would fain have you tell me.

Cho. I do, my son, for I was there: it was from dreams and wandering terrors of the night that with a quaking heart the godless woman sent these offerings.

Or. Have you heard the nature of the dream, so as to tell it rightly?

Cho. She dreamed, by her own story, that she was delivered of a serpent.

Or. And what is the conclusion and the sum of her account?

Cho. That she havened it like a child in swaddling-clothes.

Or. What food did it crave for, as a new-born monster?

Cho. She herself in her dream gave it the breast.

Or. Surely the foul thing did not leave the teat unwounded?

Cho. No, in milking, it sucked a curd of blood.

Or. This vision cannot be unmeaning.[1]

Cho. And she awoke from sleep screaming in a panic; and many a lamp within that had been blinded in the darkness blazed up for the mistress' sake. And thereupon she sends these pious offerings, hoping they should be a knife's cure for the mischief.

Or. Well then, I make prayer unto the Earth here and my father's grave, that I may find this dream come true! I read it, look you, so as to tally at all points:—If the snake came from the same place as I, and thereupon was tendered with swaddling,[2] and opened its mouth about the breast

[1] οὗτοι μάταιον ἂν τόδ' (or τό γ') ὄψανον πέλοι.

[2] εἰ γὰρ τὸν αὐτὸν χῶρον ἑκλιπὼν ἐμοὶ
οὗφις ἔπειτα σπαργάνῃ 'κομίζετο.

The archetype must have been hard to decipher, for the MS. gives οὐφεῖσεπᾶσασπαργανηπλείζετο. Fortunately, it records also an ex-

that nourished me, and mingled then the kind milk with a curd of blood, while she for terror shrieked aloud at the event,—it needs must be that as she nurtured the prodigious portent, she must die by violence; and I, according to the telling of the dream, must turn to serpent and must slay her.

Cho. I choose your divination in the matter; so may it be! Expound now to your friends their parts, bidding these do, and those forbear from doing.[1] 550

Or. It is simple telling:—she must go within; and these women here I charge conceal my covenant;[2] that as by guile they slew a man of rank, by guile they may be also taken and perish in the self-same snare, even as was declared by Loxias, the Lord Apollo, a prophet never found untruthful hitherto.

In the guise of a strange traveller, with the complete gear, I shall come to the court-gate with this man, Pylades, both traveller-cousin and spear-cousin[3] to the house. And we 560

planation of the verb, *ἐπιμελείας ἠξιοῦτο*. This was the phrase regularly used by the grammarians (*Class. Rev.* 1900, p. 195) to explain the words *κομεῖν* and *κομίζειν*, 'to tend with care,' as a nurse does, or a gardener or a groom, *παιδοκόμος, φυτηκόμος, ἱπποκόμος*. The reading *σπαργάνῃ 'κομίζετο* accounts both for the schol. and for the strange spelling *λείζετο*, which is simply *μίζετο* misread. Ample support for the form *σπαργάνη* will be found in Lobeck *Prolegomena*, p. 175. There were, it is true, a few other words of similar meaning which were occasionally explained by the same formula, but none could with any sort of probability be read here. Innumerable words have been conjectured in ignorance, or in defiance, of the schol., but not one of them could possibly have been explained by *ἐπιμελείας ἠξιοῦτο*: Bamberger's *ηὐλίζετο*, for instance ('was lodged'), never was or could have been explained so, because it never had that meaning.

[1] *τοὺς μέν τι ποιεῖν.*

[2] *αἰνῶ δὲ κρύπτειν τάσδε συνθήκας ἐμάς*: see *v.* 579.

[3] '*δορύξενος* sinistram ambiguitatem habere videtur,' Weil.

shall utter, both of us, the language of Parnassus, imitating the accent of the Phocian tongue.

Say then that no door-keeper is like to admit us with a cheerful welcome, by reason that the house is sheer possessed by devilry: then we shall wait, so as to cause one that passes by the house to make conjecture and say thus: 'Wherefore doth Ægisthus have his door shut against the petitioner, if he is not abroad but here at home and knows?'

Let me, however, but once cross the threshold of the court and find that villain sitting in my father's throne,— 570
or if he come, and thereupon before me face to face raise— oh, I warrant you that he shall presently cast down—his eyes:[1] ere ever he can say *What countryman?* upon my nimble iron I will spit the man and lay him dead. And the Avenging Spirit, that hath had no stint of slaughter, shall for her third and crowning draught drink blood unmixed!

Now, then, your part [*to* ELECTRA] must be to keep good watch within the house, that all may come off pat exactly; and you [*to the women*] I charge to keep a discreet tongue —silence where requisite and words in season. For what 580
remains, I call on this man[2] to come hither and be witness, directing to success my contest of the sword.

Cho. Many are the strange and woeful terrors bred of the earth, and the embraces of the ocean teem with baleful monsters; hurtful also are the meteor-torches that hang in the mid-space to things that fly and things that walk

[1] ἢ καὶ μολὼν ἔπειτά μοι κατὰ στόμα
ἀρεῖ—σάφ' ἴσθι, καὶ κατ' ὀφθαλμοὺς βαλεῖ—
Cf. *Hom. h. Dem.* 194, *h. Aphr.* 137, Eur. *fr.* 410. 3, Achill. Tat. vi. 6 ἀνανεύσασα μικρὸν, αὖθις τοὺς ὀφθαλμοὺς κατέβαλεν.

[2] Pylades, who is thus assigned his part, which he performs at *v.* 899. Cf. Eur. *Or.* 1236, where Pylades says ἡψάμην δ' ἐγὼ ξίφους.

upon the ground: consider also the fury of tempestuous hurricanes.[1]

But who shall tell the overbold audacity of man's high spirit, and in women desperate of mind the daring criminal passions linked with human ruin? Wedded unions, among mankind and beasts alike, are violently perverted by unholy[2] female-mastering desire.

Whoso is not light of wit[3] may know this when instructed of the foreknown plot which Thestius' wretched daughter, the child-murderess, devised—the plot of fire-kindling, when she burned the ruddy brand that dated with her son's age from the hour that he first cried on coming from his mother's womb, and kept proportion with him throughout life until the day ordained by fate.

[1] *πόντιαί τ' ἀγκαλαὶ κνωδάλων*
ἀνταίων βρύουσι· βλάπτουσι καὶ πεδαίχμιοι
λαμπάδες πεδάοροι
πτανά τε καὶ πεδοβάμονα· κἀνεμοέντων
αἰγίδων φράσαι κότον.

This supposes that *πλήθουσι* was a gloss on *βρύουσι*, as in Soph. *O.C.* 10. *ἀνεμοέντων* used as a feminine has parallels enough, but we might read *πτανά τε καὶ πεδοβάμονα κἀνεμόεντ' ἂν αἰγίδων φράσαι κότον*, 'both things that fly and things that walk upon the ground can tell also the tempestuous rage of hurricanes.' And there are other possibilities too many to discuss. *λαμπάδες* or *λαμπαδίαι* were a kind of meteor very often mentioned, and by ancient meteorologists all such phenomena were regarded as dangerous and harmful; see *e.g.* Manilius i. 809–903, who gives various theories of their generation. *βλαστοῦσι*, therefore, 'are born in the mid-region,' would not in itself be meaningless.

[2] *ἀπέρωτος*, or *ἀπέρωπος*, 'reckless.'

[3] *ἴστω δ', ὅστις οὐχ ὑπόπτερος φροντίσιν*: as *ὑπόπτερος* commonly means 'flighty,' *κοῦφος* (*e.g.* Themist. 220 C, Eubulus in Ath. 562 C), this would appear to mean the same as the phrase *τοῦτό τις φρονῶν ἴστω* in Soph. *Aj.* 416; but Mr Tucker's interpretation may be right, '"let him who is not fledged with thought know this," *i.e.* let any one, whose apprehension (reflection or experience) is not ready (to supply instances) perceive the truth by taking as his lesson the crime of Althæa.'

And there is another one in legend to be held abominable, a murderess daughter,[1] who at the instance of enemies destroyed the life of a man near to her and dear, when yielding to the temptation of a golden carcanet of Cretan work, the gift of Minos,[2] she reft the hair of immortality from Nisus' head while he drew his breath—ah! the dog's heart of her![3]—unguardedly in sleep; and Hermes overtook him. 620

And since I have made mention of heartless deeds of cruelty——

Another Voice, interrupting. But not to the purpose! A loathsome couplement, abominable to the house, and plots devised by *wedded woman's* cunning against man and soldier, against *wedded man*—do you regard such things with honour and approval, in a way befitting enemies? My admiration is for a domestic hearth unfired to wickedness, a spirit womanly and unaudacious![4]

[1] The exact reading in place of the MS.

ἀλλαδή τιν' ἐν λόγοις στυγεῖν
φοινίαν Σκύλλαν

is uncertain. I have adopted here

ἄλλαν δ' ἔστιν ἐν λόγοις στυγεῖν,
φοινίαν κόραν,

taking ἄλλαν δ' ἔστιν from Hermann (Weil prefers ἄλλαν δ' ἦν τιν,') and with Merkel ejecting Σκύλλαν as a gloss and replacing it by κόραν. The rhythm Σκύλλαν gives is most improbable, and it is a particular advantage here that the relationship should be stated.

[2] The usual story said that it was from love of Minos, but Æschylus has a design in making her motive, as well as her relationship to her victim, different from Clytemnestra's.

[3] So Tucker well translates ἃ κυνόφρων.

[4] ἐπεὶ δ' ἐπεμνασάμην ἀμειλίχων
πόνων,——
'Ακαίρως δέ· δυσφιλὲς γαμή—
λευμ' ἀπεύχετον δόμοις
γυναικοβούλους τε μήτιδας φρενῶν
ἐπ' ἀνδρὶ τευχεσφόρῳ,

First Voice, resuming. But among all crimes in history the Lemnian stands in the chief place:— abomin- 630
able a theme for lamentation;[1] and again the horrible thing men liken to the 'Lemnian calamity': through sin abhorred by God, the race of them is cast out with degradation and dishonour from mankind; for there is no one that '*regards with admiration and approval*' what is loathsome in the sight of heaven. What instance is there here that I adduce 'impertinently'?

But there is a keen and piercing sword that by the act of Justice strikes through and stabs close to the vitals him that doeth what is unlawful, leaving God's reverence

ἐπ' ἀνδρὶ, δήοις ἐπεικότως σέβεις;
τίω δ' ἀθέρμαντον ἑστίαν δόμων,
γυναικείαν ἄτολμον αἰχμάν.

Lucian *Nigrin.* 18 τὸ λοιπὸν οἰκουρεῖν εἰλόμην καὶ βίον τινὰ τοῦτον 'γυναικώδη καὶ ἄτολμον' τοῖς πολλοῖς δοκοῦντα προτιθέμενος. Or γυναικείαν ἄτολμο αἰχμᾶν (Schöne), 'a hearth free from bold impetuousness in woman.'

An interrupting voice, with the alteration of σέβας to σέβεις, gives, I believe, the solution of this very difficult passage. The first voice had set out to illustrate the theme by examples in which the motives and the relationships were artfully differentiated from Clytemnestra's, intending them as steps in a climax leading to the worst, the Lemnian crime, which really corresponds to hers in both respects. But some one present does not understand this, and impatiently breaks in with a petulant complaint that the examples do not fit the case: 'The murder of a husband by an adulterous wife—do you then admire that and approve it, that you pass it over?' σέβεις and τίω are answered by ἀτιμωθὲν and σέβει γὰρ οὔτις, and τί τῶνδ' οὐκ ἐνδίκως ἀγείρω; is the final and triumphant retort to ἀκαίρως δέ. See *Class. Rev.* 1900, p. 196, and my note on *Supp.* 88 *sqq.*, where a passage equally unintelligible is solved by the same remedy.

[1] What to read for γοᾶται δὲ δὴ ποθὲι κατάπτυστον is uncertain. If δήποθεν was used, as Hesychius says, like δήπου or δήπουθεν, 'I presume' would suit the ironical tone of this retort.

Philostratus *Heroica* 325=740 says that an annual ceremony of purification for this crime was held at Lemnos.

wholly trampled under foot and turning aside unto iniquity.[1]

The foundation of Justice is (being) planted firm, and a weapon forged for her betimes by Fate, her armourer: to pay for the pollution of blood shed of old, a Child[2] is introduced into the house in time by the renowned and deep-designing fiend Erinys.

(ORESTES *and* PYLADES *before the palace.*)

Or. Boy, boy! Hear my knocking at the court-door!— Who's within there, boy?— Boy, once more, who's within?[3] This is the third time I call for some step to issue from the house, if it is permitted by Ægisthus to give hospitality.

Doorkeeper. All right; I hear: what countryman, and whence?

Or. Announce me to the masters of the house, for it is to them I come and bring intelligence: and make haste,

[1] τὸ δ' ἄγχι πλευμόνων ξίφος
διανταίαν ὀξυπευκὲς οὐτᾷ
διαὶ Δίκας, τὸ μὴ θέμις,
λὰξ πέδοι πατούμενον
τὸ πᾶν Διὸς
σέβας παρεκβάντ' ἐς οὐ θεμιστά.

as *Anthol.* xvi. 243 ἦν δὲ παρεκβαίης ἐς ἃ μὴ θέμις. A scribe, mistaking παρεκβάντες for one word, supposed that οὐ θεμιστά was adverbial; hence, as often, it was altered to the form in -ως.

πατούμενον, if sound, is to be taken, as I have taken it, with σέβας: but πατουμένας agreeing with Δίκας may be right.

[2] τέκνον δ' ἐπεισφέρει δόμοις
αἱμάτων παλαιτέρων
τίνειν μύσος.

New Murder begotten by the old to be its penalty: compare 799–801, *Agam.* 760–766, 385 ἐκτίνουσ' ἀτολμήτων ἀρή, and 1512 Ἄρης δίκας πάχνᾳ κουροβόρῳ παρέξει.

[3] τίς ἔνδον, ὦ παῖ; — παῖ, μάλ' αὖ, τίς ἐν δόμοις; Schwerdt's correction of παῖ μάλ' αὖθις ἐν δόμοις. Cf. 875, *Agam.* 1344, Eur. *Phoen.* 1340–2, Hdt. v. 76.

for the dark chariot of Night is coming on apace, and it is time for travellers to slip anchor in some house of common entertainment. Let some one of authority come forth—a woman[1] seemlier it should be a man, for then in conversation shame does not cause language to be veiled; man speaks to man with boldness, and gives plain indication of his meaning.

(CLYTEMNESTRA *appears at the door, with* ELECTRA *in attendance.*[2])

Clyt. Sirs, you will speak your wishes; at your service here is all such entertainment as befits this house,—warm baths and labour-soothing couch, and the presence of true eyes about you. But if you have business of graver counsel to despatch, that is man's affair, and to man we will impart it.

Or. I am a foreigner, a Daulian from Phocis; and as I was going on business of my own with my own pack to Argos, where my unharnessed feet have reached their destination,[3] a man strange to me, as I to him, fell in with me, inquired my road, and told me his—one Strophius a Phocian, as I learned in course of talk—and said to me, 'Since, friend, you are wending anyhow to Argos, be sure by all means to remember and inform his parents that Orestes is dead; on no account forget. So whether his friends' opinion decide to bring him home, or to bury him in a strange land as an alien denizen for evermore, convey these charges back again. Meanwhile the round sides of a

[1] γυνὴ τἄπαρχοσ MS.

[2] See the note on Electra's speech, *v.* 687.

[3] ὥσπερ δεῦρ' ἀπεζύγην πόδας,

'*according as* I have reached my destination here,' or 'according as I had quitted for my destination hither.'

brazen urn enclose the ashes of a man right well bewept.' That is the message I was told. Whether I am speaking to those in authority and the family whom it concerns I do not know; but his parent ought to be aware.

El.[1] Ah me, we are taken ruthlessly by storm and spoiled![2] O thou invincible Curse of this sad House, how wide thy vision ranges! Even what is well bestowed[3] out of the way thou bringest down with thy well-aimed arrows from afar, and strippest me of friends, unhappiest me! 690

Orestes now—for he was, as he imagined, prudently keeping his foot safe out of the mire of ruin—now that Hope, which once the House had for a mediciner of the accursed carnival, might have been registered upon the roll as Present![4]

[1] This speech, which nearly all modern editors assign to Clytemnestra, must, as I have shown in the *Classical Review*, 1903, p. 245, be spoken by Electra. There are thus three speaking characters upon the stage at once, Orestes, Clytemnestra, and Electra, as in a scene of the *Eumenides*, 569 *sqq.*, Athena, Apollo, and Orestes.

[2] Reading *οἳ ἐγὼ κατ' ἄκρας νηλεῶς πορθούμεθα*, a conjecture by M. Schmidt. ΝΗΛΕΩC in uncials might quite well look like ΝΠΑCΩC. We require an adverb with some such meaning, or at least an exclamatory *ὡς*: but it is improbable that *ἐν πᾶσι* was a gloss. The conjecture commonly adopted, *κατ' ἄκρας εἶπας ὡς πορθούμεθα*, is supposed to mean 'your message spells our utter ruin'; but this is wholly without parallel in Greek; in that sense they said *πόρθησιν εἶπας* or *πορθουμένους*: it could only mean 'you say how that we are destroyed': and Orestes does not say that.

[3] 'Disposed' or 'situated.' The punctuation of the sentence and the meaning of *καί* in *κἀκποδών* are doubtful; perhaps we should read *τόξοις πρόσωθεν δ' εὐσκόποις* *Class. Rev.* 1900, p. 198.

[4] *καὶ νῦν 'Ορέστης—ἦν γὰρ εὐβούλως ἔχειν*
ἔξω νομίζων ὀλεθρίου πηλοῦ πόδα—
νῦν δ' ἥπερ ἦν δόμοισι βακχείας κακῆς
ἰατρὸς ἐλπίς—ἦν παροῦσαν ἐγγράφειν.

These difficult lines are fully explained in *Class. Rev.* 1903, p. 245 *sqq.*,

Or. Well, I am sure, for my part, I could have wished, with entertainers in such happy state, that matter of good had been the occasion of my becoming known to them and entertained: where is there good-will greater than from guest toward host? Only, to my thought, it was like sin and wickedness[1] to leave such an office of friendship unfulfilled, after the pledge of my promise and the bond of hospitality.

Clyt. Oh, you shall by no means receive less than your deserts:[2] another would have brought us the news equally, if you had not.—But it is time for travellers spending the day on a long journey to find tending suitable:—[*To* ELECTRA] Conduct him to the chambers of men's entertainment, and this retinue and company, and there let them find tending for their bodies. And I warn you to perform this as you shall answer for it.[3] [*Exit* ELECTRA *with* ORESTES *and* PYLADES.] We meanwhile will impart the matter to the master of the house, and, being in no *lack of friends*, will take counsel together about this sad event. [*Exit.*

Chorus. Well, loyal handmaids! how long shall it be ere we show forth the strength of our voices for Orestes' triumph?—O sovereign earth, and sovereign mound that liest now upon the body of the royal admiral, now hearken, now lend aid! The moment is ripe now for guileful Persuasion to bring her help into the lists, and for Hermes

where the restoration of them is, I think, completed. The reiterated *ἦν* designedly enables Electra to *imply* that Orestes is no more, without asserting it expressly.

[1] *πρὸς δυσσεβείας δ'* It would in truth have been a sin—against Apollo. All the speech consists of these ambiguous ironies.

[2] *οὗτοι κυρήσεις μεῖον ἀξίων σέθεν, i.e. οὗτοι μεῖον ἢ τὰ ἄξιά σου ἔξεις.* Messengers were rewarded according to the nature of the news they brought: *Class. Rev.* 1902, p. 60.

[3] By treating her as a slave, Clytemnestra thus plays into Electra's hands.

of the earth and him of the night to be spectator at this contest of the deadly sword![1]

(*Enter* ORESTES' *Nurse.*)

Our traveller, it seems, is working mischief:—yonder I see Orestes' nurse all in tears.—Whither stepping, Cilissa, in the palace-gate, with grief for unhired company?

Nurse. The mistress bids summon Ægisthus for the strangers as quick as may be, that he may come and learn more certainly, as man from man, this piece of news—with eyes of assumed sadness before the servants, and within them masking laughter[2] at a piece of work done excellently well for *her*,—but miserable ill work for the house it is that comes of the message these strangers have so plainly told. Oh, I warrant, *his* heart will be gladdened when he hears the tale. O woe is me! All that past minglement of heavy sorrows happening in this house of Atreus made my heart ache enough within my breast, but never yet did I endure a blow like this. All the other troubles I bore patiently; but my beloved Orestes, that I spent my soul upon, that I took to nurse from his mother's womb—and all the many and the weary tasks caused me by loud summonings that set one stirring in the night[3]—all to no profit of my pains. Because a thing without sense must be tended, surely, like

[1] *νῦν γὰρ ἀκμάζει Πειθὼ δολίαν*
ξυγκαταβῆναι, χθόνιον δ' Ἑρμῆν
καί τὸν νύχιον τοῖσδ' ἐφορεῦσαι
ξιφοδηλήτοισιν ἀγῶσιν.

Class. Rev. 1903, p. 289.

[2] *θετοσκυθρωπῶν ἐντὸς ὀμμάτων γέλων κεύθουσα*: Eur. *Or.* 461 *τίνα σκότον λάβω προσώπῳ; ποῖον ἐπίπροσθεν νέφος θῶμαι;* 1311 *σκυθρωποὺς ὀμμάτων ἔξω κόρας ὡς δῆθεν οὐκ εἰδυῖα τἀξειργασμένα.* *Phoen.* 1338 *σκυθρωπὸν ὄμμα.*

[3] *κἀκ νυκτιπλάγκτων.*

a dumb beast, according to its humour.[1] For it has no *speech*, a child still in its swaddling-clothes, to say what is the matter with it, hunger or thirst perchance or wanting to make water; and the infant belly waits for no assistance. These needs I would be a prophet to forecast, but many a time, I trow, being mistaken, would be laundress of its linen, so that fuller and nurse had work to the same end. With these two handicrafts it was that I received Orestes from his father's hands, and now, unhappy me! I learn that he is dead. And I am on my way to the man who is the ruin of this house; and glad he will be to hear these tidings. 750 760

Cho. How then does she bid him come arrayed?

Nurse. What mean you by 'How'?[2] Say it again to make me clear.

Cho. I mean, whether with a guard or unattended?

Nurse. She bids him bring a retinue of spearmen.

Cho. Now, do not you give that message to our hated master, but to come by himself, that he may hear without alarm, as soon as may be, with a merry heart.[3]

Nurse. What! are you in sympathy with the present news? 770

Cho. Well, suppose Zeus means at last to change the weather of our troubles?[4]

[1] *τρόπῳ φρενός*, if sound, can have no other meaning than 'by the state of its mind.' Compare Plat. *Rep.* 493 A, *Legg.* 791 E, Xen. *Mem.* ii. 2. 5, Porph. *de abst.* iii. 5, Ar. *Nub.* 1380.

[2] *τί πῶς*; But for the sound of it, the usual expression in this sense would have been *πῶς πῶς*;

[3] *ἐν ἀγγέλῳ γὰρ κυρτὸς ὀρθοῦται λόγος*, the proverbial line which follows, attributed elsewhere to Euripides, 'for in the mouth of a messenger a bent word is made straight,' I consider with Dr Verrall was only quoted here in illustration. *κυρτὸς*, I believe with Weil, is the true reading for the variants *κυπτὸς* and *κρυπτός*.

[4] Or the sentence may be interrupted: 'Well, if Zeus ever means to

Nurse. How? Orestes, the Hope of the House, is gone.

Cho. Not yet: it were an ill diviner that should read it so.[1]

Nurse. What do you mean? Have you any information outside what has been told?

Cho. Go and take your message; do as you are charged. The Gods attend to what they are concerned with.

Nurse. Well, I will go and obey your counsel. With the gift of the Gods, may all turn to the best! [*Exit.*

Chorus. Now at my supplication, Zeus, Father of the Olympian Gods, grant that fortune may befall to them that long to see the rule of Soberness. Every syllable that I cry is voiced in righteousness: mayest thou uphold it![2] 780

Ah me! And him within the palace advance, O Zeus, before his enemies; for if thou exalt him, thou shalt at thy pleasure receive[3] twofold and threefold in return.

Bethink thee how the young horse sired by a man dear to thee is harnessed in a chariot of distress: it is by imposition of measure in his running that the stride of steps winning to the goal may be seen preserving over this course an ordered pace.[4] 790

change the weather of our troubles, (now is the moment to be hoped for).'

[1] *οὔπω · κακός γε μάντις ἂν γνοίη τάδε*: cf. Eur. *Hel.* 518 Μενέλαος *οὔπω οἴχεται*. Not, as some render it, 'even an ill soothsayer could tell that,' which in Greek would be *οὔπω · κἂν κακὸς μάντις ἂν γνοίη τάδε*. If the line were all one sentence, we should have to read *οὔπω καλός γε μάντις* (Eur. *Heracl.* 65) *ἂν γνοίη τάδε*, 'a good soothsayer would not divine that yet,' as Empedocles 350 *οὐκ ἂν ἀνὴρ τοιαῦτα σοφὸς φρεσὶ μαντεύσαιτο*.

[2] There is much uncertainty in the text here.

[3] Or 'he will gladly pay thee.'

[4] Read and punctuate:

ἴσθι δ' ἀνδρὸς φίλου πῶλον εὖν-
ιν ζυγέντ' ἐν ἅρμασιν

And ye that within the house inhabit your wealth-gladdened cell,[1] hearken, ye Deities that feel with us! Redeem the blood of deeds done anciently with fresh requital; let murder, being old, have offspring in the house no more!

And thou that dwellest in thy great fair-builded cavern, grant that we may happily engarland a man's house and that it may look forth from the veil of gloom with brightness, as the mien of freedom is, in eyes of friendliness![2]

And let the son of Maia take part also, as is warrantable,

πημάτων· ἐν δρόμῳ προστιθεὶς
μέτρον τις ἂν σῳζόμενον ῥυθμὸν
δάπεδον ἀν τοῦτ' ἴδοι
ἀνομένων βημάτων ὄρεγμα.

Class. Rev. 1900, p. 198. It is of vital moment that Orestes should remain cool (cf. *v.* 450, with my note); the Chorus therefore pray that Zeus will put the check upon him, keep him under control, not allow him to get out of hand and go too fast, βίᾳ καί ἀτάκτως φέρεσθαι. *Othello*, iv. 1:

'*Oth.* Dost thou hear, Iago?
I will be found most cunning in my patience;
But—dost thou hear?—most bloody.
Iago. That's not amiss;
But yet keep time in all.'

δάπεδον ἀν (*i.e.* ἀνὰ) τοῦτο as δάπεδον ἀν τόδε, Pind. *Nem.* vii. 83, ἀνὰ δάπεδον, Eur. *Or.* 330, ἀμ πέδον and ἀμ πεδίον often.

[1] The θεοὶ μύχιοι.

[2] τὸ δὲ καλῶς κτίμενον ὦ μέγα ναίων
στόμιον, εὖ δὸς ἀναδεῖν δόμον ἀνδρός,
καί νιν ἐλευθερίως
λαμπρὸν ἰδεῖν φιλίοις
ὄμμασιν ἐκ δνοφερᾶς καλύπτρας.

See *Class. Rev.* 1900, p. 198. ἐλευθέριος means *liberalis*, 'like an ἐλεύθερος,' as δούλιος means *servilis*, and φίλιος 'like a φίλος,' and the adverb has its proper meaning here: see *e.g.* Theognis 535–8, Liban. iv. 581. 7.

since he is most penetrating, and will make much manifest when so he chooses; but when uttering an obscure speech, he brings darkness before the eyes by night, and in the daytime is not a whit more plain.[1] 810

And then at last upon deliverance of the house with wind set fair in women's accents we shall vent the -toned wizards' strain: *The vessel speeds! Hereby* 820

[1] This passage, which has been much corrupted by glosses, I would read as follows:

ξυλλάβοι δ' ἐνδίκως (or δ' ἂν ἐνδίκως)
παῖς ὁ Μαίας, ἐπεὶ τορώτατος,
πολλά τ' ἀμφανεῖ θέλων·
ἄσκοπον δ' ἔπος λέγων,
νύκτ' ἀντ' ὀμμάτων σκότον φέρει
καθ' ἡμέραν τ' οὐδὲν ἐμφανέστερος.

πρᾶξιν οὐρίαν, which is metrically superfluous, I take to be part of a gloss in explanation of the reading ἐπιφορώτατος. Upon that there is a schol.: ὡς ἐπὶ ἀνέμου εἶπεν. ἀντὶ τοῦ ὁ λογικώτατος. It is hard to see how the last part could have been written if the text before the writer had been ἐπιφορώτατος πρᾶξιν οὐρίαν. Hermes is here invoked in virtue of his recognised qualities; and φορώτατος would represent him as a wafting wind. But this was no epithet or attribute of his. Dr Roscher has indeed a theory that Hermes was originally a Wind-God; but no Greek writer anywhere betrays the least suspicion of it. Zeus is οὔριος (*Supp.* 602); Hermes might be called φραδώτατος or πορώτατος: certainly τορώτατος, which includes the notions *piercing*, *penetrating*, *lucid*, *clear*, *perspicuous*, and *perspicacious*, the audience would have recognised at once, for it is appropriate to him on many accounts, as *Herald* or *Crier*, as *Messenger* (*Suppl.* 942), as *Interpreter* (*Agam.* 621, 1046), and as λόγιος generally. His epithet διάκτορος was by many held to mean διάτορος: and when in the ancient 'Homeric' Hymn to Hermes the words used of his boring out the tortoise are 42 ἐξετόρησε, 119 διατορήσας, and of his boring through a house 178 ἀντιτορήσων, 283 ἀντιτοροῦντα, I suspect these are allusions to his quality of τορός.

One scholiast's note, θέλων πολλὰ κρυπτὰ εὑρίσκει, shows, as Mr Tucker has pointed out, that instead of ἀμφανεῖ there was a variant ἀλφάνει, 'makes many gains.'

is harm removed from those I love, and my own gain, my own, increased withal.[1]

Thou, with a good courage, when the turn of action comes, overbearing her piteous cry of *Child* with *Father*, carry to the end a deed of slaughter unreprovable.[2]

And taking within thy breast the heart of Perseus, for thy 830
friends below the earth and those above it working joy within the house make bloody slaughter, but destroy the guilty cause[3]

[1] καὶ τότ' ἤδη ⏑ —
θῆλυν οὐριοστάταν
. . . . κρεκτον γοήτων νόμον μεθήσομεν·
'πλεῖ τάδ' εὖ·
ἐμὸν ἐμὸν κέρδος αὔξεται τόδ', ἅτα δ'
ἀποστατεῖ φίλων.'

The point of this is that γόητες, conjurers or wizards, while delivering others from distress, were notorious at the same time for an eye to their own pockets (κέρδος): hence the slaves, looking for their own advantage too, anticipate for themselves 'the wizards' strain.' *Class. Rev.* 1902, p. 60, where add Soph. *Ant.* 1047, Eur. *Bacch.* 250, Plat. *Legg.* 909 B, *Paroemiogr.* i. p. 228 Leutsch, Thesaur. *s.v.* ἀγύρτης.

πλοῦτον in the MS. is an error for an adjective (κλυτὸν, 'loud,' Bamberger), and ὁμοῦκρεκτὸν a corruption of some compound.

[2] σὺ δὲ θαρσῶν, ὅταν ἥκῃ μέρος ἔργων,
ἐπαΰσας πατρὸς αὐδὰν
θρεομένᾳ 'τέκνον,' πέραιν'
ἀνεπίμομφον ἄταν.

Soph. *Trach.* 1034 ἀνεπίφθονον εἴρυσον ἔγχος.

[3] Περσέως τ' ἐν φρεσὶν
καρδίαν σχεθὼν
τοῖς θ' ὑπὸ χθονὸς φίλοις
τοῖς τ' ἄνωθεν προπράσσων
χαρας
ἔνδοθεν
φόνιον ἅταν τιθει(s), τὸν αἴτιον δ' ἐξ-
απολλυ

In the second line two syllables are wanting. The usual word in this

(*Enter* ÆGISTHUS.)

Ægisthus. I am come—not without summons but in answer to a message. News, I understand, is brought by certain strangers who have come, news of no pleasant sort. Orestes' death,—that also laid upon the shoulders of the House would be a burden causing blood to break out fresh, when they are galled and sore already with its former bloodshed[1] How can I suppose this true and manifest? Is it but women's terrified reports leaping like sparks into the air about his death when he is not dead after all?[2] Have you anything to tell about it that would make it plain to reason? 840

Cho. We heard a story; but you had better go within and find out from the strangers. Force of a messenger is

phrase is ἔχων, sometimes λαβών: if Æschylus used σχεθών, I suspect it was to lengthen a short syllable preceding, as in ἄγε. Weil has conjectured καρδιάν σχεδρὰν ἔχων, 'with the stout heart of Perseus.' χάριτος ὀργᾶς, as I have shown in *Class. Rev.*, Oct. 1905, are alternative interpretations of χαρας: and if λυπρᾶς is a mistake for λυγρᾶς, there is a word missing, 'working of melancholy joy'; but the original may possibly have been προπράσσων χαρὰς λυτηρίας, 'working joy for deliverance.'

In the last line Mr Tucker conjectures τὸν αἴτιον δ' ἐξαπόλλυε σπόρον, 'utterly destroy the germ of guilt.'

[1] μόρον δ' Ὀρέστου, καὶ τόδ' ἀμφέρειν δόμοις
γένοιτ' ἂν ἄχθος αἱματοσταγὲς φόνῳ
τῷ πρόσθεν ἐλκαίνουσι καὶ δεδηγμένοις.

as ἤλκωσας οἴκους in Eur. *Supp.* 225. ἀναφέρειν (cf. ἀνάφορον, ἀναφορεύς) is 'to lay upon the shoulders,' literally or metaphorically. Whether it means here 'to lay upon the shoulders of the House' or 'for the House to take upon its shoulders' Æschylus himself, perhaps, could hardly have pronounced.

[2] λόγοι θνῄσκοντος μάτην, as the schol. seems to have read: cf. Soph. *El.* 59, 63, 1217, 1298, 1360, Eur. *Hel.* 1049, 1051, 1573.

as nothing compared with going and inquiring about it on the spot oneself.[1]

Æg. I wish to see the messenger and examine him again, whether he was near in presence at the death himself, or only says what he has heard from a vague rumour. My mind's eyes are open, and shall never be deceived by him. 850

[*Exit.*

Cho. Zeus, Zeus, what shall I say, where shall I begin with prayers and invocations? How in my loyal zeal can I attain expression adequate? For now is the moment when the piercing edges[2] of man-slaying cleavers stained are either to make ruin of the House of Agamemnon utterly, 860 or else with fire and light ablaze for freedom shall <a Man> have both the governance of the country <and his own estate again>,[3] the great possession of his fathers. For such a stake, sole adversary against two, Orestes the heroic[4] is about to wrestle: may it be to triumph!

[1] *οὐδὲν ἀγγέλων σθένος*
ὡς αὐτόσ' αὐτὸν ἄνδρα πεύθεσθαι πέρι

Conington for *αὐτὸσ*.

[2] *πειραί* (cf. *εὐραί, ζειρά, σειρά, θερμαστρά*), or *πεῖραι*, essays,' 'attacks.'

[3] *ἡ πῦρ καὶ φῶς ἐπ' ἐλευθερίᾳ*
δαίων ἀρχάς τε πολισσονόμους
<καὶ δώματ' (or χρήματ') ἀνὴρ>
ἕξει, πατέρων μέγαν ὄλβον.

There are three reasons for this supplement: (1) the ungrammatical *τε*; (2) to omit mention of the House, around which everything centres, would be hardly possible; (3) there is no subject to the verb. Supplying this with *ἀνήρ*, we have an example of a rhetorical artifice which I have called attention to in *Class. Rev.* 1900, p. 12; first comes a vague description, the proper name being deferred until the second clause, where it comes with telling emphasis. It is frequent in Pindar and Bacchylides, and Tragic examples may be seen in *Cho.* 614, *Agam.* 105–110, 210, *Supp.* 542–549, Soph. *O.C.* 675, Eur. *Ion* 1146, *Rhes.* 909–918.

μόνος ὢν ἔφεδρος δισσοῖς θεῖος Ὀρέστης: it was characteristic of the

(*A shriek and groans are heard within from* ÆGISTHUS.)

Cho. Hush, hush! How has the day gone within? Let us stand aside while the affair is being settled, that we may appear to be innocent of this trouble; for the issue of the battle has by this been sealed. 870

(*Enter a Servant.*)

Servant. O woe is me, utter woe, my master[1] O woe is me again for the third time! Ægisthus is no more. Come, open quick, unbar the women's gate! And a right lusty man it needs—though not indeed to help the dead,[2] of course. Ho there! Oho!—I shout to the deaf, and spend my voice to no effect on idle sleepers. Where has Clytemnestra gone? What is she doing? Her own neck now is like to fall beside the block beneath the stroke of Justice.[3] 880

(*Enter* CLYTEMNESTRA.)

Clyt. What is the matter? What is this clamour you are raising?

Servant. It means that the dead are slaying the live.

Heroes to whom Orestes is compared (see note on *v.* 163) that they performed their exploits travelling alone, without allies, *ἰδίᾳ, μόνοι ἄνευ στρατιᾶς*: *Heracles*, the *θεῖος ἀνήρ*, Pind. *Nem.* 3. 24 (and *Peleus* rivalling him, *v.* 34), Megaclides in Ath. 512 f., Dio Chrys. 1. 64, Arr. Epictet. iii. 26; his emulator *Theseus*, Bacchyl. xviii. 35, Xen. *Cyneg.* i. 10; *Perseus*, Lucian i. 322.

[1] *τελουμένου* was probably repeated by mistake from *v.* 871 instead, *e.g.*, of *πεπληγμένου* (Schuetz).

[2] *οὐχ ὡς δ' ἀρῆξαι* MS., *οὐχ ὅς γ' ἀρῆξαι* Wecklein.

[3] *ἔοικε νῦν αὐτῆς ἐπιξήνου πέλας*
αὐχὴν πεσεῖσθαι,
Abresch's emendation of *ἐπὶ ξυροῦ*, which is quite impossible.

Clyt. O me! I read the purport of the riddling phrase: by guile we are to perish even as we slew. Quick, give me a man-axe![1] Let us see whether victory is with us or against us; for that is the point I have come to in this trouble.

(*Enter* ORESTES.)

Or. Ah, it is you that I am seeking: the man there has got enough already.

Clyt. O my most beloved Ægisthus, art thou dead?

Or. Thou lovest the man? Very well, thou shalt lie in the same grave; and when he is dead, thou shalt never then betray him.

Clyt. Forbear, my son, and show reverence to this breast, whereat so often slumbering the while thou hast sucked with thy toothless gums the nurturing milk.

Or. Pylades, what shall I do? Shall reverence make me spare my mother's life?

Pylades. What becomes then of Loxias' prophecies in future? and of faithful covenants? Let all the world be your enemies rather than the Gods![2]

Or. I judge your counsel better; you exhort me well.—Come with me; I mean to slay thee beside that very man,[3] for while he was alive you held him a better than my father. Sleep with him, then, in death; because that is the man you love, and him that should have been your love, you hate.

Clyt. I gave thee nurture, and would spend my old age with thee.

[1] *ἀνδροκμῆτα πέλεκυν* may mean either 'man-tiring' (*ἀνδραχθῆ*) or 'man-slaying.'

[2] *ἐχθροὺς ἡγοῦ* is merely a synonym, as elsewhere (*e.g. Philoct.* 1323), of the usual phrase *ἐχθροὺς νόμιζε, inimicos habe.*

[3] *ἔπου· παρ' αὐτὸν τόνδε σε σφάξαι θέλω* Herwerden.

Or. My father's murderess, and share my home?

Clyt. It was Fate, my child, partly, that was the cause of that.

Or. Then it was Fate that brought this doom about.

Clyt. Hast thou no awe, my child, of parent's curses?

Or. You were my parent and cast me out into misery.

Clyt. It was not 'casting out' to send you to the house of a spear-cousin!

Or. I was foully sold, being the son of a free father.[1]

Clyt. Where then is the price that I received for you?

Or. Shame forbids me to reproach you with that plainly.

Clyt. Nay, but speak likewise of your father's wantonnesses!

Or. It is not for you, sitting quietly within, to blame the toiler.

Clyt. It is pain, my child, for women to be kept from man.

Or. Ay, but it is the man's labour that maintains them sitting within doors.

Clyt. You mean, it seems, my child, to kill your mother.

Or. It is thou, not I, that will be the killer of thyself.

Clyt. Look to it! Beware the hounds of a mother's fury.

[1] *αἰκῶς ἐπράθην, ὢν ἐλευθέρου πατρός.* The MS., by an absurd error, has the grammarians' word *διχῶς* (*Class. Rev.* 1902, p. 354). The right word, *αἰκῶς*, was suggested by Bothe, but the force of it has not been appreciated. To be sold would be no disgrace (*οὐδὲν ἀεικές*) to the slave-born; but for a man born free it was *αἰκία*, a foul outrage and indignity:

> 'To be a queen in bondage is more vile
> Than is a slave in base servility;
> For princes should be free.'

Compare with the sentence Eur. *Hec.* 418 *δούλη θανοῦμαι, πατρὸς οὖσ' ἐλευθέρου*, *Hel.* 274 *δούλη καθέστηκ', οὖσ' ἐλευθέρων ἄπο*, *El.* 203 *μέλεος* (Orestes) *ἀλαίνων ποτὶ θῆσσαν ἑστίαν, τοῦ κλεινοῦ πατρὸς ἐκφύς*: and for the sense of *αἰκῶς*, Solon *δουλίην ἀεικέα*, *P. V.* 97, 190, Soph. *El.* 103, 191, 206, 486, *Agam.* 1519 *κοίταν ἀνελεύθερον*.

Or. And how shall I escape my father's, if I leave this task undone?

Clyt. It seems my pleading is as vain as wailing to a tomb.

Or. Ay, for my father's fate determines that doom for thee.[1]

Clyt. Ah me, it was a serpent that I nourished when I bore this son.

Or. Ah, the dream-terror was indeed a prophet!—Thou slewest whom thou shouldst not, and thou must suffer what should not be. [*He takes* CLYTEMNESTRA *within.*

Cho. Even for these I sigh, their twofold suffering; but since sore-tried Orestes hath attained the crown and summit of so many acts of bloodshed, we would rather have it so, that the eye of the whole House should not sink and perish utterly. 930

Unto the sons of Priam justice came at last in heavy retribution, and so unto the house of Agamemnon there came a twofold lion, twofold war: to the utmost stretch the exile warned at Pytho held on his career,[2] well sped by guidance from above. 940

Raise ho! the jubilant shout for the escaping of our master's house from trouble and the wasting of its substance by a pair of unclean sinners, from a hard and toilsome road!

Came also he[3] whose part is guileful retribution by clandestine fight, and in the battle touch was laid upon the

[1] *πατρὸς γὰρ αἶσα τόνδε σοι ὁρίζει μόρον.* This was the usual word for fixing a penalty; *e.g.* Heliod. ix. 21 *τίνα σαυτῷ τιμωρίαν ὁρίζεις*;—Written in contracted form, *σοι ὁρίζει* would be *σῴρίζει* or *σὠρίζει*, as *ὠρνιθοκλέπται* in Herodas vi. 102 (*Class. Rev.* 1903, p. 248).

[2] *Class. Rev.* 1900, p. 198.

[3] Hermes *δόλιος*, patron of deceitful enterprises, *v.* 808, Soph. *El.* 1395, *Philoct.* 133, *Rhesus* 216, Æneas Tact. c. 24.

hand by Zeus' own true-begotten daughter—*Dike*,[1] with happy hit, we mortals call her name—breathing the wrath of destruction on her enemies.

The remedy proclaimed by Loxias on Parnassus, where he possesseth his great earthen shrine, proceeds without fail against the mischief become chronic in the house.[2] Divinity is ever somehow master, to avoid subservience to (the) evil; we should do homage to the rule of Heaven.[3]

The light is here in view: and a great curb hath been removed from the household.[4] Come, arise up, O ye halls! Too long a while have ye been lying prostrate on the ground[5]

But soon shall Time made perfect pass through the portals of the house, when it hath expelled all defilement from the

[1] Meaning, as I understand it, that Justice *sanctified* Orestes' hand: divinities are often said to confer by their touch the qualities they represent; and compare a vase-painting thus described by Jebb *Electra* p. xiv.: 'The scene is in the temple at Delphi. Apollo, laurel-crowned, is sitting on the omphalos; in his left hand is a lyre; with the stem of a laurel-branch, held in his right, he is touching the sheathed sword of Orestes; he thus consecrates it to the work of retribution.'

[2] τάπερ ὁ Λοξίας ὁ Παρνάσσιος,
μέγαν ἔχων μυχὸν χθονὸς, ἐπορθίαξεν ἀδόλως δόμοις
βλάβαν ἐγχρονισθεῖσαν ἐποίχεται.

Both ἀδόλως and δόμοις (which I write for the MS. δολίας) may be taken with ἐπορθίαξεν equally.

[3] κρατεῖ πως τὸ θεῖον αἰεί, τὸ μὴ
ὑπουργεῖν κακοῖς·
(ἄξια) δ' οὐρανοῦχον ἀρχὰν σέβειν.

Class. Rev. 1901, p. 396. The text has suffered from a paraphrasing scholiast, and I am not sure that ὑπουργεῖν has not been substituted for another word. πως (as in *Supp.* 107) is 'by some means manages, contrives to'; it was written πῶς here and misunderstood, as in Ar. *Plut.* 246.

[4] Reading οἰκέων (from οἰκεύς), with Rossbach and Sidgwick.

[5] A final dochmiac is missing.

hearth by cleansing purgatives of hurtful mischief; and, with event lying in fair aspect altogether to the eyes of them that mourn, the alien dwellers in the house shall fall again!

The light is here in view, etc.

Or. Behold this pair, usurping tyrants of the country and father-murdering plunderers of my house. Stately they were once, while they sat upon their thrones, and loving even now, as one may read (by) their condition; and their oath abides 970

[1] ταχὰ δὲ παντελὴς χρόνος ἀμείψεται
πρόθυρα δωμάτων, ἅπαν ἀφ' ἑστίας
ὅτ' ἐλάσῃ μύσος
καθαρμοῖσιν ἀτᾶν ἐλατηρίοις·
τύχᾳ δ' εὐπροσωποκοίτᾳ τὸ πᾶν
ἰδεῖν θρεομένοις
μέτοικοι δόμων πεσοῦνται πάλιν.

The μέτοικοι δόμων are the bodyguard (*Agam.* 1650 and note) and retinue surrounding the usurping tyrants. These, the Chorus hope, will presently be seen lying low, κείσονται πεσόντες (see *Class. Rev.* 1900, p. 113); and the suggestion is, I fancy, lying like the ἀκάθαρτος ὄχλος whom the initiated beheld ἐν βορβόρῳ κειμένους (Lobeck *Aglaophamus*, p. 809). At any rate, in the language of this passage, as, I think, elsewhere in the play (*Class. Rev.* 1903, p. 248), there is allusion to the Great Mysteries, and the experience of those 'made perfect' after their purifying ceremonies. There are many descriptions of them to the same effect, of which I will quote one from Themistius in Stob. *Flor.* 120. 28: πλάναι τὰ πρῶτα καὶ περιδρομαὶ κοπώδεις, καὶ διὰ σκότους τινὸς ὕποπτοι πορεῖαι καὶ ἀτέλεστοι (*Cho.* 944 δυσοίμου τύχας)· εἶτα πρὸ τοῦ τέλους αὐτοῦ τὰ δεινὰ πάντα, φρίκη καὶ τρόμος (*v.* 461) καὶ ἱδρὼς καὶ θάμβος· ἐκ δὲ τούτου φῶς τι θαυμάσιον ἀπήντησεν (*v.* 959), ἢ τόποι καθαροὶ καὶ λειμῶνες ἐδέξαντο, φωνὰς καὶ χορείας καὶ σεμνότητας ἀκουσμάτων ἱερῶν καὶ φαντασμάτων ἁγίων ἔχοντες· ἐν αἷς ὁ παντελὴς (*v.* 963) ἤδη καὶ μεμυημένος ἐλεύθερος γεγονὼς καὶ ἄφετος (*v.* 959) περιΐων ἐστεφανώμενος (*v.* 804) ὀργιάζει καὶ σύνεστιν ὁσίοις καὶ καθαροῖς ἀνδράσι, τὸν ἀμύητον ἐνταῦθα τῶν ζώντων ἀκάθαρτον ἐφορῶν ὄχλον ἐν βορβόρῳ πολλῷ καὶ ὁμίχλῃ πατούμενον ὑφ' ἑαυτοῦ καὶ συνελαυνόμενον (*v.* 964–969).

ἀκοῦσαι, which follows ἰδεῖν in the MS., is a gloss upon it; as upon ὡς ὁρᾷς in *Trachin.* 365 the schol. says ἀντὶ τοῦ ὡς ἀκούεις.

by its sworn terms. They swore a covenant of death to my unhappy father,[1] and to die together: it[2] has been kept faithfully.

Behold again, in taking cognisance of this sad work, the instrument for binding my unhappy father, fettering of the hands and shackling of the feet. Spread it out; stand round in a ring,[3] and display it, this man-wrapping-sheet, to let the Father—not my father, but him that surveyeth all this world, the Sun—behold my mother's bloody work;[4] that in the day of judgment I may have a witness to attest that I pursued this killing justifiably—my mother's,—for Ægisthus' death I do not count; he has got the punishment of the corrupter as the law permits:—but she that devised this abominable thing against a wedded man, by whom beneath her girdle she conceived the weight of children—of love once, but now, as it declares, of deadly hate—what thinkest thou of her? For wickedness and iniquity of spirit,[5] had she been born sea-snake or land-viper, surely she would rot another's flesh, unbitten, by her touch!

What shall I name it, though I use the sweetest terms? Trap for a wild beast, or a foot-donned coffin-curtain for a corpse? Rather a hunting-snare, or stake-net you might call it, and long frock for the feet's trammelling!—This

[1] See Wecklein's note. Dr Verrall thinks that the line is spurious, and that the passage ran originally *ὅρκος τ' ἐμμένει πιστώμασιν, καὶ ξυνθανεῖσθαι* 'their oath abides by its sworn terms, that they would also die together.'

[2] Or 'that too.'

[3] *κύκλῳ περισταδὸν* (Paley), the usual phrase, I think far more likely than the MS. *παρασταδόν*. The mistake is frequent.

[4] *ἄναγνος* and all its synonyms, *ἀναγής*, *μιαρός impurus*, *ἀκάθαρτος*, *ἀνίερος*, *ἀνόσιος*, always mean, properly, *polluted* by the most deadly sins, bloodshed or sacrilege.

[5] *κἀκδίκου* or *κἀδίκου*.

were the sort of thing a footpad[1] might acquire, some cozener of travellers, following the robber's trade; with this juggling thing he might put many a man away and gladden his heart greatly.[2]

May such a woman never share house of mine! God let me perish sooner, childless!

Cho. Alack, alack, sad work! Thou hast been destroyed by a dire death;[3] but he that waiteth findeth suffering also ripening to the full.[4]

Or. Did she do the deed or not? This vesture here attests me that she plunged Ægisthus' sword in it. Not time alone but also stain of blood contributes to the fading of the broidery's dye in many places.

Now at last I speak his praises, now at length I am present to perform his lamentation;[5] and addressing this father-murdering web, I grieve for act and suffering and all the race[6] with the unenviable pollution of this victory.

Cho. No mortal wight may pass through a life harmless altogether[7] alas, troubles must be, this moment or to come.

[1] *φηλήτης ἀνήρ*, a highwayman or garotter.

[2] *θερμαίνοι φρένα*, 'feel his heart glow within him.' Any change, mental or physical, occurring in a man the Greeks habitually spoke of as produced by him, using the active verb.

The punctuation of the sentence is uncertain. *τῶδέ γ' ἂν* or *τῷδε τἂν* have been suggested. *ξένων ἀπαιόλημα* may belong to *τοιοῦτον*, and perhaps we should read *τοιοῦτον εἰ κτήσαιτο*

[3] Addressed to Clytemnestra; cf. Eur. *El.* 1168.

[4] *μίμνοντι δὲ καὶ πάθος ἀνθεῖ*: see note on *v.* 62.

[5] See *v.* 8.

[6] Probably, as Wecklein thinks, a line or more has fallen out, beginning with *ἀλγῶ δέ, e.g. ἀλγῶ δὲ τοὐμόν, εἰ* 'and grieve for my own fate too, that I must'

[7] Many emendations have been suggested, but nothing yet convincing. *διὰ παντὸς* (Heath) *ἄνατος* (Wecklein) *ἀμείψει* is possible.

Or. Well now, for your instruction, because I am not sure how it will end—for like a driver with a team of horses I am beginning to be beaten and carried somewhat from the course by my unmanageable wits; and at my heart is Fear ready to sing, and she to begin dancing to the tune[1]—but, while I still retain my senses, I make proclamation to my friends and declare it was with justice that I slew my mother, being my father's murderess, a thing unclean and the abhorrence of the Gods. And for incentive to this desperate act I hold in highest estimate the great prophet of Pytho, with his oracle to me, that if I did this thing, I should be clear of blame; but if I forwent it—I will not name the penalty, for no surmise can ever reach the full height of the suffering.

So behold now, provided with this branch and wreath, how I am going suppliant to the mid-navel shrine, the ground of Loxias, and the fire-light famed imperishable, in exile for this act of kindred bloodshed; it was Loxias' charge that I should turn for refuge to no other hearth than that.

I call now upon all men of Argos in time hereafter to bear witness for me how these sorry deeds were brought about;[2] but I meanwhile go forth a pilgrim, banished and made alien from the country, leaving behind me

[1] ἀλλ' ὡς ἂν εἰδῆτ', οὐ γὰρ οἶδ' ὅπῃ τελεῖ,—
ὥσπερ ξὺν ἵπποις ἡνιοστρόφον δρόμου
ἐξωτέρω φέρουσι γὰρ νικώμενον
φρένες δύσαρκτοι· πρὸς δὲ καρδίᾳ φόβος
ᾄδειν ἑτοῖμος, ἡ δ' ὑπορχεῖσθαι κρότῳ—

The metaphor is an Æschylean development of the phrase καρδία ὀρχεῖται φόβῳ: *Class. Rev.* 1902, p. 436.

[2] Adopting Blomfield's transposition:

καὶ μαρτυρεῖν μὲν ὡς ἐπορσύνθη κακὰ
τάδ' ἐν χρόνῳ μοι πάντας Ἀργείους λέγω·
ἐγὼ δὲ

both in life and death such terms as those attaching to my name.

Cho. Nay, thou hast done well, and therefore let not thy tongue be joined to inauspicious language, and thy lips give vent to evil, after freeing the whole realm of Argos by lightly lopping off a pair of serpents' heads.

Or. Ah, ah! Bondwomen, there they are! like Gorgons, in sad-coloured raiment, and entwined about with swarming snakes: I can remain no longer.

Cho. What are these imaginations working thee, thou dearest father's son in all the world? Stay, be not afraid, with thy great victory. 1050

Or. Nay, there is no imagination for me in this affliction; manifestly these are the angry sleuth-hounds of my mother.

Cho. Because the blood is recent still upon thy hands; that is the reason that disturbance falls upon thy mind.

Or. O Lord Apollo, here they come now in throngs! and from their eyes is dripping loathsome gore.

Cho. But the touch of Loxias' purge within[1] will set thee free from this affliction.

Or. Ye do not see these beings; but I see them:—I am pursued, and can remain no longer. 1060

Cho. Well, good luck go with thee, and may God graciously watch over thee and keep thee safe with happy issue! [*Exit* ORESTES.

Here is a third storm risen from the race that hath broken on the royal House and run its course. The first beginning was the cruel misery of children slain for meat;[2] next came

[1] εἴσω καθαρμὸς Λοξίου δὲ προσθιγὼν punctuated with the MS. as a single sentence: *Class. Rev.* 1905, p. 149. The text, however, is not certain.

[2] παιδόβοροι μὲν πρῶτον ὑπῆρξαν
μόχθοι τάλανες·

the royal suffering of a man, when murdered in a bath perished the war-lord of the Achæans: and now in the third place hath come a Preservation? or am I to say, Ruin? Where is the fury of Doom to find accomplishment? when shall it be lulled at length to rest and cease?

EUMENIDES

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THE PYTHIAN PROPHETESS.
APOLLO.
ORESTES.
HERMES (silent), conducting Orestes.
GHOST OF CLYTEMNESTRA.
CHORUS OF THE FURIES.
ATHENA.
JURY OF AREOPAGITES.
ESCORT OF ATHENIANS, who conduct the Furies to their cavern in procession, with a chorus.

EUMENIDES

Delphi, before the temple of Apollo.

Prophetess. First among the Gods I name with chiefest honour in this prayer the first diviner Gaea (Earth); and after her Themis (Law); for she, as a tradition telleth, took her seat here second upon that which was her mother's place of oracle; and third in succession, with the good-will and consent of Themis and with no force done to any, another Titaness and child of Earth took seat here, Phoebe; she bestowed it as a birthday gift on Phoebus, and he bears the name of Phoebe borrowed from her.[1] He, coming from the lake and ridge of Delos, landed at the havening shores of Pallas, and came thence to this country and his seat upon Parnassus. He was brought upon his way with solemn worship by the sons of Hephaestus, the road-makers, taming the wildness of the untamed land. And on his coming he was most highly honoured by the people and by Delphos the sovereign ruler of this country. Zeus caused

[1] The purpose of this opening passage is to prepare for the harmonious reconciliation at the close between the Powers of Earth and Darkness and the Powers of Heaven and Light.

his mind to be inspired with the diviner's art, and seated him as the fourth prophet on this throne; and Loxias is the interpreter of Zeus his father.

These are the Gods I worship in my opening prayer. And Pallas of the Precinct hath honourable mention also; and I adore the Nymphs, that habit where is the Corycian cavern, hollow, beloved of birds, the haunt of deities.—Bromius hath possessed the region—I am not forgetful—since the time when in his deity he led an army of the Bacchanals, designing death for Pentheus like a hunted hare. And with a call upon the springs of Pleistus, and Poseidon's power, and on the Most High Zeus of Consummation, I then take my seat as prophetess:—and may they grant me that my entrance now may be more successful far than any heretofore. And if there be any Hellenes present, let them come in order of the lot, as is the usage; for I give responses as the God dictates.

(*The* PRIESTESS *enters the temple, and presently comes out again, half fainting.*)

O horror, horror, horror to relate and to behold, hath sent me forth again from the house of Loxias, that I have no strength left in me nor agile step; my running is rather with my hands than nimbleness of legs; for an aged woman in alarm is nought—nay, even as a child.

I was on my way towards the laurelled cell, when on the Navel-stone I saw a man polluted before heaven in the session of a suppliant, his hands dripping with blood, and holding a drawn sword and a high-grown branch of olive, wreathed in humble fashion with the largest wool—a silvery fleece, for on that point I will speak with certainty.

And before this man there sleeps a wondrous troop of women seated upon thrones—no, not women, Gorgons:—

no, nor yet Gorgons either can I compare them to:—I have seen some in a picture before now carrying off the feast of Phineus—but these are wingless, and black, and abominable altogether. And they snore with blasts one cannot venture near, and from their eyes there drips a loathsome rheum. And their attire is such as is not fit to bring near statues of the Gods, nor into homes of men. My eyes have never seen the tribe these visitants belong to, and I know not the land that can boast to breed this generation without harm, and not repent her pains.

The sequel now must be his care who is the master of this house, the mighty Loxias himself: he is both Medicining-Seer and Portent-reader, and to those others purifier of their houses.

The interior of the temple. ORESTES *seated at the Centre-stone, the* FURIES *surrounding him, asleep;* HERMES *in the background.*

(*Enter* APOLLO.)

Apollo. I will not fail! Through to the end I will be thy protector close by thy side—aye, and though far removed, —and will not show me gentle to thine enemies. So now thou seest here these raveners overcome by sleep: there lying sunken the abominable Maids, these hoary, ancient Children, with whom never mateth God or man or any beast[1]—nay, evil was the very cause of their creation,[2] for

[1] The relative clause, by a studied carelessness, usurps the place of the main sentence: *Class. Rev.* 1904, p. 242. There is another example at *v.* 688.

[2] *Paradise Lost*, i. 622:

> 'A universe of death, which God by curse
> Created evil, for evil only good,
> Where all life dies, death lives.'

it is the evil darkness of the Pit that they inhabit under the earth, things abhorred by human kind and by the Gods of Heaven. Nevertheless thou must still fly and grow not faint; for they will chase thee right across the long mainland, footing it ever over the trodden earth,[1] and beyond sea and island colonies. And let not thy spirit fail through too much dwelling on the toil of it, but go unto the town of Pallas, and take session, clasping her ancient image in thine arms. And there, with judges of the case and speech of soothing charm, we will discover means to free thee wholly from this trouble; for it was at my persuasion thou didst take thy mother's life.

Orestes. Lord Apollo, thou well knowest what is righteousness, and being perfect in that lore, add only to be not forgetful of it; thy *strength* to do good act is fully competent.

Apollo. Remember, let not fear dismay thy spirit.—And thou (*to* HERMES), my very brother, of one Father's blood, Hermes, do thou protect him; prove full well thy title and be *Guide*, in shepherding this man, my suppliant. It is a thing sacred in the eyes of Zeus, this sanctity of outlaws, when sped forth upon their journey with auspicious escort.[2]

[APOLLO *leaves the temple, and* ORESTES *starts upon his journey in the charge of* HERMES.

[1] *v.* 76 *βιβῶντ' ἀν' αἰεὶ τὴν πλανοστιβῆ χθόνα.*

[2] *σέβει τοι Ζεὺς τόδ' ἐκνόμων σέβας,*
ὁρμώμενον βροτοῖσιν εὐπόμπῳ τύχῃ.

Aeschylus might have written *ὁρμωμένων*, but *σέβει τόδ' ἐκνόμων σέβας* is an idiomatic way of saying *σέβει τούσδε ἐκνόμους*, as, for example, *v.* 548 *τοκέων σέβας εὖ προτίων*, and *v.* 886 *ἀλλ' εἰ μὲν ἀγνόν ἐστι σοι Πειθοῦς σέβας*: so that *τόδ' ἐκνόμων σέβας ὁρμώμενον* is equivalent to *τούσδε ἐκνόμους ὁρμωμένους*, while *βροτοῖσιν* here, as often, merely means 'with men,' 'on earth.' The sentence has been sometimes misinterpreted, as though *ὁρμώμενον* meant 'sent to men.'

(*Enter the* GHOST *of* CLYTEMNESTRA.)

Clyt. Oh, ah, sleep on, would ye! and what good are ye asleep? While I, thus slighted in contempt by you, with the other dead there for my killing the reproach among the perished is still fresh and vivid,[1] and I wander in disgrace abroad:—I tell you, I am most grievously accused by them—and yet, though used so shamefully by nearest kin, there is not one Spirit that shows wrath on my account, slaughtered as I was with hands of matricide!—Behold the wounds here with thine inward consciousness.[2]

Oh and yet plenty of my provisions have ye lapped —wineless drink-offerings, sober soothing-draughts, and banquets in the solemn night upon the burning brazier would I sacrifice, a season shared with you by none in Heaven. And all this I behold now trod like dirt beneath your feet, and *he* is gone, escaped even as a fawn; ay, and that lightly from the very meshes hath he sprung, making great mouths at you! Give ear, because my plea is for my very life! Be conscious, O ye Goddesses of earth below! 'Tis in a dream now Clytemnestra calls to you.

(*A sound of muttering or mewing* (μὺ μῦ Ar. *Eq.* 10) *is heard from the* FURIES.)

[1] Clytemnestra's passion makes her incoherent.

[2] *v.* 103 ὅρα δὲ πληγὰς τάσδε καρδίᾳ σέθεν. Her wound was at the throat, πρὸς δέρην *v.* 595, ἔσω δέρας Eur. *El.* 1219. After this line the MS. gives:

εὕδουσα γὰρ φρὴν ὄμμασιν λαμπρύνεται,
ἐν ἡμέρᾳ δὲ μοῖρ' ἀπρόσκοπος βροτῶν,

'for when asleep the mind is lit with eyes, but in the daytime mortal man hath no endowment of prevision.' But the Furies are not mortal men, nor do they need foresight to see what is present; nor is Clytemnestra in a mood for such reflections. I believe with Schuetz that they are an illustration quoted from some other play of Aeschylus.

Clyt. Mew, mew! but the man is gone and far in flight. For he hath *friends* far different from mine![1]

(*They mew again.*) 120

Clyt. Thou art too drowsy, thou hast no compassion for my case; meanwhile Orestes, murderer of his mother here, is gone!

(*Cries of 'O, O,' from the* FURIES.)

Clyt. 'O, O,' and slumbering! Come, arise at once. What *deed* hast thou accomplished except working mischief?

Fur. O, O!

Clyt. Slumber and weariness, empowered conspirators, have drawn the venom of the dreadful dragoness!

Fur. (*With redoubled whimperings.*) To him, to him, to 130 him, to him, mark there!

Clyt. 'Tis but in dream thou art hunting and giving tongue, like a hound whose eager keenness never ceases. What is thy *doing*?[2] Up! let not fatigue subdue thee; be not made so soft with sleep as to forget the sense of hurt. Let thy liver feel the sting of merited reproaches; for to the right-minded they are as a goad.[3]—And thou, waft thy

[1] Reading (with Weil) *φίλοι γάρ εἰσιν, οὐκ ἐμοῖς προσεικότες.* Hermann's reading *φίλοις γάρ εἰσιν, οὐκ ἐμοί, προσίκτορες* (which takes *προσίκτορες* like *Ζεὺς ἀφίκτωρ* in *Supp.* 1) would mean 'for it is my kin, not I, that have petitionary Gods': what one looks for rather is 'but I have none,' that is, *ἐμοὶ δ' οὔ*, as in Eur. *Or.* 576, where Orestes says:

ἢ μητρὶ μὲν πάρεισι σύμμαχοι θεοί,
τῷ δ' οὐ πάρεισι, μᾶλλον ἠδικημένῳ.

[2] *τί δρᾷς*; as *τί σοι πέπρακται πρᾶγμα* in *v.* 125.

[3] *v.* 135. The vengeance of the dead, of which the Furies are embodiments, was conceived as being stirred up by reproaches, taunts, of the indignities and shames that they had suffered; see *Cho.* 374 (with my note), 493, Eur. *Or.* 1239, Soph. *El.* 1069; and reproaches were described in many metaphorical words (as *θείνειν Theb.* 369, *μαστικτήρ Supp.* 475, *καθικνεῖσθαι*) as stinging blows, as from a scourge or goad. In *v.* 155 we see these taunts at work.

blood-hot breath upon the man, wither him with the hot blast of thy belly's fire; follow with a fresh pursuit and wear him down. [*Exit.*

(*The* FURIES *awake.*)

Fur. Rouse, arouse her there, as I rouse thee! Art sleeping? Come, arise and kick sleep off, and in this prelude let us see if there be anything at fault.

Out upon it! Fie! O sisters, we have suffered—

Suffered much and wantonly have I!

Suffered bitter anguish, O alack!

A fearful blow!

The game hath slipped from the meshes and is gone—

Overcome by sleep I lost my prey!

Aha, thou son of Zeus, thou art a thievish knave—

Thy youth has ridden trampling over aged Deities—

To respect thy suppliant, a godless man and cruel to his parents—

The mother-slayer thou hast filched away, and thou a God!

What is there here that any can call right?

And to me in dreams there came rebuke, that smote me as a chariot-driver with mid-graspèd goad—

Under the ribs, under the lobe—

Sore I can feel it, sore exceedingly, a chill from the fell common scourger's lash![1]

This is what these Younger Powers do,

Usurping everything beyond their rights—

A dripping curd of gore[2]

About the foot, about the head—the eye may see the

[1] See *v.* 135 with the note. As the Furies are embodied in a concrete form, the taunts of Clytemnestra take effect in that way. In *v.* 161 read with Schuetz *βαρύ τι, περίβαρυ, κρύος ἔχειν*: cf. *Theb.* 819.

[2] *v.* 164 *θρόμβον* Wakefield.

Navel-stone of Earth possessed of a huge stain of blood upon it.[1]

A Prophet, he hath brought defilement on his holy cell with home-pollution, self-invited and self-urged; transgressing the Gods' law, he hath regarded human things, and the ancient Apportionings[2] he hath destroyed. 170

To me too is he grievous, and the man's deliverance he shall not compass; though he fly below the earth, there is no freedom for him evermore; a man with guilt upon him unabsolved, he shall get upon his head another to pollute him there.[3]

(*Enter* APOLLO.)

Ap. Out, I command you! get you from this house forthwith, begone from my prophetic cell! for fear you get a wingèd glistering serpent speeding from the golden string, and with the pain disgorge the red froth drawn from human creatures, vomiting the clotted blood that you have sucked! *These* are not houses you are fit to come unto; your place is where are punishments of lopping heads and digging eyes and cutting throats, where by destruction of the seed boys' youthful vigour is impaired, and mutilation of extremities,[4] 180

[1] *v.* 169:

ἐφεστίῳ δὲ μάντις ὢν μιάσματι
μυχὸν ἐχράνατ' αὐτόσσυτος, αὐτόκλητος.

One could hardly find a better example of the middle voice.

[2] παλαιγενεῖς δὲ Μοίρας φθίσας, more or less personified: *v.* 730 παλαιὰς διανομὰς καταφθίσας is the same thing.

[3] ἕτερον ἐν κάρᾳ
μιάστορ' ἐκείνου πάσεται MS.

In place of ἐκείνου metre requires — ⏑ —.

[4] *v.* 185. On this passage see *Class. Rev.* 1905, p. 397. The alternation of substantives (with εἰσίν or γίγνονται understood) and verbs is quite natural in Greek, *e.g.* Aesch. *frag.* 158:

Βερέκυντα χῶρον, ἔνθ' Ἀδραστείας ἕδος,
Ἴδης τε μυκηθμοῖσι καὶ βρυχήμασιν
ἔρπουσι μήλων πᾶν ὀρεχθεύει πέδον

and stoning, and where men moan long and piteously, impaled beneath the spine!—Do ye hear the sort of feast ye have a liking for, that makes you loathed of Heaven? And all the fashion of your form suggests it. A blood-lapping lion's den is where such as you should habit, not in this wealthy[1] place of oracle, infecting with contagion. Begone ye in a herd unshepherded! No God in heaven hath any love for such a flock as you.

Fur. Lord Apollo, listen now to our reply:—Thou thyself art answerable for this, not in part, but all; 'tis thy sole doing, and thou art answerable wholly.

Ap. How so? Extend thy speech so far.

Fur. Thou gavest injunction that the man here should do matricide.

Ap. I gave injunction to exact[2] vengeance for his father.

Fur. And then engaged thyself to be acceptor of the blood.

Ap. And bade him turn for absolution to this temple.

Fur. And then revilest his conductors hither?

Ap. Ay, they are not fit[3] to come near such a house as this.

Fur. But this is a part appointed us.

Ap. What is this proud office? Let us hear the noble privilege!

(*Class. Rev.* 1902, p. 435), Eur. *Cycl.* 164–170, Philostr. *Apoll.* v. 26 ἔνθα οἰμωγή τε καὶ ὕβρις ὀλλύντων τε καὶ ὀλλυμένων, ῥέει δ' αἵματι γαῖα.

[1] *v.* 195 πλουσίοισι: a frequent epithet of temples, especially of Delphi with its rich offerings and its treasuries. πλησίοισι of the MS. could not mean anything except 'in this neighbouring place,' and neighbouring to what? It has no meaning. πλουσίοισι is Pauw's emendation; the words are confused elsewhere, as Eur. *Med.* 956, Max. Tyr. xxxv. 3, Schol. *P. V.* 832 (v.l.), Stob. *Flor.* 22. 3.

[2] *v.* 203 πρᾶξαι. Wecklein's κλέψαι would be true (Soph. *El.* 35), but seems less fitting here.

[3] *v.* 207 πρόσφοροι.

Fur. We drive out mother-slayers from their homes.

Fur. And women [1]—how with a woman that destroys her husband?

Fur. That would not be a killing of same blood and kindred.

Ap. O quite then dishonoured and of no account you make [2] the troth-plight between Zeus and Hera of Completion! And Queen Cypris too is cast into dishonour by this argument, from whom come to men their nearest [3] and their dearest joys. For the Fate-sealed marriage-bed of man and wife is mightier than the pledge of any oath.[4] If then you are so lenient to them that slay each other as not to punish or to visit them with wrath,[5] I say it is not justice of you to pursue Orestes: for in one case I observe you taking sharpest cognisance, and in another manifestly acting more remissly.—But the Goddess Pallas will review the justice of this case by trial.

Fur. That man I never, never will let go!

Ap. Keep on pursuing then, and give thyself more trouble!

Fur. Seek not to abridge my rights by argument.

Ap. I would not have them at a gift, thy rights.

Fur. No, thou art of great account in any case beside the throne of Zeus. But I, because a mother's bloodshed draws me on, will pursue this man for vengeance, and thus set about my hounding quest. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *v.* 211 *τί γὰρ γυναῖκας* (Paley).

[2] *v.* 213 *ἢ κάρτ' ἄτιμα καὶ παρ' οὐδὲν ἡρκέσω* MS. Perhaps *ἠνύσω* or *ἤνυσας*: what one expects is *οἴχεται*.

[3] *v.* 216 *τὰ φίλτατα* includes both senses (100, 611), and 'closest tie' is necessary for the argument.

[4] *v.* 218. Oath being a *πίστωμα*.

[5] *v.* 220. Reading *τὸ μὴ τίνεσθαι μηδ' ἐποπτεύειν κότῳ* with Meineke: cf. Hom. Γ 278, Τ 259, Eur. *Or.* 315, Theognis 204. *τὸ μὴ μέλεσθαι* (Auratus) would do well—'as not to care or visit them,' or 'as not to care even to visit them.'

Ap. And I—will aid my suppliant, and rescue him! A fearful thing with men and Gods alike is the Appealer's wrath, should I forsake him wilfully.

An interval of at least a year is imagined to elapse (ἀπενιαντισμός). *The scene is now transferred to Athens, at the shrine and ancient image of Athena.*[1]

(*Enter* ORESTES, *accompanied by* HERMES.)

Orestes. Queen Athena, by the commands of Loxias am I come; receive an outcast wanderer with clemency—a suppliant not in need of absolution, but with edge abated and worn off upon men's habitations[2] elsewhere and on travelled ways, in course of journeying over dry land and 240
sea, preserving the injunctions of Apollo's oracle, I come now to thy dwelling and thine image, Goddess, here still keeping at my post I will abide the settlement of trial.[3]

(*The* FURIES *enter dispersedly, questing on the trail by scent.*)

Aha, good! here are the man's traces manifest:—come follow by the dumb informer's evidence,—for as a hound pursues a wounded fawn, we track him by the (scent of) blood and droppings of it. And with the long ex-

[1] Professor Ridgeway thinks the scene is not the image of Athena Polias on the Acropolis, but another sanctuary of Pallas to the south-east of it, outside the wall, where was held the ancient court known as τὸ ἐπὶ Παλλαδίῳ. His arguments are given in the *Classical Review*, October 1907.

[2] See *v.* 455, Eur. *Or.* 423–4.

[3] The text, I think, is complete, only the sentence develops irregularly as it goes on—a thing which Aeschylus does often for dramatic purposes (*vv.* 112, 905 are other examples): βρέτας τὸ σόν must be governed by φυλάσσων (*v.* 442 βρέτας τόδε ἧσαι φυλάσσων) as well as by πρόσειμι. But in *v.* 239 we should probably read ἀλλ' ἀμβλὺς ἤδη προστετριμμένος τε πρός with Prien.

hausting toil my inwards blow,—for every quarter of the earth has been grazed over by our flock, and over the sea too in wingless flight I came pursuing, no whit slower than a ship. So now he must be crouching somewhere here;—the smell of human blood smiles sweetly on me.[1]

Look out, look out again! scan everywhere around, for fear the matricide escape in flight scot-free.

Yes,[2] here he is again! in sanctuary, with arms entwined about the image of an immortal Goddess, he would fain submit to trial for his handiwork.

But it may not be:—a mother's blood upon the ground is ill to gather up again, O foul, liquid spilt upon the ground is lost and gone!

Nay, thou must render from thy living self the rich red liquor from thy limbs to swill; from thee would I get[3] feeding of that evil draught.

While yet alive I'll wither thee away and drag thee down below, that thou mayst pay the quittance for thy cruel matricide.

[1] *v.* 253 *ὀσμὴ βροτείων αἱμάτων με προσγελᾷ*: *προσγελᾷ*, *arridet*, is a synonym of *προσσαίνει*, which (as Jebb well says on Soph. *Ant.* 1214) could be used of that which *appeals for recognition* by vividly striking the senses. *αἰκάλλει* was sometimes used instead. 'Smells wooingly, flatteringly, gives a welcome to my sense, gives me sweet warrant.'

[2] *v.* 258:

δδ' αὖτέ γ' ἀλκὰν ἔχων
περὶ βρέτει πλεχθεὶς
θεᾶς ἀμβρότου.

The MS. gives:

δδ' αὖτε γοῦν ἀλκὰν ἔχων περὶ βρέτει

which was meant for an iambic trimeter; whenever scribes can make what they consider an iambic line, they do so, often by inserting *γε* or *οὖν* and so on. *οὖν* was ejected here by Hermann. If the *γε* is sound, it must mean 'Yes.'

[3] *v.* 266 *βοσκὰν φερομαν* MS., doubtful.

And thou shalt see there whosoever else among mankind hath done iniquity, by sin against a God or a stranger or his own dear parents, suffering each the due reward of justice. For Hades is a great corrector of mankind below the earth, and taketh note of everything with mind that writeth it as in a book.

Orestes. Taught in the school of sorrow, I am deeply read in purifying lore; I know when it is right to speak, and likewise to keep silence; but in this present matter I was *charged* to speak, by a most wise instructor: for the blood upon my hand is slumbering now and fading—the matricidal pollution is washed out; for while yet fresh it was expelled at the bright God Apollo's hearth with purges of slain swine: and it would make a long tale to recount from the beginning all those that I have visited with harmless intercourse.[1] So likewise now it is with pure lips innocently that I call upon this country's Queen, Athena, to come hither to my aid: without spear lifted, she shall win both me and my country and the Argive people in true honest friendship and alliance absolutely. O whether then it be in Libyan regions of the earth, about her natal stream of Trito's flood that she be planting an erect or covered foot,[2]

[1] Here in the MS. follows a proverbial line from elsewhere, *χρόνος καθαιρεῖ πάντα γηράσκων ὁμοῦ*, 'Time in his ageing course destroyeth all.'

[2] *v.* 294 *τίθησιν ὀρθὸν ἢ κατηρεφῆ πόδα.* This is the literal translation of the words, but what precisely they imply it is not easy to be certain. Some (as Paley, Liddell and Scott *s.v.* *ὀρθός*, Verrall) take *ὀρθόν* to mean 'advanced beyond the skirt.' There are these difficulties —that the antithesis to *κατηρεφῆ* one would expect rather to be *γυμνόν*, and that *ὀρθῷ ποδί* elsewhere (so far as I can find) means always *recto talo*, upright in standing or walking as opposed to lying down or sitting. *μὴ κατηρεφῆ* 'not covered,' would be easier. I cannot help suspecting that in any case there is an allusion of some kind to Homer Z 92, where a *πέπλος* (as at the Panathenaea) is to be offered to Athena:

θεῖναι Ἀθηναίης ἐπὶ γούνασιν ἡυκόμοιο:

succouring her friends,—or whether like a man that is a marshal bold she be surveying the Phlegraean Plain, O may she come—a God can hear though he be far away—to be my deliverer from this affliction.

Fur. Never shall Apollo or Athena's might deliver thee, but thou shalt be abandoned utterly and lost, finding the place of gladness in thy heart no more.[1]

Dost thou not even answer, but contemn my words, a victim fatted up for me and consecrated? While yet living thou shalt make me banquet, and not slain beside the altar; and thou shalt hear now a spelling hymn to bind thee to us.

Come now, let us join hands in the dance, for we are purposed to show forth a dismal minstrelsy and to expound our functions, how this band of ours administers the affairs of men. Just and upright we consider that we are;[2] when a man displayeth openly clean hands and pure, no wrath from us proceeds against him, and he passes through the course of life unscathed; but when he hath committed sin as this man hath, and privily concealeth hands defiled with blood, then do we arise to lend an upright witness to the dead, and to exact the price of bloodshed thoroughly.

Mother who didst give me birth, O Mother Night, to be a Punishment to them that are in dark, to them that are in

here the reading *ἐπὶ γούνασιν* gave rise to a debated question whether the Palladium was a standing or a seated figure: see Strabo 600, Libanius iv. 1115–6.

[1] After this line the MS. gives:

ἀναίματον βόσκημα δαιμόνων σκιά·

'the bloodless meat of Spirits below, a shadow.' If it belongs to this passage at all, it would come best after *v.* 305 *οὐδὲ πρὸς βωμῷ σφαγείς*, 'and not slain at altar'; but I suspect that it was quoted in the margin as a parallel.

[2] *εὐθυδίκαιοι δ' οἰόμεθ' εἶναι·*

cf. *οἰόμεθα* in Thuc. v. 105, *νομίζομεν* in i. 70.

day, give ear! Because the son of Leto seeketh to deprive me of my rights, by taking from my grasp this cowering hare, the rightful expiation for a mother's blood.

Over the victim is chanted this ditty, to madden the brain, distract the sense, and blight the mind, a hymn that from the Furies comes, fettering the will, untuned with harp, and withering men away.

For this is what the thread of Fate throughout all time continuing assigned to be our office in perpetual possession —those among Mankind that have incurred the wanton act of kindred bloodshed,[1] upon such to wait until he pass below the earth,—and after death he is not over-free.

Over the victim is chanted this ditty, to madden the brain, distract the sense, and blight the mind, a hymn that from the Furies comes, fettering the will, untuned with harp, and withering men away.

These offices were sealed by Fate upon us at our birth:— but from the Gods Immortal to refrain our hands: there is none that shares the banquet with us, and in pure-white raiment I have neither part nor lot: for my province is the wrecking of a house, when war domestic hath destroyed a kinsman.

Even so are we now setting upon him,[2] and lusty though he be, yet do we make him faint and dim at last.[3]

[1] *θνατῶν τοῖσιν αὐτουργίαι*
ξυμπέσωσιν μάταιοι
(Turnebus) seems to be the right correction of *θνατῶν τοῖσιν αὐτουργίαις ξύμπασωσιν μάταιοι.—ξυμπέσωσιν* is used euphemistically (like *ξυμφορά*) with irony.

[2] Reading *ἐπὶ τὸν ὧδ' ἰέμεναι* with E. Ahrens.

[3] This is the main sense clearly; the MS. gives:
ἐπὶ τὸν ὃ διόμεναι
κρατερὸν ὄνθ' ὁμοίως
μαυροῦμεν ὑφ' αἵματος νέου—
of which the last part is a paraphrase of the original.

And while I am eagerly seeking to relieve another of this troublesome office,[1] and upon concerns of mine to seal the Heavenly Gods' exemption, without coming to inquiry[2]— Zeus hath rejected from his conversation this '*gory and abominable tribe*'——

< Wrecking of a house, when war domestic hath destroyed a kinsman :

Even so are we now setting upon him, and lusty though he be, yet do we make him faint and dim at last. >

Glories of men,[3] for all their grandeur in the light of day, waste again beneath the earth and dwindle in dishonour, 370

[1] Xen. *Cyr.* vii. 1. 44 *τὸ μὲν ἐπὶ Κροῖσον συστρατεύειν ἀφελεῖν σφίσιν ἐδεήθησαν.*

[2] This passage, in a text which cannot be relied upon, is extremely difficult to deal with, and the version given here is only tentative. The MS. has :

σπευδομενα (altered to *σπευδόμεναι*) *δ' ἀφελεῖν τινα τάσδε μερίμνας*
θεῶν δ' ἀτέλειαν ἐμαῖσι λιταῖς ἐπικραίνειν
μηδ' εἰς ἄγκρισιν ἐλθεῖν.

With *ἀτέλειαν* and *εἰς ἄγκρισιν ἐλθεῖν*, it looks as though we had allusion to the Liturgies or Public Duties at Athens, and the legal right, which any citizen charged with such a liturgy possessed, of calling on some other person to perform it, as being better able to support the burden. The dispute between the rival claimants to immunity (*ἀτέλεια*) was adjudicated by the magistrates (*διαδικασία*). As the text stands, therefore, the Erinyes appear to say : 'We are not only willing, but anxious, to relieve the Celestials of this Liturgy, and to undertake the charge ourselves, without waiting for them to challenge us before a magistrate.'

The comparison of the Gods' concern for human affairs to a Liturgy is made by Lucian ii. 760 : *εἶτα καὶ προνοεῖν τῶν καθ' ἡμᾶς πραγμάτων οὐ πᾶσιν ἐδόκουν οἱ θεοί, ἀλλ' ἦσάν τινες οἱ τῆς συμπάσης ἐπιμελείας αὐτοὺς ἀφιέντες, ὥσπερ ἡμεῖς εἰώθαμεν ἀπολύειν τῶν λειτουργιῶν τοὺς παρηβηκότας.*

ἐμαῖς μελέταις was conjectured by H. Voss : and there ought, I think, to be a caesura after *ἐμαῖς*.

[3] *δόξαι, τ' ἀνδρῶν*, 'seemings' or 'conceits,' appearances or reputations.

before the onset of our sable raiment and the malignant dancing of our feet.[1]

For with vigorous leap high from aloft down I alight with nimble foot, ah, heavy the fall! with legs that, though the runner be swift, trip him to his dire confusion.

And while he falleth, yet doth a man know it not,[2] from the disease of folly; so thick the gloom in which pollution 380
hovers over him; a cloud of darkness hanging as it were above his house becomes the theme of many a sighing tale.

For it abideth.[3] Able are we to contrive and to effect, and with long memories for evil, Awful Ones and inexorable to men, administering a chosen province though rejected with dishonour[4] by the Gods Above and separated from

[1] ὀρχησμοῖς τ' ἐπιφθόνοις ποδός: the following passage is in the measure of the Cretic *hyporcheme* and was danced to it: cf. Athenaeus 631 C ἡ δ' ὑπορχηματικὴ ἐστιν ἐν ᾗ ᾄδων ὁ χορὸς ὀρχεῖται, Soph. *Aj.* 700 Κνώσι' ὀρχήματα, and Hesychius Κνώσια κῶλα: τὰ ὀρχηματικά (so read for ὀρμητικά).

[2] In the blindness caused by Ἄτη: Soph. *Ant.* 583.

[3] μένει MS. I consider Dobree's μέλει γάρ very probable,—'we see to it,' make it our care, our business: μέλειν, μέλεσθαι, μελέτωρ were almost technical terms in this connection.

[4] *v.* 388:

ἄτιμ' ἀτίεται διόμεναι
λάχη θεῶν διχοστατοῦντ'
ἀνηλίωι λάμπαι.

There is apparently an iambus or a trochee more than there should be. I am inclined to eject λάχη: then (with Weil's reading in 388) we get:

ἄτιμα τίομεν ἀτίεται
θεῶν διχοστατοῦντ' ἀνηλίῳ λάπᾳ.

λάμπαι was corrected by Wieseler to λάπᾳ on account of metre. λάμπη and λαμπώδης were the forms in later use, but λάπη (*pituita*) is preserved in nine places by the MSS. of Hippocrates and by the MSS. of Athenaeus 132 E in a line of Diphilus:

πάντες βλιχανώδεις εἰσὶ καὶ μεστοὶ λάπης.

I cannot tell why editors should have been so chary of accepting the

them by the sunless mould—a province of rough travelling for the seeing and the dim of sight alike.

Where then is the mortal that boweth not in awe and terror of these things, when he heareth from my lips that Ordinance that was conferred upon me by the Gods beneath the seal of Fate with fullest powers? I have a grant of antique privilege, nor do I meet with any lack of honour, though my place appointed is below the earth and in the sun-forsaken gloom.

(*Enter* ATHENA.)

Ath. Far off I heard the cry of an appeal to me, the distance of Scamander, while making occupation of the land which, be it known, the chiefs and captains of the Achaeans, being a great portion of the captured spoil, assigned unto me entire in perpetuity, as a chosen gift unto the sons of Theseus. Thence came I speeding with unwearied foot,[1] without wings, only with my bosoming Aegis whirring in the air—*this* was the car my strong young steeds were yoked to.[2]

Beholding here a strange new company of visitants—I feel not any fear at all, but wonder is before mine eyes,— what can ye be? I speak to all in common—both to this

correction here, or why Mr Sidgwick should call the word a very late one, and 'the strain of meaning very harsh, and the word in the last degree unlikely.' It meant a viscid, mucous slime, such as gathers on the top of stagnant or fermented liquids, like the 'mother' (*γραῦς, ἐπίπαγος*) on boiled milk or vinegar, or the scum on Shakespeare's 'filthy-mantled pool': and in descriptions of Hell, or places that resembled Hell, this was a characteristic detail; *e.g.* Hom. *h. Dem.* 432 *ὑπὸ ζόφῳ εὐρώεντι*, Verg. *Aen.* vi. 462 *loca senta situ.*

[1] *ἄτρυτον πόδα* is an allusion to her title *Ἀτρυτώνη*. She was called *ἄτρυτος ἐν μάχῃ* in a fragment quoted by Hesychius.

[2] *πώλοις ἀκμαίοις τόνδ' ἐπιζεύξασ' ὄχον*, 'No other car, no other steeds have I' (Drake). The 'deictic' *τόνδε* is equivalent to a 'limiting' epithet.

person seated at my image, and of you, that are like to no begotten seed,[1] that are not beheld by Gods among the Goddesses, nor yet resemble any shapes of human kind:— but to speak ill of one's neighbour when with no ground of complaint[2] transgresses equity, and Justice holds aloof from it.

Fur. Thou shalt hear all in brief, Daughter of Zeus:— we are the drear children of dark Night, and in our homes below the earth our name is *Curses.*[3] 420

Ath. I am informed of your generation and the titles ye are called by.

Fur. Yes, and thou shalt presently hear my rights and honours!

Ath. I shall know them, if plainly informed.

Fur. We drive out homicides[4] from their homes.

Ath. And where does the slayer find his flying end?

Fur. Where joy and gladness are quite out of vogue.

[1] *v.* 413 *σπαρτῶν*, cf. Soph. *O.C.* 1534; here it includes both the classes specified by *οὔτε—οὔτε*: had it meant some different kind it would have been followed by *οὐδέ*.

[2] *v.* 416 *ἄμομφον ὄντα* Robort. *ἄμορφον ὄντα* of the MS. with *τὸν πέλας* (Auratus) would of course be applicable, but the error *μορφ-* for *μόμφ-* is very common, and here *μορφώμασιν* has just preceded. Perhaps *ἄμομφον* was the text before the scholiast, and his note should run: *ἄμομφος οὖσα, οὐ δυνήσῃ με ἐφ' οἷς εἶπον ἀντιψέξαι*, 'Being unreproached, you will not be able to fling back reproach at me for what I have said.'

[3] *Ἀραί*, Harms invoked by imprecation.

[4] *v.* 424 *βροτοκτονοῦντας*: a stricter definition of their office would be *αὐτοκτονοῦντας*, and Davies thought that this is what Aeschylus wrote, and that *βροτοκτονοῦντας* was substituted by a scribe who did not understand it. *αὐτοκτονεῖν*, however, was in use by scholiasts themselves, as *Supp.* 271, *Theb.* 679 (where read *εἰς τὸ αὐτοκτονεῖν*). In *v.* 210 their definition is *τοὺς μητραλοίας ἐκ δόμων ἐλαύνομεν*, and *μροκτονοῦντας* might be mistaken for *βροτοκτονοῦντας*, but I do not feel that it was necessary to be so specific.

Ath. Is that the sort of flight that you are noising[1] upon *this* man?

Fur. Yes, for he thought fit to be his mother's murderer.

Ath. Was there no other force whose wrath he stood in fear of?

Fur. Why where could there be such incentive[2] as to matricide? 430

Ath. There are two parties here, and half the argument.

Fur. But wager of *oath* he will neither take nor tender!

Ath. You care more for the name of 'just' than for the act.

Fur. How so? instruct me, for thou art not poor in subtilty.

Ath. I say you must not win by oaths an unjust cause.[3]

Fur. Well try then and examine, and judge righteous judgment.

Ath. Will ye indeed commit the settlement of the cause to *me*?

Fur. Most surely, with respect for thee as worthy and of worthy parentage.[4]

Ath. Sir, what answer would you return to this? First tell your country and your birth and your misfortunes, and 440 then repel this charge—if it be with confidence in justice that you sit here keeping your station at this image by my hearth, a sacred suppliant after the manner of Ixion:—give me a clear reply to all these questions.

[1] *ἐπιβροιζεῖν* is a hunting term, used of hallooing hounds on, like *ἐπιθωύσσειν*, *ἐπισίζειν*.

[2] *κέντρον*, 'goad'; see *v.* 469.

[3] *v.* 435 *τὰ μὴ δίκαια* is the object, not the subject, of *νικᾶν*: Eur. *frag.* 1034:

φεῦ φεῦ τὸ νικᾶν τἄνδιχ' ὡς καλὸν γέρας
τὰ μὴ δίκαια δ' ὡς ἅπανταχοῦ κακόν.

[4] Reading *πῶς δ' οὔ; σέβουσαί γ' ἀξίαν κἀπ' ἀξίων*, though other readings would give sense enough.

Orestes. Queen Athena, I will begin with thy last words and relieve thee of a great anxiety. I am not in need of purification, nor had I pollution on my hand when I took session at thine image. And I will show thee a strong testimony:—it is the law that the guilty suppliant should keep silence until at purifying hands he hath been blooded by the slaughter of a sucking swine. Long since have we performed this absolution upon other houses and on other ways by land and water.[1]

So much for that scruple, which I thus remove. And for my birth, the case with that thou shalt hear forthwith. I am an Argive, and of my father it is well that thou enquirest—Agamemnon, marshaller of men in ships, with whom in concert thou didst make the city of Ilium to be no more a city.[2] This man perished in a way that was not well, on his returning home, for he was slain by my black-hearted mother, who enveloped him in cunning trammels, which bare witness to his murder in the bath.

And I, returning,—having been before that time in exile, —slew my mother, I will not deny it, in blood-requital for my dearest father. And for this work Apollo Loxias is jointly answerable, who, to goad my heart, forewarned me of dire pains, if I refused to act thus on the guilty. Now determine thou by judgment, whether I did *righteously* or

[1] *v.* 454:

πάλαι πρὸς ἄλλοις ταῦτ' ἀφιερώμεθα
οἴκοισι καὶ βατοῖσι καὶ βυτοῖς πόροις.

βατοῖσι is Weil's emendation for *βοτοῖσι*. This is what Orestes said before in *v.* 238:

ἀλλ' ἀμβλὺς ἦδη προστετριμμένος τε πρὸς
ἄλλοισιν οἴκοις καὶ πορεύμασιν βροτῶν,
ὅμοια χέρσον καὶ θάλασσαν ἐκπερῶν.

[2] *v.* 460 σὺν ᾗ σὺ Τροίαν ἄπολιν Ἰλίου πόλιν ἔθηκας. The sentence would run much better without Τροίαν, which is not only superfluous but awkward in its place. Τρώων or Τρωσίν would be easier. Meineke conjectured πρῴαν or πρῴην, 'lately.'

no; for before thee, whatever may be my fate, I will accept it.

Ath. The matter is too grave, if any mortal man presume to judge it; nor is it lawful for me either to decide a case of murder done in keen resentment:[1] especially since *thou*, in spite of all, art come here as a suppliant subdued and humble,[2] purified and harmless to my house, and I have respect to thee as being, after all, offenceless towards my City;[3] whereas the character that belongs to *these* is far from gentle,[4] and if they fail to win their case successfully, the land is threatened with poison from their fierce stomachs, which falling on the ground will be a fearful devastating blight. 480

So then the matter stands,—in either case—their abiding or their dismissal,—a source of grievous and perplexing hurt to me. However, since the matter hath alighted in this quarter,[5] I will appoint judges of homicide, reverencing[6]

[1] *v.* 475. Reading ὀξυμηνίτου.

[2] *v.* 476 κατηρτυκώς (which the editors do not appear to have understood) is a synonym of σεσωφρονηκώς (cf. *v.* 44).

> 'At your age
> The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
> And waits upon the judgment.'

[3] *v.* 478 αἰδοῦμαι (Hermann for αἰροῦμαι) was the proper term for respecting the petition of a suppliant.

[4] *v.* 479 αὗται δ' ἔχουσι μοῖραν οὐκ εὐπέμπελον: from πέμπειν in 484 and *Agam.* 1189 κῶμος, δύσπεμπτος ἔξω, συγγόνων Ἐρινύων it would seem that the adjective had been applied to the Erinyes before Aeschylus, and that he was inclined to connect it with πέμπειν. But the uses of the adjective πέμπελος, and the proper name Πέμπελος, forbid. It was formed, as I have pointed out, from the root πέπ-, and is a synonym of πέπων,—*ripe, mellow, mild, soft, flaccid, over-ripe*: these cover all the senses of the adjective.

[5] *v.* 485 ἐπεὶ δὲ πρᾶγμα δεῦρ' ἐπέσκηψεν τόδε: or 'come to this point,' as δεῦρο δ' ἐξοκέλλεται in *Supp.* 447.

[6] *v.* 486 αἰδουμένους Prien for αἰρουμένους. With this alteration the MS gives:

the of oaths, to be a Court, which I will establish for all time. You must call witnesses and evidence, the sworn supports of Justice; and when I have chosen the best out of my citizens, I will return, to judge this matter well and truly.[1] [*Exit* ATHENA.

Fur. Now will there be subversion of old ordinances, if the cause and injury of this matricide is to prevail! All men now will be reconciled by this action to unscrupulousness, and many another suffering of their very child's inflicting is in store for parents in the course of time to come.[2]

For from us mortal-watching Maenads[3] wrath for men's

φόνων δικαστάς, ὁρκίων αἰδουμένους
θεσμόν, τὸν εἰς ἅπαντ' ἐγὼ θήσω χρόνον,

which, as it stands, appears incredibly elliptic. It seems likely that something has dropped out either before or after *θεσμόν*.

[1] This must be the last line of the speech. The line which follows it in Cod. M was probably a fragmentary illustration of *v.* 486.

[2] *v.* 499:

πολλὰ δ' ἐτυμοπαιδότρωτα
πάθεα προσμένει τοκεῦσιν μεταῦθις ἐν χρόνῳ.

ἐτυμοπαιδότρωτα is my emendation. In the MS. the novel compound word is broken up, as unfamiliar compounds usually were, into separate pieces, *ἔτυμα παιδότρωτα*. There is no sense here in *ἔτυμα*: it could only mean '*real, genuine* sufferings,' as when Oppian *Hal.* v. 305 says, *τότε δή μιν ἐτήτυμος ὦρσεν ὄλεθρος λοίσθιος*. But *ἔτυμος, ἐτήτυμος, ἐτεός* were commonly applied to *children* in the sense *true-born, e.g.* Ἐτεοβουτάδαι (as Ἐτεοκρῆτες), Ep. Kaibel 852 *Βουταδέων ἐτύμων*, Philostr. *Apoll.* vi. 40 *ἐπὶ τῷ ἔτυμα καὶ ξυγγενῆ τίκτειν*, Dio Chrys. II. 408 Heracles *ὁ τοῦ Διὸς ἐτεὸς υἱός*, Soph. *Trach.* 1064:

ὦ παῖ, γενοῦ μοι παῖς ἐτήτυμος γεγώς,
καὶ μὴ τὸ μητρὸς αἷμα πρεσβεύσῃς πλέον.

[3] *v.* 506:

πεύσεται δ' ἄλλος ἄλλοθεν, προφωνῶν
τὰ τῶν πέλας κακά,
λῆξιν ὑπόδοσίν τε μόχθων·
ἄκεά τ' οὐ βέβαια τλάμων
μάταν παρηγορεῖ.

λῆξιν is from the vocabulary of medicine, which spoke of *ληξιπύρετος*:

misdoings shall no more proceed; I will give free scope to deeds of death: and one man from another, warning of his neighbour's evil case, shall seek to learn cessation or abatement of the trouble; and uncertain remedies, poor man, he recommends in vain.

No man hereafter, when smitten by calamity, need appeal in wailing phrase, '*O avenging Justice, O ye thrones of the Erinyes!*' Therefore a father, it may be, or mother newly-stricken may make piteous complaint,[1] because the House of Justice is now falling.

There are times when Fear is well, and it should remain still seated as a warder of the mind; it is a good thing to preserve wise-mindedness[2] beneath constraint: and who that fostereth in his heart no sense of awe[3]—

Maximus περὶ καταρχῶν 254 μειότερον τελέσειε πόνον λῆξίν τ' ὀδυνάων. Hesychius λωφησέων: ληξέων, ἀναπαυσέων. Liban. *Epist.* 1434 B νῦν μὲν οὖν ἐντεῦθεν προσκυνῶ τὸν Ἀπόλλωνος υἱόν· τοῦ φθινοπώρου δέ, εἰ διδοίη, τήν τε λῆξιν αὐτοῦ (on the spot) καὶ αὐτὸν ὀψόμεθα, κομίζοντες ᾄσμα μικρὸν ὑπὲρ μεγάλων.

[1] μηδέ τις κικλησκέτω
ξυμφορᾷ τετυμμένος
'Ἰὼ Δίκα, Ἰὼ θρόνοι τ' Ἐρινύων'—
ταῦτά τις τάχ' ἂν πατὴρ
ἢ τεκοῦσα νεοπαθὴς
οἶκτον οἰκτίσαιτ'—ἐπειδὴ
πίτνει δόμος Δίκας.

It is tempting to make ἐπειδή depend directly on μηδέ τις κικλησκέτω and take ταῦτα—οἰκτίσαιτ' as a parenthesis, '—in such terms as these a parent might make piteous complaint—,' but though τάδε is used so in *Ag.* 456, 1334, *Cho.* 313, we must surely have had τόνδε if οἶκτον is sound.

[2] σωφρονεῖν is synonymous with γνῶναι σεαυτόν, to *know your place* in relation to the Gods and to your fellow-men.

[3] *v.* 525:

τίς δὲ μηδὲν ἐν φάει
καρδίαν ἀνατρέφων.

The true reading is uncertain, but the sense is clear; 702 τίς γὰρ δεδοικὼς μηδὲν ἔνδικος βροτῶν; and Soph. *Aj.* 1073–6, 1084.

whether man or city equally—would still keep reverence for Justice?

Neither an ungoverned life approve thou, nor a despot-ridden; God hath everywhere assigned superiority to the Mean, though the ways of his administration vary.

And I speak a word proportionate: the child of Irreligiousness is Pride, in very truth; but from Healthiness of mind there cometh that good Weal that all men love and pray for.

And in general I say, Revere the Altar of Righteousness, and beware lest at the sight of gain thou spurn and trample it with godless foot; for punishment shall surely follow; the appointed end abides in store. Therefore let each man be one that duly holdeth his parents in high worship and hath reverence for that freedom of his house[1] by which he doeth honour to the stranger.

The man that of his own free will is righteous, and without compulsion, shall not be unblest; and utterly destroyed can never be: but the bold reckless man that in defiance carrieth aboard much freight in a great mass confused without regard to Right perforce in time I tell you shall haul down his sail,[2] when trouble comes upon it and his yard is shattering.

[1] *v.* 550. This is the meaning of δωμάτων ἐπιστροφάς, 'the *run* of the house'; *Theb.* 635, *Agam.* 963.

[2] τὸν ἀντίτολμον δὲ φαμὶ παρβάδαν
τὰ πόλλ' ἄγοντα παντόφυρτ' ἄνευ δίκας
βιαίως ξὺν χρόνῳ καθήσειν.

ἄγοντα was supplied by Pauw, but has been strangely misinterpreted by many critics—'acting in most instances,' 'wresting most things away from justice,' 'bringing,' 'dragging.' It means (in the metaphor) 'with a cargo of possessions in which all distinctions of right and wrong are confounded.' βιαίως would go as well with this clause as with the other; cf. Hesiod *Op.* 220, Pindar *frag.* 169 in Plat. *Gorg.* 484 B. τὰ πολλά is idiomatic in this sense, *e.g.* Callim. *h. Apoll.* 108:

Behold, in the midst of the wild waters that he cannot stem he calls upon the name of them that will not hear: his Fortune-Spirit laughs at the hot-headed man, to see the fool, that boasted he should never come to this, brought low with his distresses and not weathering the point: dashing his one-time wealth upon the shoal of Justice, he is lost eternally, unwept, unseen.

The Areopagus.

Athena. Herald, perform thine office and control the people, and let the piercing Tyrrhene[1] trumpet, filled with human breath, declare his intense utterance to the throng: for while this council-chamber is filling, it is expedient to keep silence 570

> Ἀσσυρίου ποταμοῖο μέγας ῥόος, ἀλλὰ τὰ πολλὰ
> λύματα γῆς καὶ πολλὸν ἐφ' ὕδατι συρφετὸν ἕλκει,

Pers. 272.

[1] This line is mutilated in the MS.:

> ·ΗΡ·
> ἐιτ' οὖν διάτορος Τυρσηνικὴ
> σάλπιγξ.

βροτείου πνεύματος which follows seems to require something *heavenly* or *divine* as an antithesis; and the general view is plausible, that οὖν is a corruption of οὐρανός (ουνος); but it is not likely that διάτορος should govern a genitive οὐρανοῦ, and an objection to εἰς οὐρανὸν δὲ is that we miss then the article ἡ, which in this place sounds so good at the beginning of the line. ἥ τ' οὐρανεία is not inconceivable, or some compound adjective.—Dr Verrall has conjectured Ἐριουνίου δὲ, 'the Tyrrhene trump of Hermes,' but this, I fear, would be attributing to Hermes a new theft. To Hermes were ascribed the invention of the single reed-pipe and (by some) of the lyre; but with the trumpet, even of the six kinds known to the grammarians, I cannot find that he had anything to do. The brazen trumpet, which was among the products of Tyrrhenian and Argive bronze-work, was Athena's own. At Argos she was worshipped as Ἀθηνᾶ Σάλπιγξ, and when trumpeters make a dedication of the instrument, it is to her: *Anth. Pal.* vi. 151, 159, 194, 195. She might therefore have said καὶ τοὐμὸν εὕρημ', ἡ τορὸς Τυρσηνικὴ σάλπιγξ.

and that my ordinances should be learnt by all the city for time everlasting and by these parties,[1] to the end that justice may be well determined.

(*Enter* APOLLO.)

Fur. Lord Apollo, keep to thine own province! what business hast thou in *this* matter, tell us?

Ap. I come both to give testimony—for the accused here is a suppliant at my house and at my sanctuary, and I am the purifier of this bloodshed—and myself to share the trial; I am answerable for his mother's killing. (*To* ATHENA.) Open thou the case.

Ath. (*to the* FURIES). The word is with you—I am opening the case; for the pursuer to begin by speaking first will be the right way to inform us of the matter.

Fur. We are many, but we will speak concisely. (*To* ORESTES.) Reply, sentence by sentence, to our questions. First tell us, didst thou slay thy mother?

Or. I did so; of *that*[2] there is no denial.

Fur. Here is one of the three bouts already!

Or. I am not down yet; you boast too soon.

Fur. Well, but you must tell us *how* it was you slew her.

Or. I tell you,—with a drawn sword stabbing her in the throat.

Fur. But under what influence and by whose advice?

Or. By this God's oracles; he bears me witness.

Fur. *The Prophet gave thee instruction to do matricide!*

Or. Ay, and to this hour I am not sorry for it.

Fur. Ah but if the verdict grips thee thou wilt tell another tale!

Or. I have trust; my father will send succour from the grave.

[1] Reading καὶ τούσδ'.

[2] τοῦδέ γ' οὔτις ἄρνησις πέλει Nauck.

Fur. Put trust now in the dead, after murdering thy mother!

Or. Because she lay under the attaint of two pollutions.

Fur. How so? Instruct the court.

Or. She was her husband's murderess, and killed my father.

Fur. Very well,—*she* is quit by suffering death, while *you* are living.

Or. And why did you not drive *her* in chase when living?

Fur. She was not blood-relation of the man she killed.

Or. And am *I* in blood-relation to my mother?

Fur. Why how else bred she thee, thou bloody man, within her girdle? Dost thou disown the nearest tie of mother's blood? 610

Or. Now for thy witness, O Apollo! Give thy pronouncement, whether I was *justified* in killing her—for that I *did* it, as I said before,[1] I do not deny,—but whether it was *justly* done or not, this act of blood, in thy opinion, give thy judgment, that I may inform the court.

Ap. I will declare it before you, this great tribunal of Athena—*justly*: and I am a prophet and my words are truth. Never upon my seat of oracle did I yet speak aught, whether it were concerning man or woman or people, that 620 had not been commanded me by Zeus the Father of the Heavenly Gods. How weighty is the force that this plea carries I would have you understand, and charge you be obedient to my Father's will; for Oath has not more potency than Zeus!

Fur. Zeus, sayest thou, delivered thee this oracle for thee

[1] *v.* 614 δρᾶσαι γάρ, ὥσπερ εἶπον, οὐκ ἀρνούμεθα· He had said this twice already, *vv.* 466–471, 591. The MS. gives ὥσπερ ἐστίν, which means nothing. It was Greek to say δρᾶσαι γάρ, ὥσπερ ἔδρασα, or εἶναι γάρ, ὥσπερ ἔστιν, but not δρᾶσαι γάρ, ὥσπερ ἐστίν. Davies restored εἶπον, but the editors have disregarded it.

to tell Orestes here, that he should revenge his father's death regardless wholly of his duty to his mother?

Ap. Ay! for it is a very different thing, the killing of a noble *man*, exalted with the sceptre of God-given royalty,—and that too by a woman's hand—not with the gallant far- 630
shot arrow like an Amazon's, but in the manner ye shall hear, thou, Pallas, and ye judges here in session to decide about this matter with your vote.

On his returning from the field, with the balance of advantage for the most part to the good, she gave him welcome first with words of kindness; and then, as he was performing his ablutions in the bath, and at the end of them, she cloaked a garment like a tent about his head,[1] entangled him in the cunning endless robe, and hewed him down.

That is the story of the *Man's* destruction, that all- 640
venerated ruler, that great admiral; and the woman I have described in such a character[2] that the people may be stirred to indignation that have been appointed to decide this trial.

[1] *v.* 634:

ἀπὸ στρατείας γάρ νιν, ἡμπολημένον
τὰ πλεῖστ' ἄμεινον, εὐφροσιν δεδεγμένη
.
δροίτῃ περῶντι λουτρὰ κἀπὶ τέρματι
φᾶρος περεσκήνωσε.

There is certainly a lacuna here of one line, if not more. The missing passage must have contained *μύθοις* or *λόγοις* to agree with *εὐφροσιν*, and *ἐν* to govern *δροίτῃ*: it may have contained a description of Clytemnestra and another finite verb: see *Class. Rev.* 1903, p. 290. ——*κατεσκήνωσε* is possible.

[2] *ταύτην τοιαύτην εἶπον* MS. *δέ* is necessary, but as Clytemnestra is not present, we cannot merely read *ταύτην τοιαύτην δ'*: either we must have *τὴν δ' αὖ τοιαύτην εἶπον* (Weil), or, more probably, a line has fallen out, *e.g.*:

τὴν δ' αὖ γυναῖκα τὴν κατάπτυστον θεοῖς
ταύτην τοιαύτην εἶπον.

Fur. Zeus, as you argue, holds a father's killing of the more account; yet he himself cast his old father Cronos into prison: is there not a contradiction there?—I call upon you judges to take note.

Ap. O ye most loathsome monsters, Heaven's abhorrence! fetters he might undo, there is a remedy for that, and many a means of deliverance again; but when a man is once dead 650 and the dust hath swallowed up his blood, there is no more rising again then: for *that* my Father Zeus hath made no healing charm, though all things else he re-disposes and turns upside down without his labour costing him a breath.

Fur. See now what thy plea for his acquittal means:—shall he spill upon the ground his mother's blood and then inhabit his father's house in Argos? What altars of the public shall he use? What holy water of religious Brethren shall admit him?

Ap. That too I will declare, and mark how rightly. The 660 mother is not the engenderer of her so-called 'generation' (child), but the nurse only of the sown conception.[1] It is the male engenders; she doth but receive, as from a stranger, harbouring as a host, and keeps the young plant

[1] *v.* 661:

οὐκ ἔστι μήτηρ ἡ κεκλημένου τέκνου
τοκεύς, τροφὸς δὲ κύματος νεοσπόρου.
τίκτει δ' ὁ θρώσκων.

τοῦ κεκλημένου τέκνου would be intelligible, and may be the true reading.

The doctrine was Egyptian, according to Diodorus i. 80: νόθον δ' οὐδένα τῶν γεννηθέντων νομίζουσιν, οὐδ' ἂν ἐξ ἀργυρωνήτου μητρὸς γεννηθῇ· καθόλου γὰρ ὑπειλήφασι τὸν πατέρα μόνον αἴτιον εἶναι τῆς γενέσεως, τὴν δὲ μητέρα τροφὴν καὶ χώραν μόνον παρέχεσθαι τῷ βρέφει· καὶ τῶν δένδρων ἀῤῥενα μὲν καλοῦσι τὰ καρποφόρα, θηλέα δὲ τὰ μὴ φέροντα τοὺς καρπούς, ἐναντίως τοῖς Ἕλλησι. It was also Pythagorean, Stob. *Flor.* i. 64.

safe, unless God blight it.[1] And I will show thee a great proof of this: there may be a father without aid of mother, —here at hand is a witness, in a Child of Zeus, <neither begotten in wedlock>[2] nor yet nurtured in the darkness of the womb, but such a plant as no goddess could give birth to.[3]

Pallas, as always it shall be my aim to make thy city and 670
thy people great, so with this man, it was to that end that I sent him to seek sanctuary in thy house, that he might be a faithful friend eternally, and that thou, Goddess, mightest gain thee an ally in him and his successors, and that it should be established everlastingly, the posterity of this people to uphold their covenant.

Ath. Has enough now been said, and may I now command these judges to give an honest vote, of their true conscience?[4]

Fur. For our part, our every bolt is shot; I only wait to 680
hear how the trial is to be decided.

Ath. (*to* APOLLO *and* ORESTES). And you? how shall I dispose so as to have no complaint from you?

[1] οἷσι μὴ βλάψῃ θεός, keeps it safe *for those in whose case* God prevents not.

[2] A line beginning with οὐ has fallen out:

πέλας
μάρτυς πάρεστι παῖς Ὀλυμπίου Διός,
<οὐ >
οὐδ' ἐν σκότοισι νηδύος τεθραμμένη,

as Coluthus 180, of Athena, ἣν γάμος οὐκ ἔσπειρε καὶ οὐ μαιώσατο μήτηρ. Without it, οὐδὲ could only mean 'not even.'

[3] Athena was born out of the head of Zeus.

[4] As the passage stands, it seems that this speech of Athena's must be taken as a question; but in the Greek it reads more like a declaration: 'Enough has now been said; I now command these judges to give an honest vote, of their true conscience.' One may suspect that this was the original form, and that the passage has been subjected to some re-fashioning. See Wecklein's note in his text, p. 449.

Ap. Sirs, ye have heard what ye have heard, and in giving your vote let there be reverence in your conscience for your oath.

Hear now my Ordinance, ye people of Athens, judging here the first trial for shed blood: and for the future too it shall remain unto the people of Aegeus as a Judges' Court for ever. And this Hill of Ares,[1]—once the camping-ground of the Amazons, when they came, out of jealousy towards Theseus, with an army, and they built here then a new walled city as a counterwork to his, and sacrificed to Ares—from which cause the rock and hill of Ares take their name of *Ares' Hill*.[2] And upon it Reverence in my Burghers, and its kinsman Fear, shall restrain from wrong-doing both by day and night alike:—so long as my citizens themselves shall make no innovation in the laws; with foul adulterate streams and muddy clay polluting fair bright water thou wilt never find it drinkable.

The mean between the ungoverned and the despot-ridden is what I counsel my citizens to preserve and venerate, and not to banish from the city all restraint of fear,—for what man that hath no fear of aught is righteous? With such a venerated object of your righteous dread, ye will possess a bulwark of preservation for your land and polity such as none hath elsewhere in the world, either among the Scythians or in the region of Pelops.[3] Herewith do I establish a Tribunal free from touch of lucre, reverend, quick to anger, a protection still awake and vigilant on behalf of them that sleep.

This at such length I have spoken as an exhortation to

[1] Prof. Ridgeway would translate '*yon* Hill of Ares,' holding that the scene of the trial is not the Areopagus: see note on *v.* 235.

[2] The construction is never completed, but is allowed to lapse forgotten after parenthetic clauses introduced by relatives; see note on *v.* 68.

[3] The rival Dorians; cf. Soph. *O.C.* 695.

my citizens for time to come:—you must now rise, take each of you his ballot, and decide the cause with reverence for your oath.—My words are ended.

Fur. Well, I advise you to remember how dangerous these visitants are, and by no means to slight them.

Ap. And *I* charge you also—to remember the oracles—which are not from me only but from Zeus, to stand in awe of them, and not make them barren of effect.

Fur. But thou art showing regard for blood-matters which are not thine office,[1] and the shrines will be no longer pure where thou shalt give thine oracles.[2]

Ap. And are my *Father's* counsels, then, mistaken in 720
Ixion's case, the first suppliant appeal for homicide?

Fur. You talk:—but if I fail to win the cause, my visitation shall be grievous to this land thereafter.

Ap. Nay, you are honourless among the younger and the older Gods alike, and I shall win.

Fur. This is just the way you acted in the house of Pheres,—you induced the Fates to make mortal men immortal!

Ap. Well, is it not right at all times to befriend a worshipper, and the more especially in his time of need?

Fur. Thou, thou didst quite destroy the ancient Dispensa- 730
tions[2] and beguile the antique Goddesses with wine.

Ap. Thou, thou wilt presently fail to obtain the verdict, and then spit thy poison—which will do thy enemies no harm.

Fur. Since thou, my junior, art trampling upon my antiquity, I wait to hear the verdict of this trial.

Ath. It is now *my* duty, to give judgment in conclusion; and I shall add this ballot in favour of Orestes: for there is

[1] *v.* 718 οὐ λαχὼν: Ar. *Plut.* 972, Plato Com. *frag.* 167 ἀτὰρ οὐ λαχὼν δμως ἔλαχες.

[2] See *v.* 173.

no mother that gave birth to me, and I am for the male in everything—except for marrying—with all my heart, and am most thoroughly the father's child. Accordingly I shall not hold of more account the killing of a woman wed that slew her wedded man, the master of the house; Orestes is the winner of the cause, even though he be judged equal in the voting.

Turn out the ballots from the urns, ye judges that have been assigned that office.

Or. O bright God, Apollo, how will the trial be decided?

Fur. O Night, our Mother dark, dost thou behold?

Or. Now it will be for me the light of day still, or a halter.

Fur. Ay, for us, using privileges still, or ruin.

Ath. Sirs, count up well the cast-out ballots, observing honesty in the division of them. If judgment be absent, there is great harm done, and the cast of a single vote ere now hath lifted up a house.

Ath. The accused man is acquitted on the charge of blood, for the number of the lots is equal.

Or. O Pallas, O thou Saviour of my House! I was bereft of fatherland, and *thou* hast given me a home: and now in Greece it shall be said, 'The man is again an Argive, with a habitation in his father's heritage, by the grace of Pallas and of Loxias and of Him who sealeth all things, the Preserver':—He hath had regard unto my father's killing, and preserveth me, beholding these my mother's advocates.

To all this country now and to thy people I, for the utmost fulness of all time to come, before departing to my home, will pledge an oath: No captain of the Argive land shall ever bring the well-appointed army to invade her: for we ourselves, out of the grave where we shall then be lying

—we, for them that shall transgress these pledges of mine now, will so contrive with hopeless difficulties—by causing them disheartened journeys and cross-omened marches[1]—that they shall repent their pains. But if all be kept, and they still honour this city of Pallas with their allied arms, we promise then to be benignant rather to them.

And so farewell; may thou and the people of thy city still maintain the wrestling-grip resistless by thine adversaries, to ensure her safety and her victory in arms! 780

Fur. Oho, ye younger Gods, ye have ridden down the Ancient Laws and reft out of my grasp[2] And I, unhappy wretch, dishonoured, promise deadly wrath, upon this land ah! venting from my bosom poison, poison in revenge that they shall rue, droppings of sterile power to the soil! And from it shall come mildew, killing leaf and killing birth—O vengeance of Justice!—that shall sweep over the land and cast upon the country foul infectious 790 plagues of human death!

Bewail? How act? Be fearful to this people—O fie, Daughters of Night, in deep affliction, mourning for the loss of honour!

Ath. Let me persuade you not to take it so tragically. Ye are not defeated: the trial resulted honestly in equal votes, to no dishonouring of thee! No, it was from Zeus 800 there came most signal testimony, and its deliverer himself bare witness, that Orestes if he did this should not suffer any harm. Ye, therefore, be not passionate, shoot no

[1] *v.* 773:

παρόρνιθας πόρους
τιθέντες.

Pind. *Nem.* ix. 18 αἰσιᾶν οὐ κατ' ὀρνίχων ὁδόν κτέ.

[2] *v.* 782 κἀκ χερῶν εἵλεσθέ μου: Abresch thought that there was a line missing here: cf. 150 *seqq.*, 325, Homer I 344 νῦν δ' ἐπεὶ ἐκ χειρῶν γέρας εἵλετο καί μ' ἀπάτησεν.

deadly wrath upon this land, nor cause her barrenness, by discharging droppings[1] sharp cankers to destroy her cultivated seed. For I do promise you in all sincerity that ye shall have a place of cavern in the righteous land, where at your braziers ye shall sit on splendid thrones, worshipped with honour by my citizens.

Fur. Oho, ye younger Gods, ye have ridden down the Ancient Laws and reft out of my grasp And I, unhappy wretch, dishonoured, promise deadly wrath, upon this land ah! venting from my bosom poison, poison in revenge that they shall rue, droppings of sterile power to the soil! And from it shall come mildew, killing leaf, and killing birth—O vengeance of Justice!—that shall sweep over the land and cast upon the country foul infectious plagues of human death!

Bewail? How act? Be fearful to this people—O fie, Daughters of Night, in deep affliction, mourning for the loss of honour!

Athena. Ye are *not* dishonoured! and do not therefore in exceeding wrath, being divine powers, make a land of mortal men distempered.[2] I too put my trust in Zeus—I

[1] Reading:

ὑμεῖς δὲ μὴ θυμοῦσθε, μὴ βαρὺν κότον
ἐν τῇδε γῇ σκήψητε, μηδ' ἀκαρπίαν
τεύξητ', ἀφεῖσαι [δαιμόνων] σταλάγματα.

[2] *v.* 827:

μηδ' ὑπερθύμως ἄγαν
θεαὶ βροτῶν κτίσητε δύσκηλον χθόνα.

κτίσητε (Linwood's correction of στήσητε) is a synonym of θῆτε or ποιήσητε, and a favourite use with Aeschylus. The precise sense that he attached to δύσκηλον cannot be determined, but I feel sure the word is genuine, for this reason:—there were several Epic words in κηλ- whose meaning was a matter of debate,—κῆλον and περίκηλος, and ἀεκήλια in Ξ 77 (though that, no doubt, was merely an Epic license for ἀεικέλια, like ἀπερείσια for ἀπειρέσια). Aeschylus therefore was at liberty to charge the word with various suggestions, including the

need not say it—and I alone among the Powers of Heaven know the keys of the store-chamber in which the Thunderbolt is sealed up:—but there is no need of that;[1] thou wilt yield, I pray, to my persuasion, and not cast forth over the land from an unbridled tongue (the curse) that all things bearing fruit should fail to prosper.[2] Calm the fierce bitterness of the dark swelling wave,[3] as being held in honour and veneration, and partaker in abode with me. Enjoying for evermore the first-fruits of this broad domain, as offerings for the sake of children and the marriage-rite, you shall yet applaud my saying. 830

Fur. *Me* to be treated thus! *me* with the wisdom of antiquity! and to have my habitation in the land, a dishonoured thing, forsooth, and foul! My spirit is full of fury and utter wrath. What pang is this that enters my 840

κηλῖδας of *v.* 820,—*stained, scorched, withered* (αὐονά *v.* 334), *plagued, enchanted.* His admirer Ion (Nauck, *Trag. Frag.* p. 571) used εὔκηλος of a tree, as an equivalent of εὐκέατος (which was interpreted *easy to burn*, or *easy to split*), and Hesychius records the use of κηλός in the sense of κήλεος.

[1] A delightful touch of humour, '—but of course we shall not want that.'

[2] γλώσσης ματαίας μὴ 'κβάλῃς ἐπὶ χθόνα
καρπὸν φέροντα πάντα μὴ πράσσειν καλῶς.

καρπόν cannot belong, as many critics have constructed it, to γλώσσης, 'the fruit of a rash tongue, bearing the fruit that everything should fail to prosper'; fruit does not bear, but is borne: τιθέντα, 'causing,' would be Greek, but the participle would still be out of order at the beginning of the clause in the emphatic place. καρπὸν φέροντα πάντα must mean πάντα τὰ καρποφόρα: that is the way in which the curse of the Erinyes will take effect.

But the sentence now seems too elliptic. Prof. Ellis has conjectured that ἐπὶ χθόνα is a mistake for ἐπίφθονα, 'malignant utterance' (cf. *v.* 373). I only hesitate to *substitute* this for ἐπὶ χθόνα because I think it not unlikely that a line has fallen out.

[3] *v.* 835 κελαινοῦ κύματος πικρὸν μένος, *i.e.* κλυδάνιον χολῆς *Cho.* 182.

side? Hear thou my passioning, O Mother Night! I have been reft of my time-honoured privileges by the knavish tricks of Gods Above and swept contemptuously away!

Ath. I will indulge thy humours, because thou art my senior:—at the same time, though thy wisdom is, no doubt, far more than mine, still to me also Zeus hath granted no mean understanding.[1] And I warn you, if you go to any foreign country, you will only fall in love with *this*; for time in his succeeding stream shall flow with larger honour for my citizens; and thou, with an honourable seat against the temple of Erechtheus, shalt receive from companies of men and women more than thou wouldst ever get from any others in the world. So do not, I pray you, cast upon my territories any blood-incentives, to hurt the stomachs of the young, maddening them with fury as with wine; nor yet extract as it were the heart of fighting-cocks and plant in my citizens a spirit of war intestine and rash daring against one another. Let their warfare be abroad—it shall be found in plenty for the man in whose heart there shall be a strong desire for glory—but fight of the domestic fowl I will not have.

This then is my offer at your choice—to do well, be well done by, honoured well, and have a share in this most God-beloved land.

Fur. Me to be treated thus! *me* with the wisdom of antiquity! and to have my habitation under ground, a dis-

[1] *v.* 850:

καίτοι σὺ μέν που κάρτ' ἐμοῦ σοφωτέρα,
φρονεῖν δὲ κἀμοὶ Ζεὺς ἔδωκεν οὐ κακῶς.

I have corrected this in *Class. Rev.* 1902, p. 246: the MS. καίτοι μὲν σὺ κάρτ' ἐμοῦ σοφωτέρα is one among countless cases of μέν being shifted by a scribe to the beginning of a clause. The sentiment is that of Job xii. 2: *No doubt but ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you: but I have wisdom as well as you*; and of Haemon in Soph. *Ant.* 683–7.

honoured thing, forsooth, and foul! My spirit is full of fury and utter wrath. What pang is this that enters my side? Hear thou my passioning, O Mother Night! I have been reft of my time-honoured privileges by the knavish tricks of Gods Above and swept contemptuously away!

Ath. I will not be weary of speaking blessings on you, that you shall never say how you, an elder Goddess, were cast out from this land by me, thy junior, and my mortal citizens with inhospitable scorn. No, if Persuasion is a thing aught sacred in thine eyes—the soothing charm and magic influence of my tongue [1]—why then, remain here; but if you will not, then it would surely be unfair of you to launch upon this city any indignation or fierce anger or injury to her folk. For it is open to you to be a landholder in this country with fair treatment and full privileges absolutely.

Fur. Queen Athena, what is the abode you promise me?

Ath. One free from any touch of sorrow; you were best accept it.

Fur. Say that I accept:—what privilege is there designed for me?

Ath. That without thy good will no house shall flourish.

Fur. Wilt thou secure for me possession of such power?

Ath. Yes, for I will prosper the fortunes of thy worshippers.

Fur. And wilt thou pledge me a warrant for all time?

Ath. I need not promise what I will not perform.

Fur. I feel thy charm begin to work:—my wrath abates.

Ath. Well then, abide here in the land and thou shalt win thee friends.

[1] *v.* 887 *γλώσσης ἐμῆς μείλιγμα καὶ θελκτήριον. θελκτήριον* is a substantive, as in Nicand. *Ther.* 365, *παυστήριον ἰό.* 746, *κηλητήριον Trachin.* 575. Cf. Eur. *I. T.* 235 *θεᾷ φίλον πρόσφαγμα καὶ θυτήριον.*

Fur. What strain then wouldst thou have me chant upon the land?

Ath. Terms that reflect on victory without a flaw! Call blessings from the earth and from the ocean-dew, and from the heaven; pray that the blowing winds may pass over the land with sunny breath,[1] that increase of the earth and cattle may not faint with time but flow on ever for my citizens in streaming plenty, and that seed of human-kind may be preserved. 910

But may your fruitfulness be rather shown in the righteous;[2] for, like a shepherder of herbs, I love the unrepented sort of these just men here present.[3]

These blessings are for thee to give, and in the glorious tournaments of war *my* heart shall never rest content but I will make this city famous in the world as a victorious town.

Fur. I will accept the Union of home with Pallas, and will not reject a City which even Zeus Omnipotent and Ares hold as a strong fortress of the Gods, the precious jewel 920 that protects the altars of Hellenic Deities. For her I make my prayer, with all benignant auspices, that life's enjoyments

[1] *v.* 907 *εὐηλίως*: see note on *v.* 927.—The construction alternates between the accusative and the accusative with infinitive; see my note on *Cho.* 277.

[2] *v.* 911 *τῶν εὐσεβούντων δ' ἐκφορωτέρα πέλοις· ἐκφορωτέρα* is *feracior*, governing the genitive, 'more fertile in,' 'more productive of'; *ἐκφέρειν καρπόν* was the regular word for producing crops. This gives its proper sense to the comparative.

The editors generally have retained *τῶν δυσσεβούντων δ'* of the MS. and sought (with Schuetz) to make it mean 'more ready to weed out (*ἐκκαθαίρειν, ἀποκαθαίρειν*), or cart away, the wicked,' like a gardener or a husbandman: but the comparative is inappropriate then; and they have forgotten that the *gardener* is Athena; the part of the Eumenides, as Earth-Powers, is to permit *produce* of all seed.

[3] The Areopagites, representing the Athenians. *ἀπένθητον*, the sort that brings no sorrow, causes no regret; cf. 58.

may be made to teem forth for her from the Earth in bounteous plenty by the beaming radiance of the Sun.[1]

Ath. It is in kindness to my Citizens that I am acting thus, in planting here among them Spirits so powerful and so ill-appeased; for to their lot hath fallen the disposal of all things touching Man; but he that meets with them in angry mood[2] knows not from what quarter come the blows that strike his life: it is the offences of his forefathers that arrest and hale him before these, and Destruction silently, for all his vaunt, with deadly anger crumbles him to dust.

Fur. May breath of evil never blow to hurt her trees—'tis by my grace—and may the scorching heat that nips the budding eyes of plants refrain from trespassing beyond the boundaries of its region;[3] may no drear disease of sterile blight proceed against her; may Pan make her flocks to thrive at the appointed season[4] with twinned increase, and may there be rich offspring of the boon Earth's wealth to pay reward for Spirits' gift of Treasure-trove.[5]

Ath. O hear, ye Warders of my City, how great blessings she doth seal you surely—for the Queen Erinys hath great power both with the Immortals and with those of Earth below, and in the affairs of Man most manifestly their dispose

[1] The Sun conspiring with the Earth implies the reconciliation of the Furies with Apollo.

[2] Reading ὃ γε μὴν κύρσας βαρέων τούτων. It is possible that something has been lost, to the same effect as *v.* 313.

[3] *v.* 942: or 'from trespassing upon this region.'

[4] χρόνῳ τεταγμένῳ, without fail at the due season, and with no untimely birth; Ovid *Fasti* iv. 647:

et pecus ante diem partus edebat acerbos,
agnaque nascendo saepe necabat ouem.

[5] For the turn of the sentence compare Ovid *Fasti* iv. 931, where *Robigo*, Mildew, is addressed:

at tu ne uiola Cererem, semperque colonus
absenti possit soluere uota tibi.

is absolute, to some affording songs of gladness, and to others life that is a blur of tears.

Fur. To all untimely sudden deaths I cry Avaunt! and may the lives of her young lovely maidens win a husband —grant that, Ye whose proper power it is,[1] and Ye, O Heavenly Fates, our Sisters by one Mother,[2] Spirits whose dispense is pure, participants in every home, at every season weighty with most righteous presence, everywhere most honoured among Gods of Heaven.

Ath. My heart is glad to hear them seal these blessings on my land so zealously; and I am grateful to Persuasion's eyes for looking with their favourable guidance on my tongue when pleading with these Powers that were so wrathfully averted from me: nay, but Zeus of Eloquence prevailed, and our contention for the good is crowned with triumph absolutely.

Fur. May Faction, that insatiable source of evil, never rage within this city; never may the dust drink up the purple blood of citizens in anger[3] and for revenge seize greedily upon retaliating deaths of civic blood: may their exchanges rather be of joy for joy with sentiments of love in common, and dislike with one consent; therein lies the cure for many human ills.

Ath. O have they not the judgment to find out the path of speaking fair?[4] From these Shapes of Terror I foresee great gain in store[5] for you, my Citizens: for if ye keep

[1] Zeus and Hera.

[2] *ματροκασιγνῆται.* This and the reiterated *θεαί, θεῶν* marks the harmonised agreement between the Upper and the Nether Gods.

[3] *δι' ὀργάν* might go with either clause.

[4] *v.* 989:

ἆρα φρονοῦσι γλώσσης ἀγαθῆς
ὁδὸν εὑρίσκειν;

[5] *v.* 991:

ἐκ τῶν φοβερῶν τῶνδε προσέρπον
μέγα κέρδος ὁρῶ τοῖσδε πολίταις·

προσέρπον is my reading for the MS. *προσώπων*; see *Journal of Hellenic*

good feeling between them and you, and hold them in high honour, ye shall surely shine conspicuous in the world for guiding land and city in the path of upright justice.

Fur. Joy I wish you, joy in due apportionment of wealth, joy, O ye people of the City, blest with friendship of the Virgin who is seated near to Zeus,[1] learners of wise-minded- 1000
ness in time; and shelterers beneath the wings of Pallas, ye are viewed as sacred by the Father.

Ath. Joy to you also! But I must now go before you to point out your chambers by the sacred light of these your Escort:[2] come ye now, and with these solemn sacrifices being sped below the earth, what is harmful to the country keep down there suppressed,[3] and what is profitable send aloft to make my city triumph!—Lead on now, ye Sons of 1010
Cranaus that possess this City, lead these Denizens upon

Studies, 1906, p. 276, note 11. ἕρπειν is *to be upon the road*, and προσέρπειν, ἐφέρπειν were used especially of time's oncoming, and what it promises or threatens in its course: *P. V.* 129, 288, Soph. *Aj.* 228, 1255 καὶ σοὶ προσέρπον τοῦτ' ἐγὼ τὸ φάρμακον ὁρῶ, *O. T.* 540, Pind. *Pyth.* i. 57, *Nem.* iv. 44, vii. 68, *Ol.* vi. 97, *frag.* 131, Theocr. v. 83, xxii. 15, Eur. *frag.* 441.

[1] *v.* 998. Reading with Bothe:

χαίρετ' ἀστικὸς λεώς,
ἵκταρ ἡμέναις Διὸς
Παρθένου φίλαις φίλοι.

For the reasons, see the note on my verse translation of this scene in *A Book of Greek Verse*, p. 286.

[2] *v.* 1006. This may be taken with the following line.

[3] *v.* 1008. Cf. Soph. *O. C.* 92. The MS. gives:

τὸ μὲν ἀτηρ[ι]ον
χώρας

as though it meant 'the harmful part of the country': we may read (with Paley) τὸ μὲν ἀτηρὸν χώρᾳ, 'what is harmful to the country,' or with Linwood χωρὶς κατέχειν (cf. Theocr. vii. 127 τὰ μὴ καλὰ νόσφιν ἐρύκοι). κατέχειν and the adjective κάτοχος were technical in this connexion: *Persae* 226, *C.I.A.* Boeckh I. pp. 486–7.

their way, and in the hearts of the Citizens may there be good will for good received.

Fur. Joy to you, again I say it, joy, all ye dwellers in the City, mortal and immortal both. While ye possess the City of Pallas and keep my Denizenship sacred, your life's 1020
fortunes shall give you nothing to complain of.[1]

Ath. I thank you for the terms of these your benedictions, and will now conduct you with the light of blazing torches to that nether subterranean House, with ministers that are the guards of mine own image; and with right; for it should be the eye of all the land of Theseus that shall arrive,[2] a noble troop of maidens, wives, and aged dames.

Deck them with scarlet over-cloaks of honour, and let 1030
the blazing light move on; that so the good will of these new dwellers in the land may be shown henceforth in blessings of fine Manhood.[3]

[1] *v.* 1015. Punctuate:

χαίρετε
πάντες οἱ κατὰ πτόλιν
δαίμονές τε καὶ βροτοί·
Παλλάδος πόλιν νέμον-
τες, μετοικίαν δ' ἐμὴν
εὖ σέβοντες, οὔ τι μέμψεσθε συμφορὰς βίου.

Compare *Supp.* 81 and *Cho.* 792 in my translation. The accepted punctuation at *νέμοντες* is tautology.

[2] *v.* 1027 *ἐξίκοιτ' ἄν*: for the optative, cf. Soph. *O.C.* 647, 861, Eur. *Or.* 109, Plato *Protag.* 310 B.

[3] *φοινικοβάπτοις ἐνδυτοῖς ἐσθήμασι*
τιμᾶτε, καὶ τὸ φέγγος ὁρμάσθω πυρός,
ὅπως ἂν εὔφρων ἥδ' ὁμιλία χθονὸς
τὸ λοιπὸν εὐάνδροισι συμφοραῖς πρέπῃ.

There are three allusions in this passage to the Panathenaic Festival: on that occasion the *μέτοικοι*, Resident Aliens or Denizens, were permitted to take part in the procession as being *of good will* (Hesychius *s.v.* Σκαφηφόροι), and for special honour were arrayed in *scarlet cloaks* (Photius *s.v.* Σκάφας). The Furies (now Εὐμενίδες, *Benign Ones*) are to be treated as the *μέτοικοι* were at the Panathenaea, and the whole

Chorus of the ESCORT.

Pass on your way, O ye mighty ones, jealous of honour,[1]
Children of Night, in glad-hearted procession——
Hush ye, good words, all ye people!
There in primeval mysterious caves of the Earth
worship of honour and sacrifice——
Hush, all ye people, good words! 1040
Gracious and loyal-hearted to the land, come hither, O ye Worshipful, pleased with flame-devouring torch upon your way——
Cry aloud now with jubilee in chorus!

.

the citizens of Pallas: Zeus the all-seeing and Fate have conspired to this end.
Cry aloud now with jubilee in chorus!

of this procession is designed as a reflection of the great procession at that feast. And εὐάνδροισι is an allusion to the contest of εὐανδρία on that occasion. See my paper on 'The Last Scene of the Eumenides' in the *Journal of Hellenic Studies*, 1906, p. 268.

It is still possible that, as Hermann thought, a passage may have fallen out before this.

πυρός should perhaps be πάρος.

[1] βᾶθ' ὀδόν, ὦ μεγάλαι φιλότιμοι is my emendation. Being written (as was often done) without elision, βατεοδονω was mistaken for βατ' ἐν δόμω. Many have been content to read βᾶτε δόμῳ, but the utmost that could mean is 'step upon the house.' The sentence seems to call for ὦ, and in starting the procession to Athena at the Χαλκεῖα Sophocles *frag.* 760 uses the phrase βᾶτ' εἰς ὀδὸν δή, πᾶς ὁ χειρῶναξ λεώς.

This is a Paean of gladness, in dactylic metre, like those in Bergk *Poetae Lyrici* III[4] p. 676 and in Eur. *Phaethon* 773. 66 *seqq.*, and corresponds to that which was chanted at the Panathenaea: *J.H.S.* 1906, p. 274.

At the words ὀλολύξατε νῦν ἐπὶ μολπαῖς the Eumenides will join in the women's cry of *Ololu!* The words themselves are probably uttered by a Herald (whose commands were usually in anapaestic verse); and if so, it is he who gives the warning εὐφαμεῖτε.

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